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THE
LETTERS AND WORKS
OF
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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THE

LETTERS AND WORKS

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

EDITED BY HER GREAT GRANDSON

LORD WHARNCLIFFE.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
1837.

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PREFACE.

Some of the lineal descendants of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu have thought it due to her literary fame, that a complete Edition of her Works should be published under their authority. The well-known letters from Constantinople, which have become popular and classical throughout Europe, were first published in 1763, shortly after Lady Mary's death; and the circumstances attending that publication are detailed in the memoir prefixed to Mr. Dallaway's edition of her works. Several other editions of these letters afterwards appeared, and to one (that of 1789) were appended a few more letters.

In the year 1803, Mr. Dallaway was permitted by the late Marquis of Bute to have access to the original papers and manuscripts then in his possession; and Mr. Dallaway shortly afterwards published five volumes, which are called "The Works of

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, including her Correspondence, Poems, and Essays, published, by permission, from her genuine papers." A second edition appeared in 1817, with the addition of a few letters of Lady Mary's addressed to Mrs. Hewitt. To these editions was prefixed by Mr. Dallaway a memoir of Lady Mary.

The Editor of the present edition having had an opportunity of comparing Lady Mary's letters in their original state, with Mr. Dallaway's book, found that he had not only omitted several letters altogether, but that he had thought fit to leave out passages in others, and even to select portions of different letters, on different subjects, and of different dates, and, having combined and adapted them, to print them as original letters. He has also throughout both his editions frequently suppressed the names of the persons mentioned, and given the initials only.

In the edition now offered to the Public these defects are remedied. The letters from which Mr. Dallaway composed and extracted those published by him, are now given as they are in the originals, and the

passages he left out are restored. The names are also printed at full length in all cases where they are so written in the original letters, or where they can be ascertained; and notes are added with such information as has been obtained respecting the persons whose names are so mentioned. It cannot be necessary for any purpose to make a mystery of the names of persons who have long since sunk into their graves. The letters which Mr. Dallaway omitted are also added, several of which are addressed to Lady Mar.

With regard to that correspondence, it cannot be denied that parts are written with a freedom of expression which would not be tolerated in the present day; and those parts may perhaps be deemed sometimes to trespass beyond the bounds of strict delicacy.* The Reader must, however, bear in mind that these letters were written as confidential communications from one sister to another, at a period when the feeling upon such subjects was by no means so nice as it now is; and that expressions, with which we now find great fault, might then be used by persons of the greatest propriety of conduct,

* Those parts were almost all published by Mr. Dallaway.

and would only be considered as painting freely, and more keenly ridiculing, the vices and follies of the society in which the writer found herself, and not as used for the purpose of indulging in grossness of language. So considered, it is hoped that the publishing these letters as they were written will not be objected to; while, on the other hand, they abound in the wit and talent so peculiar to Lady Mary, and it would have been very difficult to alter or curtail them without injury to their spirit.

The whole of the correspondence between Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley before their marriage was religiously preserved by him, and part of it was published in Mr. Dallaway's edition. The whole, excepting only such parts as relate to mere matters of business, is now given; and it has been thought right that it should be so, for the purpose of giving to the Reader a more complete view of the character of Lady Mary. The same rule has been applied to the correspondence between Lady Mary and her husband and daughter during her last residence abroad.

The letters which (as has been already stated) were published in the edition

of the Turkish letters of the year 1789, Mr. Dallaway thought fit to reject as spurious; Lady Mary's daughter, Lady Bute, however, is known to have entertained no doubt whatever of their being genuine; and they will therefore be found in this collection, inserted as nearly as possible according to their dates.

The most considerable novelties to which this edition pretends, consist in the letters to Lady Pomfret, those to Sir James Steuart of Coltness, and Lady Frances, and in the Introductory Anecdotes.

Of the authenticity of these letters there can be no doubt. Those to Lady Pomfret have been copied from the originals in Lady Mary's handwriting, and kindly communicated to the Editor by Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Campbell, who received them from his mother, a descendant of the Pierrepont family. Those to Sir James Steuart and Lady Frances, have been carefully preserved by the present Sir James. They were some years since printed at Glasgow for private circulation, and the Editor has to thank Sir James for their having been placed at his disposal for the purpose of this publication.

With regard to the Introductory Anecdotes, and also a great part of the Explanatory Notes in this edition, they are contributed by the only person now living who could have had the means of supplying them; and the Editor will indeed be greatly disappointed if the spirit and vigour with which these anecdotes are written do not satisfy the Reader that a ray of Lady Mary's talent has fallen upon one of her descendants.

These anecdotes were written to correct the mistakes and palpable want of information throughout Mr. Dallaway's memoir of Lady Mary, which, however, it has been thought right to reprint in this edition with notes of reference, which will enable the Reader to discover those mistakes without difficulty. The present edition may indeed be said to contain all that can be now made out respecting Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, from documents preserved by her family, and all that can be supplied from the recollection of those who in early life were within the reach of information which could be depended upon.

To the Marquis of Bute and Lord Dudley Stuart the Editor has to tender his thanks

for the permission so freely given to make use of the original letters and papers of his and their common ancestress. He is also indebted to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. for the communication of the preface to the original edition of the Town Eclogues, of Melinda's Complaint, and of the lines written under the picture of Colonel Charles Churchill.

And, lastly, the Editor is in duty bound to acknowledge his obligations to his friend and near relation, the Rev. Dr. Corbett of Wortley, to whom, in truth, the Reader, if he shall derive amusement or information from this edition of Lady Mary's Works, is mainly indebted for its appearance. A descendant from Lady Mary in the same degree as the Editor, he has been equally anxious and more diligent in the endeavour to make it worthy of the patronage of the Public.

WHARNCLIFFE.

Wortley Hall,
December 14, 1836.

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

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MEMOIR

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU,

PREFIXED TO MR. DALLAWAY'S EDITION OF HER WORKS, AND WRITTEN BY HIM.

Lady Mary Pierrepont was the eldest daughter of Evelyn Duke of Kingston, and the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William Earl of Denbigh.* She was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1690, and lost her mother in 1694. The first dawn of her genius opened so auspiciously, that her father resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a sedulous attention to her early instruction. A classical education was not usually given to English ladies of quality, when Lady Mary Pierrepont received one of the best.† Under the same preceptors as Viscount Newark her brother, she acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin, and French languages with the greatest success. When she had made a singular proficiency, her studies were superintended by Bishop Burnet, who fostered her superior talents with every expression of dignified praise. Her translation of the

* Lady Mary had two sisters: Lady Frances, who married John Ereskine of Mar, and Lady Evelyn, the wife of John Leveson Lord Gower. † Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 7.

Enchiridion of Epictetus received his emendations.* For so complete an improvement of her mind she was much indebted to uninterrupted leisure and recluse habits of life. Her time was principally spent at Thoresby and at Acton, near London; and her society confined to a few friends, among whom the most confidential appears to have been Mrs. Anne Wortley,† a lady of sense and spirit, the heiress of the Wortley estate in Yorkshire. She was the wife of the Honourable Sidney Montagu, second son of the heroic Earl of Sandwich, who died in the arms of victory during the memorable battle of Solebay, in the reign of Charles the Second.

In this intimacy originated her connexion with Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. the eldest son of the lady above mentioned. After a correspondence of about two years they were privately married by special licence, which bears date August 12, 1712. He had received a classical education, and had travelled through Germany to Venice, in 1703, where he remained about two years. For more than three years after their marriage, as the Duke of Kingston and Mr. Sidney Montagu were both living, their establishment was limited; and Lady Mary resided chiefly at Warncliffe Lodge, near Sheffield,‡ where her son Edward Wortley Montagu was born;

* Preserved with her other MSS. Epictetus has been translated by another English classical lady, Mrs. Carter.

† This is a mistake: Mrs. Anne Wortley was sister, not mother, to Mr. Wortley. Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 7.

‡ This is a mistake. Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 24.

and his father was principally engaged in London, in his attendance upon his parliamentary duties, and his political friends.* In his cousin Charles Montagu Mr. Wortley found an able patron, who, as he was the universal protector of men of genius, was strictly associated with Addison and Steele. The temper of Addison did not admit of unreserved intimacy, and Mr. Wortley had not to regret that any man was favoured with a greater share of his friendship than himself.

Mr. Wortley was possessed of solid rather than of brilliant parts.† The soundness of his judgment and the gracefulness of his oratory commanded the attention of the House of Commons, where he distinguished himself as having introduced several bills, which were formed on a truly patriotic basis. On the 5th of February 1708, he brought in a bill "for the naturalization of foreign protestants;" January 25, 1709, "for limiting the number of officers in the House of Commons, and for securing the freedom of parliament;" and another, December 21, "for the encouragement of learning, and the securing the property of copies of books to the right owners thereof." The second of these bills was agitated for five successive years, till 1713, when it was finally lost. Several of his speeches,

* Mr. Wortley, at different periods of life, represented in parliament the cities of Westminster and Peterborough, and the boroughs of Huntingdon and Bossiney.

† Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 14.

in which his knowledge of parliamentary business is distinguishable, are still extant.* Of his intimacy and correspondence with Mr. Addison, the subjoined letters, selected from many, are a sufficient evidence.

"TO EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"BEING very well pleased with this day's Spectator, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine,† as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of 2000*l.* per annum, an estate in the Indies of 14,000*l.* and what is more than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too; to which I must add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, and the stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would take a month with you, if I knew where. Lady Bellasise is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you.

"I am, dear sir, your's eternally, &c.

"July 21, 1711." "J. ADDISON."

* In the Parliamentary Register and the Gentleman's Magazine.

† Spectator, No. CXXIII. v. ii.

"TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

"Wortley, July 28, 1711.

"NOTWITHSTANDING your disappointments, I had much rather be in your circumstances than my own. The strength of your constitution would make you happier than all who are not equal to you in that, though it contributed nothing towards those other advantages that place you in the first rank of men. Since my fortune fell to me, I had reason to fancy I should be reduced to a very small income; I immediately retrenched my expenses, and lived for six months on fifty pounds as pleasantly as ever I did in my life, and could have lived for less than half that sum, and often entertained myself with the speech of Ofellus, in the second satire of the second book, and still think no man of understanding can be many days unhappy, if he does not want health: at present I take all the care I can to improve mine. This air is as proper for that as any I know, and we are so remote from all troublesome neighbours and great towns, that a man can think of nothing long but country amusements, or his books; and if you would change the course of your thoughts, you will scarce fail of effecting it here. I am in some fear I shall be forced to town for four or five days, and then we may come down together; if I stay I shall let you know it in a week or ten days, and hope to see you very soon. You were never in possession of any thing you love but your places,

and those you could not call your own. After I had read what you say about them, I could not take pleasure in the Spectator you sent, but thought it a very good one. In two months, or a little more, I think I must go the Newcastle journey. You told me you should like it; if you do not, perhaps we may contrive how you may pass your time here. I am not sure we shall easily have leave to lodge out of this house; but we may eat in the woods every day, if you like it, and nobody here will expect any sort of ceremony.

"Your's ever,

"Edward Wortley Montagu."

Upon the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, Charles Montagu, who had been sent on an embassy to the Elector of Hanover, whose seat in the House of Lords, as Duke of Cambridge, he had solicited, was immediately distinguished by the new sovereign, George the First, and created Earl of Halifax. To the high honour of the Order of the Garter was added the important and lucrative appointment of First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Wortley was now a confidential supporter of administration, and became one of the commissioners (October 13, 1714); which circumstance introduced him to the court of George the First, and occasioned Lady Mary to quit her retirement at Wharncliffe. Her first appearance at St. James's was hailed with that universal admiration, which beauty, enlivened by wit,

incontestably claims; and while the tribute of praise, so well merited, was willingly paid in public to the elegance of her form, the charms of her conversation were equally unrivalled in the first private circles of the nobility. She was in habits of familiar acquaintance with Addison and Pope, who contemplated her uncommon genius, at that time, without envy. How enthusiastic an admirer of Lady Mary was Mr. Pope,* the whole of their correspondence, given in this edition, will sufficiently evince, while it reflects indelible disgrace on his subsequent conduct.

In the year 1716, the embassy to the Porte became vacant, and as the war between the Turks and Imperialists raged with almost incredible violence, the other powers of Europe were ardently desirous of a mediation between them. Mr. Wortley resigned his situation as a Lord of the Treasury; and his appointment as ambassador under the great seal bears date June 5, 1716. Sir Robert Sutton was removed from Constantinople to Vienna, and instructions were given them by the British court to arrange a plan of pacification. Mr. Stanyan, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Wortley in his embassy, was intrusted with a similar commission, and nominated a coadjutor.

Early in the month of August, the new ambassador commenced an arduous journey over the continent of Europe to Constantinople, accompanied

* Upon this subject, and the subsequent quarrel between Lady Mary and Pope, vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 60.

by Lady Mary, whose conjugal affection reconciled her to the dangers, unavoidably to be encountered, in traversing the savage Turkish territory, the native horrors of which were then doubled by those of war. Pope, in his letter written after she had left England, exclaims, "May that person, for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world! I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future."

It has been said that Lady Mary was the first English woman who had the curiosity and spirit to visit the Levant; but the Editor recollects seeing an account at Constantinople, that both Lady Paget and Lady Winchelsea were included in the suite of their Lords, during their several embassies. Whilst on her journey, and residing in the Levant, Lady Mary amused herself, and delighted her friends by a regular correspondence, chiefly directed to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich,* and Mrs. Thistlethwaite, both ladies of the court, and to Mr. Pope.

Of the accuracy of her local descriptions, and of

* Fenton, in his epistle to Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, mentions Lady Rich in the following high encomium:

"And like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene,
In sweet assemblage all their graces joined
To language, mode, and manners more refined.
That angel form, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-eyed morn awakes the May,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair."

the justness of portrait in which she has delineated European and Turkish manners, the Editor has had the good fortune to form a comparative opinion, and to bear the fullest testimony of their general truth. Eighty years after her he followed nearly the same route, over the Continent to Constantinople, and resided nearly the same space of time as Lady Mary had done, in the palace at Pera, part of which had been contemporary with her. He may now be allowed to remember the pleasure with which he perused her animated letters in the very places from which they were originally sent, and the ample satisfaction he received in finding them reflect, in faithful colours, the scenes which he was then viewing, and the society with which he was, at that time, conversant. As the Oriental nations are not, like the European, liable to the fluctuation of fashion, the traveller into the Levant, a century since, will not have noticed a single custom, or peculiarity of dress, which is not equally familiar to modern eyes.

The embassy to Constantinople was formerly of great commercial importance, when the treasures of the East were brought by caravans to the different ports of the Levant, and the Turkey company monopolized the merchandize, which now finds its way to England by other channels. Added to his political concerns, Mr. Wortley had the appointment of consul-general of the Levant, which gave considerable influence and emolument to the Bri-

tish mission. Previously to Lady Mary's arrival at the destined point of her journey, the ambassador and his suite rested about two months at Adrianople, to which city the Sultan Achméd the Third had removed his court from the capital of his dominions. It was there that she first became acquainted with the customs of the Turks, and was enabled to give so lively and just a picture of their domestic manners and usages of ceremony. Many persons, on the surreptitious appearance of the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, already published, were inclined to question their originality, or, if that were allowed, the possibility of her acquiring the kind of information she has given respecting the interior of the Harém. It may be replied to them, that no one of the Turkish emperors was so willing to evade the injunctions of the Koran as Achméd the Third, and that he hazarded the love of his people by retiring to Adrianople, that he might more frequently and freely indulge himself in the habits of life adopted by the other European nations. That access has since been denied to the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the instance of the ambassadors' ladies, is no proof that Lady Mary did not obtain an unrestrained admission, when the court was in retirement, and many ceremonies were consequently dispensed with.*

* There is not the least reason to believe that Lady Mary ever was admitted to the interior of the Harem, either at Constantinople or Adrianople, as Mr. Dallaway supposes. Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 45.

A slight account of the publication alluded to may not be uninteresting, or may be forgiven as a pardonable digression. In the later periods of Lady Mary's life, she employed her leisure in collecting the copies of the letters she had written during Mr. Wortley's embassy, and had transcribed them herself, in two small volumes in quarto. They were without doubt sometimes shewn to her literary friends. Upon her return to England for the last time, in 1761, she gave these books to a Mr. Sowden, a clergyman at Rotterdam, and wrote the subjoined memorandum on the cover of one of them. "These two volumes are given to the Reverend Benjamin Sowden, minister at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and design of M. Wortley Montagu, December 11, 1761."

After her death,* the late Earl of Bute commissioned a gentleman to procure them, and to offer Mr. Sowden a considerable remuneration, which he accepted. Much to the surprise of that nobleman and Lady Bute, the manuscripts were scarcely safe in England, when three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters were published by Beckett; and it has since appeared, that Mr. Cleland was the Editor.† The same gentleman,

* Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 49.

† Letters of Lady M——y W——y M——, in three vols. 12mo. published in 1763, by Beckett and De Hondt. When doubts were entertained concerning the authenticity of these Letters, Mr. Cleland did not discourage the idea, that the whole

who had negotiated before, was again despatched to Holland, and could gain no farther intelligence from Mr. Sowden, than that, a short time before he parted with the MSS. two English gentlemen called on him to see the Letters, and obtained their request. They had previously contrived that Mr. Sowden should be called away during their perusal, and he found on his return that they had disappeared with the books. Their residence was unknown to him, but on the next day they brought back the precious deposit, with many apologies. It may be fairly presumed, that the intervening night was consumed in copying these Letters by several amanuenses. Another copy of them, but not in her own hand-writing, Lady Mary had given to Mr. Molesworth, which is now in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. Both in the original MS. and the last-mentioned transcript, the preface, printed by Beckett, is inserted, purported to have been written in 1728 by a lady of quality, and signed M. A. It is given in this edition as having been at least approved of by her ladyship.

When she arrived at Constantinople, her active mind was readily engaged in the pursuit of

was a literary fiction of his own. Pope Ganganelli's Letters were likewise edited by him in two volumes, formed, at least, if not translated, from the French publication. This work succeeded with the public, and he was induced to invent two more. As the MSS. of the fourth volume of Lady M. W. M——'s Letters, published in 1767, are not extant, a conjecture is allowable, that the first mentioned was not his first attempt at this species of imitation.

objects so novel as those which the Turkish capital presented. Whilst they excited her imagination, she could satisfy her curiosity, in her ideas of its former splendour as the metropolis of the Roman empire. Her classical acquirements rendered such investigations interesting and successful. Among her other talents was an extraordinary facility in learning languages; and in the assemblage of ten embassies from different countries, of which the society at Pera and Belgrade was composed, she had daily opportunities of extending her knowledge and practice of them. The French and Italian were familiar to her before she left England; and we find in her Letters that she had a sufficient acquaintance with the German to understand a comedy, as it was represented at Vienna. She even attempted the Turkish language, under the tuition of one of Mr. Wortley's dragomans, or interpreters, who compiled for her use a grammar and vocabulary in Turkish and Italian.* Of her proficiency in that very difficult dialect of the Oriental tongues, specimens are seen in her letters, in which a translation of some popular poetry appears.

The heat of Constantinople during the summer months is excessive, and the European embassies usually retire to the shores of the Bosphorus, or the village of Belgrade, about fourteen miles distant. In these delicious shades, and most beauti-

* Among her MSS.

ful forest scenery, Lady Mary was happy to pass her days. No English traveller visits Belgrade without participating her pleasure in her description, and inquiring after the site of her residence. At present no part of the house remains; for such is the fragility of Turkish structures, excepting their mosques, that they seldom last a century.

There was a custom prevalent among the villagers, and, indeed, universal in the Turkish dominions, which she examined with philosophical curiosity, and at length became perfectly satisfied with its efficacy. It was that of ingrafting, or, as it is now called, inoculating with variolous matter, in order to produce a milder disease, and to prevent the ravages made by the small-pox on the lives and beauty of European patients. The process was simple, and she did not hesitate to apply it to her son, at that time about three years old. She describes her success in a letter from Belgrade to Mr. Wortley at Pera.

"Sunday, March 23, 1718.

"The boy was engrafted last Tuesday, and is at this time singing and playing, very impatient for his supper: I pray God my next may give as good an account of him. I cannot engraft the girl; her nurse has not had the small-pox."

As a primary object in Mr. Wortley's mission was to effect a reconciliation between the Turks and Imperialists, and to act in concert with other

ambassadors for that purpose, it was necessary that he should have a personal interview with Sultan Achméd, who was then in his camp at Philippopoli. Having been invited by the Grand Visier, he made his public entry into that city with a retinue of one hundred and sixty persons, besides the guards, one hundred of whom wore the richest liveries.

Lord Paget, in 1698, had made a similar procession to Belgrade on the frontiers of Turkey, in which nothing was omitted to impress the Turks with ideas of the splendour of the nation he represented, the expense of that single mission amounting to 3000*l.* Both these ambassadors travelled with three hundred horses, and had their tents placed nearest to that of the Grand Visier.

These negotiations failed of their intended effect, because the preliminary requisition of the Imperialists tended to the complete cession of the territory acquired by the present war.

Mr. Wortley received letters of recall under the privy seal, October 28, 1717, which are countersigned by his friend Mr. Addison, then secretary of state. A private letter on that occasion, which is subjoined, will shew how far Mr. Addison had acquired the tenor of official correspondence, without betraying the partiality of friendship.

" Dear Sir, " September 28, 1717.

" Having been confined to my chamber for some time by a dangerous fit of sickness, I find, upon my

coming abroad, that some things have passed which I think myself obliged to communicate to you, not as the secretary to the ambassador, but as an humble servant to his friend. Mr. Benson being convinced that forms of law would in their ordinary course be very tedious and dilatory in the affair of the auditors, has procured the grant of a reversion for those places to you and himself, after which, if an ejectment ensues, you are in immediate possession. This ejectment, he believes, may be soon brought about by law, unless a voluntary surrender makes such a proceeding unnecessary. Our great men are of opinion, that upon your being possessed (which they look upon as sure and sudden), it would be agreeable to your inclinations, as well as for the King's service, which you are so able to promote in parliament, rather to return to your own country than to live at Constantinople. For this reason they have thoughts of relieving you by Mr. Stanyan, who is now at the Imperial court, and of joining Sir Robert Sutton with him in the mediation of a peace between the Emperor and the Turks. I need not suggest to you that Mr. Stanyan is in great favour at Vienna, and how necessary it is to humor that court in the present juncture. Besides, as it would have been for your honor to have acted as sole mediator in such a negotiation, perhaps it would not have been so agreeable to you to act only in commission. This was suggested to me the other day by one of our

first ministers, who told me that he believed Sir R. Sutton's being joined in a mediation, which was carried on by my Lord Paget singly, would be shocking to you, but that they could be more free with a person of Mr. Stanyan's quality. I find by his Majesty's way of speaking of you, that you are much in his favor and esteem, and I fancy you would find your ease and advantage more in being nearer his person than at the distance you are from him, at present. I omit no opportunity of doing you justice where I think it is for your service, and wish I could know your mind as to these several particulars, by a more speedy and certain conveyance, that I might act accordingly to the utmost of my power. Madame Kilmansech and my Lady Harvey desire me to forward the enclosed to my Lady Mary Wortley, to whom I beg you will deliver them, with my most humble respects.

"I am ever, sir,

"Your most obedient

"And most humble servant,

"J. Addison.

"Mr. Chevalier tells me since the writing of this, that he has stated to you Mr. Benson's and your own case, who, I find, is better acquainted with it than I am, that affair having been transacted by my Lord Sunderland during my illness."

On this subject he was honoured with two letters from Prince Eugene of Savoy, dated February 19,

1718.* The private letter expresses the most perfect satisfaction with his conduct in the negotiation on the part of the Emperor Charles the Sixth.

Mr. Wortley now turned his attention to revisiting England, but his journey did not commence till the 6th of June 1718. During his residence at Constantinople he collected some very curious Oriental MSS.† and, investigating the classical shores of the Hellespont, he procured an inscribed marble, which he presented on his arrival in England to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Pursuing their voyage through the Archipelago they landed at Tunis, and having crossed the Mediterranean, arrived at Genoa, and from thence passed Turin to Lyons and Paris. They did not reach England before October 30, 1718.

In a short time after her return, Lady Mary was solicited by Mr. Pope to fix her summer residence at Twickenham, and it will appear from the following letters, that he negotiated with Sir Godfrey Kneller for his house in that celebrated village with great assiduity.

"Madam,

"You received, I suppose, the epistle Sir Godfrey dictated to me, which (abating some few

* Preserved among the official papers of Mr. Wortley's embassy.

† Particularly six volumes in quarto of Arabian Tales, including most of those translated by Messrs. Galand and Petit La Croix, and many others not to be found in their publications.

flowers) was word for word. My own concern, that you should be settled in my neighbourhood, has since put me upon farther enquiries, and I find there is a pretty good house in the town opposite to that which my Lord William Pawlet has taken; 'tis the same that Lord Coventry lately had. If Mr. Wortley would come and see it, he would know all the particulars, which I am not able to give an exact account of, having sent you this notice the moment I heard of it: though still, that which I believe you both would like best is the house in the field I spoke to him about, and which I think the prettiest situated thing imaginable.

"Lord Bathurst told me you had given orders that the book of Eclogues should be trusted to my hands to return it to you. I am sensible of the obligation, and had been the faithful ambassador between you, had I not been forced to leave the town the minute he told me of it. I cannot perform impossibilities, therefore I will not pretend to tell you the esteem with which I always have been, "Dear madam,

"Your most faithful humble servant

"A. Pope."

To the Right Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley, in the Piazza, Covent-Garden.

When Lady Mary was settled at Twickenham, it might be presumed, from the ardent expressions of admiration and friendship which glow in Pope's letters to her during Mr. Wortley's embassy in the

Levant, printed in this edition, that their intercourse would not have been interrupted by the influence of those passions by which inferior minds are governed, and the stability of human happiness so frequently destroyed. That the change in Mr. Pope's sentiments was not immediately consequent on their becoming neighbours, is certain from these notes, which profess as much anxiety as any ever dictated by friendship.

"IT is not in my power (dear madam) to say what agitation the two or three words I wrote to you the other morning have given me. Indeed, I truly esteem you, and put my trust in you. I can say no more, and I know you would not have me.

"I have been kept in town by a violent headache, so that if I might see you any time to-day, (except two, three, or four o'clock, when I am engaged to dinner,) I should be pleased and happy, more indeed than any other company could make me.

"Your most faithful obliged servant,

"A. POPE."

To the Right Honorable Lady M. W. M. &c.

"I MIGHT be dead, or you in Yorkshire, for any thing that I am the better for your being in town. I have been sick ever since I saw you last, and now have a swelled face, and very bad; nothing

will do me so much good as the sight of dear Lady Mary; when you come this way let me see you, for indeed I love you. "A. P."

The Right Honorable Lady M. W. M.

In the court of George the First, Lady Mary was received with particular distinction by the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, and her beauty and conversation were rendered more interesting by the celebrity she had acquired in her travels. In the year 1720, when the South Sea scheme encouraged adventurers, of every rank and description, to hazard much for visionary thousands, Lady Mary, in common with others, entered into the speculation, and was not among the ill-informed on a subject which was so ruinous in its event.

"MADAM, "Cockpit, July 28, 1720.

"I WILL not fail to insert your ladyship's name in my list for the next South Sea subscription, though I am not sure whether the directors will receive another from me. I am, with great respect,

"Madam,

"Your ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

"J. CRAGGS."*

To the Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham.

* Mr. Craggs, who was secretary of state, was deeply implicated in the South Sea scheme, and died before its detection. His father was censured by Parliament.

"MADAM, "Twickenham, August 22, 1720.

"I was made acquainted late last night, that I might depend upon it as a certain gain to buy the South Sea stock at the present price, which will certainly rise in some weeks, or less. I can be as sure of this, as the nature of any such thing will allow, from the first and best hands, and therefore have dispatched the bearer with all speed to you. I am sincerely,

"Dear madam,

"Your most faithful humble servant,

"A. POPE."

To the Right Honorable the Lady M. W. Montagu, at Twickenham.

Mr. Pope, during his intimacy with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, made her a request to sit for her portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller, with which she complied, and received these complimentary epistles on that occasion.

"MADAM,

"SIR Godfrey happening to come from London yesterday (as I did myself) will wait upon you this morning at twelve, to take a sketch of you in your dress, if you will give leave. He is really very good to me. I heartily wish you will be so too. But I submit to you in all things, nay in the manner of all things; your own pleasure, and your own time. Upon my word I will take yours, and understand you as you would be understood, with a

real respect and resignation when you deny me any thing, and a hearty gratitude when you grant me any thing. Your will be done! but God send it may be the same with mine!

"I am most truly yours,

"A. Pope."

"P.S. I beg a single word in answer, because I am to send to Sir Godfrey accordingly."

To the Right Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham.

"Indeed, dear madam, it is not possible to tell you whether you give me, every day I see you, more pleasure, or more respect; and, upon my word, whenever I see you after a day or two's absence, it is in just such view as that you yesterday had of your own writings. I find you still better than I could imagine, and think I was partial before to your prejudice.

"The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year: I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepont, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers, as I am with Sappho's. But now—I cannot say what I would say of you now. Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yes-

terday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw your face first, which, he says, can never be set right on your figure, if the drapery and posture be finished before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he purposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up, at your own house in a morning; from whence he will transfer it to canvas, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner they seldom draw any but crowned heads, and I observe it with a secret pride and pleasure. Be so kind as to tell me if you care he should do this to-morrow at twelve. Though if I am but assured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you best like: let every decorum you please be observed. I should be very unworthy of any favour from your hands, if I desired any at the expence of your quiet and conveniency in any degree.

"I have just received this pamphlet, which may divert you. "I am sincerely yours,

"A. POPE."

To the Right Honorable the Lady M. W. Montagu, at Twickenham.

His satisfaction with the picture when finished inspired this extemporaneous praise, in couplets, which were immediately written down, and given to Lady Mary, by whom they were preserved.

The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth,

So would I draw, (but oh! 'tis vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny,)
The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
Where every grace with every virtue 's join'd,
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere,
With just description shew the soul divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine.

From such a reciprocation of kindness, we shall turn with regret to contemplate the unprovoked and insatiable asperity with which the poet of Twickenham could blacken the fame of a genius, who avowed no competition but equality of talents, which was a crime not to be forgiven by him.

National gratitude, if directed by justice, will not overlook, in favour of more recent discoveries, the original obligation to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu for the introduction of the art of inoculation into this kingdom. Mr. Maitland, who had attended the embassy in a medical character, first endeavoured to establish the practice of it in London, and was encouraged by her patronage.* In 1721, as its expediency had been much agitated among scientific men, an experiment, to be sanctioned by the College of Physicians, was allowed by government. Five persons under condemnation willingly encountered the danger, with the hopes of life. Upon four of them the eruption appeared on the seventh day; the fifth was a woman, on whom it

* Mottraye's Travels into the Levant, v. iii. Account of Inoculation in the Gentleman's Magazine, v. xxvii. p. 409. Philosophical Transactions, 1757, No. LXXI.

never appeared, but she confessed that she had it when an infant. With so much ardour did Lady Mary enforce this salutary innovation among mothers of her own rank in life, that, as we find in her Letters, much of her time was necessarily dedicated to various consultations, and in superintending the success of her plan.*

In the Plain Dealer, (No. XXX, July 3, 1724,) a periodical paper, published under the direction of Steele, is a panegyric which precludes the necessity of any other.†

* The following calculation is made in the Annual Register, 1762, p. 78. "If one person in *seven* die of the small-pox in the natural way, and one in *three hundred and twelve* by inoculation, as proved at the Small-Pox Hospital, then as 1,000,000, divided by seven, gives 142,857$\frac{1}{7}$, 1,000,000, divided by 312, gives 3205$\frac{40}{312}$, the lives saved in 1,000,000 by inoculation must be 139,652. In Lord Petre's family, 18 individuals died of the small-pox in 27 years. The present generation, who have enjoyed all the advantages of inoculation, are inadequate judges of the extremely fatal prevalence of the original disease, and of their consequently great obligations to Lady M. W. M."

† This was the compliment of the day. A modern bard has likewise added his suffrage:

> The triumph was reserved for female hands,
> Thine was the deed, accomplished Montagu!
> What physic ne'er conjectured, what described
> By Pilarini, by Temone‡ sketched,
> Seemed to philosophy an idle tale,
> Or curious only, *She* by patriot love
> Inspired, and England rising to her view,
> Proved as a truth, and proved it on *her son*.

‡ Dissertatio D^ris^ Temone pro variolis, published in Mottraye's Travels.

"It is an observation of some historian, that England has owed to women the greatest blessings she has been distinguished by.

"In the case we are now upon, this reflection will stand justified. We are indebted to the reason and the courage of a lady for the introduction of *this art*, which gains such strength in its progress, that the memory of its illustrious foundress will be rendered sacred by it to future ages. This ornament to her sex and country, who ennobles her own nobility by her learning, wit, and virtues, accompanying her consort into Turkey, observed the benefit of this practice, with its frequency even amongst those obstinate predestinarians, and brought it over for the service and the safety of her native England, where she consecrated its first effects on the persons of her own fine children; and has already received this glory from it, that the influence of her example has reached as high as the

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A manly mind, whose reason dwelt supreme,
Was hers, the little terrors of her sex
Despising, by maternal fondness swayed,
Yet bold, where confidence had stable grounds.
How far superior to the turban'd race,
With whom she sojourned—scrupulous and weak!
Yet this is *she*, whom Pope's illiberal verse
Hath dared to censure with malicious spleen,
And meanly coward soul.
She hath been the cause
Of heartfelt joy to thousands; thousands live,
And still shall live *through her*.

Infancy; a Didactic Poem. By Dr. Downman.

blood royal, and our noblest and most ancient families, in confirmation of her happy judgment, add the daily experience of those who are most dear to them. It is a godlike delight that her reflection must be conscious of, when she considers to whom we owe, that many thousand British lives will be saved every year to the use and comfort of their country, after a general establishment of this practice. A good so lasting and so vast, that none of those wide endowments and deep foundations of public charity which have made most noise in the world deserve at all to be compared with it.

"High o'er each sex in double empire sit
Protecting beauty and inspiring wit."

The court of George the First* was modelled upon that of Louis the Fifteenth, and gallantry, or at least the reputation of it, was the ambition and employment of the courtiers of either sex. Lady Mary had the pre-eminence in beauty and in wit, and few follies passed unmarked by her satirical animadversions, which were not detailed in her letters to her sister Lady Mar, and other correspondents, with inimitable raillery. But those who were delighted with her sarcasms were not always secure from their force, when directed against themselves; and she numbered among her acquaintance more admirers than sincere friends. There were many who, in repeating her bon-mots, took much from the delicate poignancy of her wit to add their

* Vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 37.

own undisguised malevolence. In her letters she frequently betrays her disappointment in the great world, and declares that her happy hours were dedicated to a few intimates. Of these, were the Countess of Oxford, the Duchess of Montagu, and particularly the Countess of Stafford, who was a daughter of the celebrated Count de Grammont, (the agreeable historian of the court of Charles the Second,) and "La Belle Hamilton," whose beauty still blooms in the unfading tints of Lely, at Windsor. Lady Stafford appears, from her Letters, written in French, to have inherited the sprightliness of her father, and to have been capable of friendship, of a much more durable texture than that of many others with whom Lady Mary was equally conversant. In her retirement at Twickenham she enjoyed the literary society which resorted to Pope's Villa; and was received by them with every mark of high respect.

Gay, in his verses in imitation of Spenser, entitled a "Welcome from Greece to Mr. Pope upon finishing his translation of the Iliad," (written in 1727,) imagines all his friends assembled to greet his arrival on the English shore, and exclaims, (perhaps with sincerity, as far as his own opinion was concerned,)

"What lady 's that to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes,
How art thou honoured, numbered with her friends,
For she distinguishes the good and wise."

Stanza, v. i.

Upon the accession of George II. the Countess of Bristol, and her son Lord Hervey, possessed great influence in the new court, and were the favourites of Queen Caroline. The political sentiments of Lady Mary were conformable with those of Sir Robert Walpole, and his administration; and she was much connected with the courtiers of that day. With Lord Hervey she seems to have formed an alliance of genius, as well as politics; and, as both were poets, they were in habits of literary communication, and sometimes assisted each other in joint compositions.

Pope, who had been the original promoter of Lady Mary's residence at Twickenham, now became jealous of her partiality to the Herveys; and insinuated many severe criticisms against verses, which were admired at court. He had now mixed politics with his poetry, and was so firmly attached to Bolingbroke and Swift, that he held the Whigs in a detestation which he was careless to conceal. There was still a common friend, Lady Oxford, at whose house they frequently met,* but rarely without opening their batteries of repartee, and that with so many personalities, that Pope's petulance, "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike," sought to discharge itself by abrupt departure from the company. Seeming reconciliation soon followed, out of respect to Lord and Lady Oxford, but the wound was rankling at his heart. Lady Mary

* This is an entire mistake; vide Introductory Anecdotes, p. 62.

had long since omitted to consult him upon any new poetical production; and when he had been formerly very free with his emendations, would say, "Come, no touching, Pope, for what is good the world will give to you, and leave the bad for me!" and she was well aware that he disingenuously encouraged that idea. She had found, too, another inconvenience in these communications, which was, that many poems were indiscriminately imputed to Pope, his confederates, and to herself. Swift, on one of these occasions, sent her "The Capon's Tale," published in Sheridan's edition of his works, and concluding *there*

"Such, Lady Mary, are your tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your chicks." V. 17, p. 424.

In the original copy, now before the Editor, four more very abominable lines are added.

The apparent cause of that dissension, which was aggravated into implacability, was a satire in the form of a pastoral, entitled 'Town Eclogues.' They were certainly some of the earliest of Lady Mary's poetical essays, and it is proved by the following extract from one of Pope's letters, addressed to her at Constantinople, that they had been written previously to the year 1717, when she left England: "The letters of gold, and the curious illuminating of the Sonnets, was not a greater token of respect than what I have paid to *your Eclogues;* they lie enclosed in a monument of Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the gilded leaves are opened with

no less veneration than the pages of the Sibyls; like them, locked up and concealed from all profane eyes, *none but my own* have beheld these sacred remains of yourself, and I should think it as great a wickedness to divulge them, as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors."

After her return, the veil of secrecy was removed, and they were communicated to a favoured few. Both Pope and Gay suggested many additions and alterations, which were certainly not adopted by Lady Mary; and as copies, including their corrections, have been found among the papers of these poets, their editors have attributed three out of six to them. "The Basset Table," and "The Drawing-Room," are given to Pope, and "The Toilet" to Gay. It is therefore singular, that Pope should himself be subject to his own satire on Philips, and

"The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown."

The Town Eclogues contained that kind of general satire which rendered them universally popular, and as the sagacity of every reader was prompted to discover whom he thought the persons characterized, the manuscript was multiplied by many hands, and was in a short time committed to the press by the all-grasping Curl. Characters thus appropriated soon became well known; Pope and his friends were willing to share the poetical fame, but averse from encountering any of the resentment which satire upon powerful courtiers necessarily

excites. He endeavoured to negotiate with the piratical bookseller, and used threats, which ended in no less than Curl's publishing the whole in his name. Irritated by Pope's ceaseless petulance, and disgusted by his subterfuge, Lady Mary now retired totally from his society, and certainly did not abstain from sarcastic observations, which were always repeated to him. One told him of an epigram,

"Sure Pope and Orpheus were alike inspired,
The blocks and beasts flock'd round them and admired;"

and another, how Lady Mary had observed, that "some called Pope, little nightingale—all sound, and no sense."

He was, by the consent of all his biographers, the most irritable of men, and in possession of a weapon which he could wield with matchless dexterity, and from the use of which he was never deterred by power, nor dissuaded by concession.

The Italians have a proverb, (which he has himself versified,) "Chi offende perdona mai," and as being the aggressor in fact, his stratagem was to excite in the public mind, by horrid imputations, the idea of an injury and a provocation which he had previously received, but which had never existed.

A memorable epoch in Lady Mary's life, was her avowed quarrel with Pope; and his former partial conduct having been shewn, the frequent invective he afterward introduced into his satires, sometimes under the name of "Sappho," and as often

under that of "Lady Mary," deserves to be pointed out.* In the eighty-third line of his imitation of Horace (Satire I. book ii.) an execrable couplet occurs, too gross to be admitted into any decent poem, in which he likewise stigmatizes Lord Hervey's poetical genius;

> "The lines are weak another 's pleas'd to say,
> Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day."

This wanton attack could not fail to excite in the noble personages, so openly alluded to, the most just and poignant indignation, and they were jointly concerned in "Verses addressed to the Translator of the first Satire of the second book of Horace."† Upon the circulation of this poem in MS. Pope wrote a prose letter to Lord Hervey, in which he exculpates himself with seeming candor.‡

"In regard to the right honorable lady, (says he, in the letter to Lord Hervey,) your lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of Sappho, a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest

* Epistle on the Characters of Women, l. 21, 24. Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, l. 95. Epistle to Lord Bathurst, l. 119. Dr. Donne's second Satire versified, l. 1. Imitation of the first Epistle of the first book of Horace, l. 161. Dunciad, b. ii. l. 133.

† Lord Hervey likewise wrote and circulated "An Epistle from a Doctor in Divinity to a Nobleman at Hampton Court;" Aug. 28, 1733.

‡ Warton's edition, v. iii. p. 339.

I never *applied* that name to her in any verse of mine, public or private, and I firmly believe not in any letter or conversation. Whoever could invent a falsehood to support an accusation I pity; and whoever can believe such a character to be their's I pity still more. God forbid the court or town should have the complaisance to join in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of such modern Sapphos as imitate much more the lewdness, than the genius of the antient one, and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow both the name and the qualification there mentioned."

Dr. Joseph Warton* and Dr. Johnson† concur in condemning the prevarication with which Pope evaded every direct charge of his ungrateful behaviour to those whose patronage he had once servilely solicited; and even his panegyrical commentator, Dr. Warburton,‡ confessed that there were allegations against him, which "he was not quite clear of."

The opinion of Dr. Johnson, from his known love of truth, in most instances, carries an assurance with it. He allows that "Pope was some-

* Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, v. ii. p. 258.

† Prefaces to the Poets, vol. iv. p. 159.

‡ Life of Pope in the Biographia Britannica, vol. v. p. 3413, written by Warburton. In his edition of the letters, written by Pope to several ladies, the 10th, 20th, 21st, and 22d, are addressed to Lady M. W. M.; and letter 11th to the Duke of Buckingham, as far as relates to the description of the old house, is exactly the same as one of Pope's to Lady Mary published in Warton's edition.

times wanton in his attacks, and before Chandos,* Lady Mary Wortley, and Hill,† was mean in his retreat." Does not the falsity of the exculpatory declaration after the wanton attack constitute the *meanness* imputed to him, since, had his biographer believed Pope innocent of a slanderous intention, he could never have considered his flat denial of any such intention as *mean.* Pope avers, that he was far from designing a lady of Lady Mary's condition by a name so derogatory to her as *Sappho;* yet that very *Sappho* is said "to wear diamonds."‡ And he talks of meaning many *Sapphos,* yet in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, he has

"Still Sappho ——"

and,

"Why she and Sappho rose that monstrous sum;

by which quotation, and several others, the question of unity or plurality is decided. It only, therefore, remains to ascertain the person whom he intended to satirize, and it would not be difficult to select many passages, in which Lady Mary is expressly mentioned by name.

Pope proceeds in his own vindication. "I wonder yet more (says he) how a lady, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom

* James Duke of Chandos, and his house at Cannons, as Timon in the Epistle on Taste.

† Aaron Hill, a dramatic writer, whose Zara still keeps its place upon the stage.

‡ See this argument pursued farther in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1791, p. 420, to which the Editor is indebted.

and your lordship there is a natural, a just, and a well-grounded esteem,) could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me, indeed, might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least misunderstanding with that lady till after I was the author of my own misfortune, in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing was merely that you had *both too much wit for me,* and that I could not do with mine, many things, which you could with yours."

The explanatory note to the words, *too much wit for me,* in Warburton's edition, consists of the following couplet, from his Epistle to Arbuthnot, among the variations.

> "Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
> And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit."*

Pope's avowed reason for discontinuing Lady Mary's acquaintance was, therefore, that she had *outwitted* him, and the truth by the corrected lines,

> "Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
> Sappho can tell you how this man was bit,"†

is most fairly proved. For if he were *outwitted* by a female wit, and by *Sappho,* and yet outwitted but *once, Sappho* and Lady Mary must of course be the same identical person. Still he did not hesitate to assert, in the same letter, "I can truly affirm, that,

* Epistle to Arbuthnot, l.368. † And in the variations.

ever since I lost the happiness of your conversation, I have not published or written one syllable of, or to either of you, never hitched your names into a verse, or trifled with your good names in company."

But more attention is not due to the investigation of this controversy, which may now be dispassionately viewed. Time has annihilated their animosities, and the liberality of the present age will allow, how much any character may suffer, or may command, under the authority of a great name. The magic of Pope's numbers makes us unwilling to know that they were not always the vehicle of truth.

John Lord Hervey was vice-chamberlain and privy seal to George II, and well known by his duel with Mr. Pulteney, his writings, and his eloquence in the senate. After he became obnoxious to Pope, both as a politician and a poet, he was satirised under the name of Sporus. It is said, that in his person he was effeminate, and he appears to have been of the sect of modern philosophers who first called themselves "free thinkers;" but he was a man of talents, and all his literary remains are much above "florid impotence." The subjoined original letters are a specimen of his wit, and the airy style of his epistolary compositions.

"Bath, October 8, 1728.

"I HAD too much pleasure in receiving your ladyship's commands to have any merit in obeying them, and should be very insincere if I pretended that my inclination to converse with you, could ever

be a second motive to my doing it. I came to this place but yesterday, from which you may imagine I am not yet sufficiently qualified to execute the commission you gave me; which was, to send you a list of the sojourners and inmates of this place; but there is so universal an affinity and resemblance among these individuals, that a small paragraph will serve amply to illustrate what you have to depend upon. The Duchess of Marlborough, Congreve, and Lady Rich, are the only people whose faces I know, whose names I ever heard, or who, I believe, have any names belonging to them; the rest are a swarm of wretched beings, some with half their limbs, some with none, the ingredients of Pandora's box *personifié*, who stalk about, half-living remembrancers of mortality; and by calling themselves human, ridicule the species more than Swift's Yhahoues. I do not meet a creature without saying to myself as Lady —— did of her femme de chambre, *Regardez cet animal, considerez ce néant, voilà une belle ame pour être immortelle.* This is giving you little encouragement to venture among us; but the sincerity with which I have delineated this sketch of our coterie at Bath, will at least persuade you, I hope, madam, to think, I can give up my interest to my truth, and induce you to believe I never strain the latter, when I assure you, in the strongest terms, I am with the greatest warmth and esteem, "Madam,

"Your ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

"HERVEY."

"I write from Lindsey's in more noise than the union of ten cock-pits could produce, and Lady Rich teazing me at every word to have done, and begin a quadrille, which she cannot make up without me."

"Bath, October 28, 1728.

"YOUR suspicions with regard to the Duchess of Marlborough are utterly groundless; she neither knew to whom I was writing, nor that I ever had the pleasure of a letter from you in my life. The speech you had cooked up for her was delightful, exactly her style, and word for word what she would infallibly have said, had she been in the situation you supposed. How far I made free with your letter I will nakedly confess: I read two or three things to her, out of it, relating to the coronation; but upon my honour, without giving the least hint from whence it came, and by a thing she said three days afterwards, I found she guessed Lord Chesterfield to be my correspondent. If I went farther in this step than you would have me, give me absolution upon my confession of my fault, and I will give you my word never to repeat it. This preliminary article settled, I beg for the future our commerce may be without any restraint; that you would allow me the liberty of communicating my thoughts naturally; and that you would conclude yourself safe in doing so to me, till I cease to have the least grain of natural, grateful, or political honesty in my whole composition. I will not make the common excuse for a dull letter, of writ-

ing from a dull place; it is one I never allowed, and one I never will make use of: if people have the gift of entertaining belonging to them, they must be so, when writing to you, be it from what place it will; and when they fail of being so, it is no more for want of materials, than materials could make them so without genius. Boileau can write upon a *Lutrin* what one can read with pleasure a thousand times, and Blackmore cannot write upon the *Creation* any thing that one shall not yawn ten times over, before one has read it once. You see I am arguing fairly, though against myself, and that if I am stupid I have at least candour enough to own it an inherent defect, and do not (as ill gamesters complain of their luck) impute the faults of my understanding to accident or chance. I cannot say neither that my manner of passing my time here is at all disagreeable, for you must know I have an ungenteel happiness in my temper that gives me a propensity to be pleased with the people I happen to be with, and the things I happen to be doing. As to your manner of living at Twickenham I entirely disapprove it. Nature never designed you to perform the offices of a groom and a nursery-maid; if you would be sincere, you must own, *riding* is inverting her dictates in your search of pleasure, or you must confess yourself an example of the maxim which I laid down, and you controverted so warmly two nights before I left London. I have met with several accumulated proofs, since I saw you, that confirm me more

and more in that faith; and I begin to think it impossible I should change my religion, unless you will be so good to take my conversion into your own hands. I must tell you too that Thomas of Didymus and I are so alike in our way of thinking, that *******. I must be confuted in the same manner, that Daphne, in the Aminta, says she was, 'Mi mostrava più l' ombra d' una breve notte, che mille giorni di più chiari soli: & la più forte prova di quell' argumento si trova nelle parole, no, ma in silenzio.' It is so long since I read this, that it is more than possible I may quote it false; but to speak in her Grace of Marlborough's style, *you know what I mean.* If you do not dislike long letters, and an unstudied galimatias of tout ce qui se trouve au bout de la plume (comme dit Mad. de Sévigné), let me know it; and if you would not have me think it flattery when you tell me you do not, encourage the trade, not only by accepting my bills, but making quick returns. Adieu, I am staid for to dinner; but if the omitting a respectful conclusion with three or four half lines to express warmth, truth, obedience, humility, &c. shocks your pride, give me a hint of it in your next, and I will take care never again to retrench those fees, due to ladies of your wit, beauty, and quality."

Among celebrated characters of the nobility, Lady Mary could rank Sarah Duchess of Marlborough as one of her correspondents. Their curiosity will plead for the admission of these two letters.

" Windsor Lodge, Sept. 25, 1722.

Your letter (dear Lady Mary) is so extremely kind upon the subject of poor dear Lord Sunderland, that I cannot help thanking you, and assuring you that I shall always remember your goodness to me in the best manner that I can. It is a cruel misfortune to lose so valuable a young man in all respects, though his successor has all the virtues that I could wish for, but still it is a heavy affliction to me to have one droop so untimely from the only branch that I can ever hope to receive any comfort from, in my own family. Your concern for my health is very obliging, but as I have gone through so many misfortunes, some of which were very uncommon, it is plain that nothing will kill me but distempers and physicians.

" Pray do me the favour to present my humble service to Mr. Wortley, and to your agreeable daughter; and believe me as I am very sincerely,

" Dear madam,

" Your most faithful and most humble servant,

" S. Marlborough."

To the Right Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, at Twickenham.

There is some difficulty with regard to the date of this letter. Robert fourth Earl of Sunderland, grandson to the Duchess of Marlborough, died on the 17th November 1729, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and was succeeded by Charles fifth earl, his brother, who afterwards, upon the death of his aunt Lady Godolphin, Duchess of Marlborough, became Duke of Marlborough. It would appear that this letter referred to the death of Robert.—W.

"Blenheim, Sept. 28, 1731.

"You are always very good to me, dear Lady Mary, and I am sensible of it as I ought to be. All things are agreed upon, and the writings drawing for Dy's marriage with my Lord John Russel, which is in every particular to my satisfaction; but they cannot be married till we come to London. I propose to myself more satisfaction than I thought there had been in store for me. I believe you have heard me say that I desired to die when I had disposed well of her; but I desire that you would not put me in mind of it, for I find now I have a mind to live till I have married my Torismond, which name I have given long to John Spencer. I am in such hurries of business that I must end, when I assure you that I am

"Your most faithful

"And most obedient humble servant,

"S. Marlborough."

"My hand is lame, and I cannot write myself, which is the better for you."

To the Right Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,
at her house in Cavendish-square, London.
Free, Harborough.

Her high birth, of course, entitled Lady Mary to the society and respect of her equals, but her influence in the literary world attracted to her many of the best authors of that day, who solicited not only her patronage, but her critical opinions of the works they were about to offer to the public.

A more satisfactory proof does not occur, than the following letters from Dr. Young relative to his Tragedy of *The Brothers,* in how high a degree of estimation he placed her judgment in dramatic matters.

"MADAM,

"I HAVE seen Mr. Savage, who is extremely sensible of the honour your ladyship did him by me. You was, I find, too modest in your opinion of the present you pleased to make him, if Mr. Savage may be allowed to be a judge in the case. I am obliged to go down to-morrow to *Wycombe election,* which is on Thursday; as soon as I return, I will wait on your ladyship with the trifle you pleased to ask, which I had done before, but I have been, and still am, in all the uneasiness a cold can give.

"I am, madam, with great esteem,

"Your ladyship's most obedient

"And obliged humble servant,

March 1, 1725-6. "E. YOUNG.

"MADAM,

"A GREAT cold and a little intemperance has given me such a face as I am ashamed to shew, though I much want to talk with your ladyship. For my theatrical measures are broken; *Marianne* brought its author above 1500*l.* *The Captives,* above 1000*l.* and *Edwin,* now in rehearsal, has already, before acting, brought its author above 1000*l.* Mine, when acted, will not more than pay for the paper on which it is written. I will wait on your

ladyship, and explain farther. Only this at present, for the reason mentioned, I am determined to suppress my play for this season at least. The concern you shewed for its success is my apology for this account, which were otherwise very impertinent. I am, madam,

"Your ladyship's much obliged

"And most obedient humble servant,

"E. YOUNG."

"MADAM,

"THE more I think of your criticisms, the more I feel the just force of them: I will alter those which are alterable; those which are not I beg you to make a secret of, and to make an experiment on the sagacity of the town, which I think may possibly overlook what you have observed, for the players and Mr. Doddington, neither of whom were backward in finding fault, or careless in attention, took no notice of the flaw in Demetrius's honor or Erixene's conduct, and I would fain have their blindness continue till my business is done; the players are fond of it, and as it has been said on a point of a little more importance, 'si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.' I am, madam,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"E. YOUNG."

"MADAM,

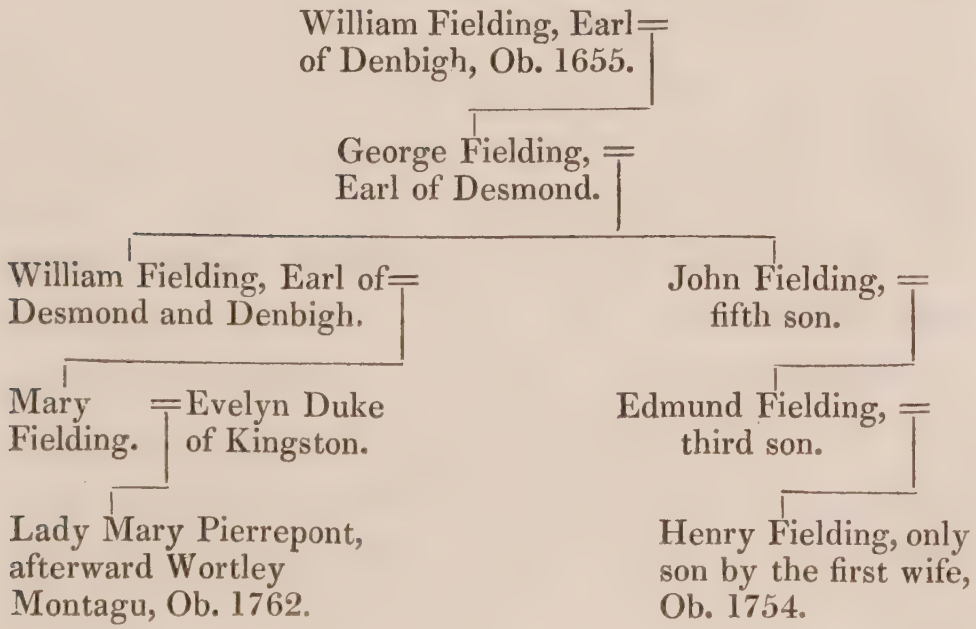
"YOUR alteration in the fourth act will be of exceeding advantage in more views than one: I will wait on your ladyship with it as soon as I have done it, which will be, I believe, Monday morning.

But that I am satisfied you want no inducement to assist me as much as you can, I should add that I have more depending on the success of this particular piece than your ladyship imagines."

Friday, noon.

It appears from one of these letters, that she liberally assisted Savage, whose misfortunes had engaged Pope to promote a subscription for him; and to Henry Fielding she was at all times a sincere friend. It is one of the most pleasing tasks of the genealogist, to be enabled to trace the affinity of genius; and we learn that Lady Mary and Fielding were second cousins, being descended in the same degree from George Earl of Desmond. He dedicated to her his first Comedy of "Love in several Masks," in 1727; and addressed her on the subject of "The Modern Husband," which was acted at Drury-lane Theatre in 1731.

SKETCH OF DESCENT.


William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, Ob. 1655.
George Fielding, Earl of Desmond.
William Fielding, Earl of Desmond and Denbigh.
John Fielding, fifth son.
Mary Fielding.
Evelyn Duke of Kingston.
Edmund Fielding, third son.
Lady Mary Pierrepont, afterward Wortley Montagu, Ob. 1762.
Henry Fielding, only son by the first wife, Ob. 1754.

"MADAM,

"I HAVE presumed to send your ladyship a copy of the play which you did me the honor of reading three acts of last spring, and hope it may meet as light a censure from your ladyship's judgment as then; for while your goodness permits me (what I esteem the greatest, and indeed only happiness of my life,) to offer my unworthy performances to your perusal, it will be entirely from your sentence that they will be regarded, or disesteemed by me. I shall do myself the honor of calling at your ladyship's door to-morrow at eleven, which, if it be an improper hour, I beg to know from your servant what other time will be more convenient. I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam,

"Your ladyship's most obedient,

"Most devoted humble servant,

"HENRY FIELDING."

To the Right Honorable the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

"I HOPE your ladyship will honor the scenes, which I presume to lay before you, with your perusal. As they are written on a model I never yet attempted, I am exceedingly anxious least they should find less mercy from you than my lighter productions. It will be a slight compensation to 'The Modern Husband,' that your ladyship's censure of him will defend him from the possibility of any other reproof, since your least ap-

probation will always give me pleasure, infinitely superior to the loudest applauses of a theatre. For whatever has past your judgment, may, I think, without any imputation of immodesty, refer want of success to want of judgment in an audience. I shall do myself the honor of waiting on your ladyship at Twickenham next Monday, to receive my sentence, and am, madam,

"With most devoted respect,

"Your ladyship's most obedient,

"Most humble servant,

London, Sept. 4, 1731. "HENRY FIELDING."

Such for many years was the life of Lady Mary Wortley in the world of fashion and of literature; still it afforded no incidents worthy of biographical notice, which materially distinguished it from the monotony of theirs, who enjoy a full portion of rank and fame.

In the year 1739, her health declined, and she took the resolution of passing the remainder of her days on the Continent. Having obtained Mr. Wortley's consent, she left England in the month of July, and hastened to Venice, where she formed many connexions with the noble inhabitants, and determined to establish herself in the north of Italy. Having been gratified by a short tour to Rome and Naples, she returned to Brescia, one of the palaces of which city she inhabited, and appears not only to have been reconciled to, but pleased with, the

Italian customs. She spent some months at Avignon and Chamberry. Her summer residence she fixed at Louverre, on the shores of the lake of Iseo, in the Venetian territory, whither she had been first invited on account of the mineral waters, which she found greatly beneficial to her health. There she took possession of a deserted palace; she planned her garden, applied herself to the business of a country life, and was happy in the superintendence of her vineyards and silk-worms. Books, and those chiefly English sent her by Lady Bute, supplied the deficiency of society. Her letters from this retreat breathe a truly philosophic spirit, and evince that her care of her daughter and her family was ever nearest to her heart. No one appears to have enjoyed her repose more sincerely, from the occupations of the gay world. Her visits to Genoa and Padua were not unfrequent; but, about the year 1758, she quitted her solitude, and settled entirely at Venice,* where she remained till the death of Mr. Wortley, in 1761. She then yielded to the solicitations of her daughter, the late Countess of Bute, and, after an absence of two-and-twenty years, she began her journey to England, where she arrived in October. But her health had suffered much, and a gradual decline† terminated in death,

* The English travellers at Venice, who, she presumed, might have been induced to visit her from curiosity, she received in a mask and domino, as her dress of ceremony.

† The disease of which Lady Mary died was not, as here

on the 21st of August, 1762, and in the seventy-third year of her age. In the cathedral at Litchfield, a cœnotaph is erected to her memory, with the following inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of
The Right Honorable
Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU,
who happily introduced from Turkey,
into this country,
the salutary art
of inoculating the small-pox.
Convinced of its efficacy,
she first tried it with success
on her own children,
and then recommended the practice of it
to her fellow-citizens.
Thus by her example and advice
we have softened the virulence,
and escaped the danger, of this malignant disease.
To perpetuate the memory of such benevolence,
and to express her gratitude
for the benefit she herself received
from this alleviating art;
this monument is erected by
HENRIETTA INGE,
relict of THEODORE WILLIAM INGE, Esq.
and daughter of Sir JOHN WROTTESLEY, Bart.
in the year of our Lord M,DCC,LXXXIX.

The monument consists of a mural marble, representing a female figure of Beauty, weeping over the ashes of her preserver, supposed to be inclosed in the urn, inscribed with her cypher M. W. M.

stated, "*a gradual decline*," but cancer. Nor can the authority upon which Mr. Dallaway relied for the story of the mask and domino be now traced.—W.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu appears now as an author more fully before the public. How her letters written from the Levant became known, has been already detailed, and of their reception even "in that questionable shape," the opinion of Dr. Smollett, who had established, and then conducted the Critical Review, bears an honorable testimony. "The publication of these letters will be an immortal monument to the memory of Lady M. W. M. and will shew, as long as the English language endures, the sprightliness of her wit, the solidity of her judgment, the elegance of her taste, and the excellence of her real character. These letters are so bewitchingly entertaining, that we defy the most phlegmatic man on earth to read one without going through with them, or, after finishing the third volume, not to wish there were twenty more of them."*

The late Lord Orford† had been shewn in manuscript her letters to Lady Mar only, and not those of a more grave and sententious cast to her daughter. He might in candor, in that case, have retracted his comparison of Lady M. W. M. with the Marchioness de Sévigné, and not have so peremptorily given the palm of epistolary excellence to the foreigner.‡ He yet allows that the letters to Lady

* Critical Review, 1763. † Reminiscences.

‡ Does not her ladyship seem to anticipate publication in this extract? "The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sévigné's letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine may be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper."—*Letters to Lady Mar*, 1724.

Mar (those only he had seen) were not unequal in point of entertainment to others, which had been then published. The vivacity with which they exhibit a sketch of court manners, resembles the style so much admired in the Memoirs of the Count de Grammont, half a century before; and the trait she has given of that in which she was herself conspicuous, becomes equally interesting to us, as it

> "Shews the very age, and body of *that* time,
> Its form and pressure." *Hamlet.*

Of her poetical talents it may be observed, that they were usually commanded by particular occasions, and that when she had composed stanzas, as any incident suggested them, little care was taken afterwards; and she disdained the scrupulous labour, by which Pope acquired a great degree of his peculiar praise. But it should be remembered, that the ore is equally sterling, although it may not receive the highest degree of polish of which it is capable. She attempted no poem of much regularity or extent. In the Town Eclogues, which is the longest, a few illegitimate rhymes and feeble expletives will not escape the keen eye of a critic. The epistle of Arthur Gray has true Ovidian tenderness, the ballads are elegant, and the satires abound in poignant sarcasms, and just reflections on the folly and vices of those whom she sought to stigmatize. There is little doubt, but that if Lady Mary had applied herself wholly to poetry, a near approximation to the rank of her contemporary

bards would have been adjudged to her by impartial posterity.

The æra in which she flourished has been designated by modern envy or liberality "the Augustan in England," and in the constellation of wit by which it was illuminated, and so honorably distinguished from earlier or successive ages, her acquirements and genius entitled her to a very eminent place. During her long life, her literary pretensions were suppressed by the jealousy of her contemporaries, and her indignant sense of the mean conduct of Pope and his phalanx, the self-constituted distributors of the fame and obloquy of that day, urged her to confine to her cabinet and a small circle of friends, effusions of wisdom and fancy, which otherwise had been received by society at large with equal instruction and delight.

A comparison with her ladyship's predecessors of her own sex and quality will redound to her superiority. Lady Jane Grey read Plato in Greek, and the two daughters of the last Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, the Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Lumley, translated and published books from that language; but theirs was the learning of the cloister, and not that of the world. Nearer her own time, the Duchess of Newcastle composed folios of romances, but her imaginary personages are strangers to this lower sphere, and are disgusting by their pedantry and unnatural manners. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu applied her learning to improve

her knowledge of the world. She read mankind as she had read her books, with sagacity and discrimination. The influence of a classical education over her mind was apparent in the purity of her style, rather than in the ambition of displaying her acquirements, whilst it enabled her to give grace of expression and novelty to maxims of morality or prudence, which would have lost much of their usefulness, had they been communicated in a less agreeable manner.

Her letters present us with as faithful a portrait of her mind as Sir Godfrey Kneller's pencil did of her person.* The delicacy of her style, in early youth, corresponded with the soft and interesting beauty which she possessed. In the perspicuity and sprightliness, which charm and instruct us in the zenith of her days, we have an image of confirmed and commanding grace. As she advanced to a certain degree of longevity, the same mind, vigorous, and replete with the stores of experience, both in life and literature, maintains its original powers. The "Mellow Hangings" have more of richness and greater strength, if less of brilliancy; and the later writings of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu bear that peculiar characteristic, while they offer the precepts of a female sage, which lose all their severity in the eloquence peculiar to her sex.

* There is an original portrait of Lady M. W. M. at Welbeck, and a miniature, by Zincke, at Strawberry Hill.

Respecting her letters, as they are now given to the public, the Editor thinks it necessary to add, that having considered how extremely unsettled orthography was at the period when they were written, he has ventured, in certain instances, to accommodate that of Lady M. W. Montagu to modern usage.

Many idioms and a peculiar phraseology, to be found even in the Spectator, and other popular authors of her day, which the refinement of the present age might reject, are scrupulously retained, with an opinion that Lady Mary's genuine thoughts are best cloathed in her own language; and that all attempts to improve it would tend to destroy the character of her style, and discredit the authenticity of this publication.

J. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, we must remember, was born a hundred and forty-seven years ago, and has now been dead more than seventy. Considering this, and also that the incidents of her life were in no respect linked to those historical or political facts which fix in men's memories even trifles if connected with them, it cannot be expected that her descendants themselves should possess very ample means of giving or gaining information upon a subject borne almost beyond their reach by the lapse of time. The multitude of stories circulated about her—as about all people who were objects of note in their day—increase, instead of lessening the difficulty. Some of these may be confidently pronounced inventions, simply and purely false; some, if true, concerned a different person; some were grounded upon egre-

gious blunders; and not a few upon jests, mistaken by the dull and literal for earnest. Others again, where a little truth and a great deal of falsehood were probably intermingled, nobody now living can pretend to confirm, or contradict, or unravel. Nothing is so readily believed, yet nothing is usually so unworthy of credit, as tales learned from report, or caught up in casual conversation. A circumstance carelessly told, carelessly listened to, half comprehended, and imperfectly remembered, has a poor chance of being repeated accurately by the first hearer; but when, after passing through the moulding of countless hands, it comes, with time, place, and person, gloriously confounded, into those of a book-maker ignorant of all its bearings, it will be lucky indeed if any trace of the original groundwork remain distinguishable.

To give a sample or two of the metamorphoses which this process can effect.—Pinkerton, in his Walpoliana, mentions that Horace Walpole told him he had known Lady Mary Wortley from the very beginning of her life, having been her playfellow in his childhood. Mr. Pinkerton could have no motive for inventing this, so doubtless he thought, or dreamt, he had heard it; yet it is impossible that Lord Orford should ever have said anything so ridiculous, since Lady Mary was the contemporary of his mother and his aunt, and at least seven-and-twenty when the former brought him into the world.

Another pretty striking instance is furnished by a Review,* which informed us some years ago that "The greater part of Lady Mary's epistolary correspondence was destroyed by — *her mother!* † that good and gothic lady," as the reviewer sarcastically calls her for having thus dared to infringe upon property in his opinion rightfully belonging to the public — the unconscious public, whose grandfathers and grandmothers were for the most part yet unborn. Now, the good (and very possibly gothic) lady in question departed this life before her daughter could either write or read; therefore the nineteenth century and its public may let her memory sleep in peace.

For the reasons stated above, the particulars offered here cannot be otherwise than scanty, and may appear uninteresting and frivolous; but authentic they must be, because either received directly from the late Countess of Bute, or else gathered from documents formerly seen in Lady Mary Wortley's own hand-writing.

A tale of pedigree would be little to the purpose; yet, as Lady Mary's letters allude more than once to her family history, it may throw some light upon passages of this kind to say that, in the great Civil War, the second Earl of Kingston, cre-

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxiii. p. 414.

† The same absurd story may be found, with some curious comments, in D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

ated Marquis of Dorchester by Charles the First, espoused the royal cause; while his next brother, William Pierrepont of Thoresby, surnamed *Wise William*, Lady Mary Wortley's great-grandfather, adhered to the Parliament. The currency of such an epithet speaks his reputation for sagacity and prudence; he had considerable weight with his own party, and, according to tradition, was much courted and consulted by Cromwell. His eldest son died in his life-time, having married a Wiltshire heiress, whose maiden name, Evelyn, has ever since been a favourite Christian-name, for both men and women, in most of the families descended from her. Lord Dorchester leaving no male issue, the earldom of Kingston devolved successively upon the three sons of this marriage, grandsons of Wise William. The third, Evelyn, fifth Earl of Kingston, created Marquis of Dorchester by Queen Anne in 1706, and Duke of Kingston by George the First in 1715, had by his wife, Lady Mary Fielding, three daughters, Mary, born in 1690, Frances, and Evelyn,* and one son, William, whose birth she did not long survive. Her mother, Mary, Countess Dowager of Denbigh and Desmond,† was the grandmother of whom Lady Mary Wortley speaks

* Lady Frances married the Earl of Mar; Lady Evelyn, John Lord (afterwards Earl) Gower.

† Her maiden name was King; her brother, the first Lord Kingston of Ireland. She first married Sir —— Meredith, and surviving him, became, at the age of forty-five, the second wife of the Earl of Desmond, who afterwards inherited the English earldom of Denbigh.

so highly, as having had a superior understanding, and retained it unimpaired at an extraordinary age.

Lady Kingston dying thus early, her husband continued a widower till all his children were grown up and married; though, if Lady Mary may be believed, not through any over-anxious concern for their welfare. Richardson, she affirms, drew his picture without knowing it in Sir Thomas Grandison, the gay father of his hero Sir Charles, which says a great deal to those who have read the book and observed the character—that of a man of pleasure, far too fine a gentleman to be a tender or even a considerate parent. Such men, always selfish and commonly vain, begin to view their offspring as rivals the moment they are old enough to put beholders in mind that those to whom they owe their birth can hardly be much less than a score of years older. But playthings are cherished while new, seldom flung aside in the first hour of acquisition; and, besides being an admirable plaything, a sprightly beautiful child, while it *is* a child, reflects lustre upon a young father, from whom it may be presumed to have partly inherited its charms. Accordingly, a trifling incident, which Lady Mary loved to recall, will prove how much she was the object of Lord Kingston's pride and fondness in her childhood. As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he of course belonged to the Kit-cat club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the

year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate; alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern; where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor indeed could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified: there is always some allaying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.

There can be no dispute that Lady Mary showed early signs of more than ordinary abilities; but whether they induced Lord Kingston to have her bred up with her brother and taught Latin and Greek by his tutor, is not so well ascertained. The boy was two or three years younger than the girl, which makes against it. Lady Bute expressly said that her mother understood little or no Greek, and by her own account had taught herself Latin. And besides, would she, while so earnestly recommending a learned education for women, have complained of her own as "one of the worst in the world," if it had had this classical foundation? Most likely not; most likely her father, whose amusement in her ceased when she grew past the age of sitting on a knee and playing with a doll, consigned all his daughters alike to the care and custody of such a good home-spun governess as her letters describe; and, having thus done his supposed duty towards them, held himself at liberty to pursue his own pleasures, which lay elsewhere than at home. One remnant of his illegitimate progeny, an old General Armytage, was still living long after the accession of George the Third.

But, admitting that Lady Mary's talents were only self-cultivated, her literary progress might not be the less considerable. Where industry, inspirited by genius, toils from free choice, and there exists unchecked that eager devouring appetite for reading, seldom felt but in the first freshness of

intelligent youth, it will take in more nourishment, and faster, than the most assiduous tuition can cram down. It is true, the habit of idly turning over an unconnected variety of books, forgotten as soon as read, may be prejudicial to the mind; but a bee wanders to better purpose than a butterfly, although the one will sometimes seem just to touch the flower-bed and flit away as lightly as the other. Lady Mary read everything, but it was without forgetting anything; and the mass of matter, whencesoever collected, gradually formed its own arrangement in her head. She probably had some assistance from Mr. William Fielding, her mother's brother, a man of parts, who perceived her capacity, corresponded with her, and encouraged her pursuit of information. And she herself acknowledges her obligations to Bishop Burnet for "condescending to direct the studies of a girl." Nevertheless, though labouring to acquire what may be termed masculine knowledge, and translating under the Bishop's eye the Latin version of Epictetus, she was by no means disposed to neglect works of fancy and fiction, but got by heart all the poetry that came in her way, and indulged herself in the luxury of reading every romance as yet invented. For she possessed, and left after her, the whole library of Mrs. Lennox's Female Quixote — Cleopatra, Cassandra, Clelia, Cyrus, Pharamond, Ibrahim, &c. &c.—all, like the Lady Arabella's collection, "*Englished*," mostly "*by persons of honour*." The

chief favourite appeared to have been a translation of Monsieur Honoré d'Urfé's Astrea, once the delight of Henri Quatre and his court, and still admired and quoted by the *savans* who flourished under Louis XIV. In a blank page of this massive volume (which might have counterbalanced a pig of lead of the same size) Lady Mary had written in her fairest youthful hand the names and characteristic qualities of the chief personages thus :—the beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise, and so on ; forming two long columns.

These ponderous books, once hers, black in outward hue, and marked with the wear and tear of almost a century, might have been disrespectfully treated by her junior grandchildren and their nursery-maids—put to any use except reading them—but for the protection of an excellent person, who, when young, had been Lady Bute's own attendant before her marriage, and ever after made part of her family. Her spectacles were always to be found in Clelia or Cassandra, which she studied unceasingly six days of the week, prizing them next to the Bible and Tillotson's Sermons ; because, to give her own words, " they were all about good and virtuous people, not like the wicked trash she now saw young folks get from circulating libraries." To her latest hour she used to regret having lost sight of another romance, beautiful beyond them all,—the History of Hiempsal, King of Numidia.

This, she said, she had read only once, and by no pains or search could ever meet with or hear of again.

The modern world will smile, but should however beware of too hastily despising works that charmed Lady Mary Wortley in her youth, and were courageously defended by Madame de Sevigné even when hers was past, and they began to be sliding out of fashion. She, it seems, thought, with the old woman just now mentioned, that they had a tendency to elevate the mind, and to instil honourable and generous sentiments. At any rate they must have fostered application and perseverance, by accustoming their readers to what the French term *des ouvrages de longue haleine.* After resolutely mastering Clelia, nobody could pretend to quail at the aspect of Mezeray, or even at that of Holinshed's Chronicle printed in black letter. Clarendon, Burnet, and Rapin, had not yet issued into daylight.

Some particulars, in themselves too insignificant to be worth recording, may yet interest the curious, by setting before them the manners of our ancestors. Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office: which in those days required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge

and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated upon by her, and her alone;—since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them,—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother,—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days; when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.

Most of the intimacies formed by Lady Mary in her youth having died away before her daughter began to know what was passing, only a few of her early companions can be mentioned: viz. Mrs. Smith,

maid of honour to Queen Anne, and daughter of the Whig Speaker Smith; the beautiful Dolly Walpole, Sir Robert's sister, afterwards the second wife of Lord Townshend; Lady Anne Vaughan, only child of Lord Carbery, the last of a family noted for having given Jeremy Taylor an asylum at Golden Grove. This young lady was precisely in the situation which Lady Mary always maintained to be the most perilous and pitiable incident to womankind; that of a great heiress at her own free disposal. And truly her fate justified the paradox. She bestowed herself and her wealth upon Lord Winchester (third Duke of Bolton), a handsome agreeable libertine, who, much worse than indifferent to the first half of the gift, cast her off without any long delay, and, when her melancholy life at last came to an end, married the famous actress, Miss Fenton, best known by her stage-title of Polly Peachem.

The name of another young friend will excite more attention — Mrs. Anne Wortley. *Mrs.* Anne has a most mature sound to our modern ears; but, in the phraseology of those days, *Miss*, which had hardly yet ceased to be a term of reproach, still denoted childishness, flippancy, or some other contemptible quality, and was rarely applied to young ladies of a respectable class. In Steele's Guardian, the youngest of Nestor Ironside's wards, aged fifteen, is Mrs. Mary Lizard. Nay, Lady Bute herself could remember having been styled Mrs.

Wortley, when a child, by two or three elderly visitors, as tenacious of their ancient modes of speech as of other old fashions. Mrs. Anne, then, was the second daughter of Mr. Sidney* Wortley Montagu, and the favourite sister of his son Edward. She died in the bloom of youth, unmarried. Lady Mary, in common with others who had known her, represented her as eminently pretty and agreeable; and her brother so cherished her memory, that, in after times, his little girl knew it to be the highest mark of his favour, when, pointing at herself, he said to her mother, "Don't you think she grows like my poor sister Anne?"

Mrs. Wortley, the mother of the family, from whom it derived both estate and name, died before Lady Mary Pierrepont became acquainted with any branch of it: therefore all she could tell concerning her was, that she had been forced to demand a separation from her husband, and that her son always spoke of his father's conduct towards her with resentment and indignation. For Mr. Sidney Montagu had not breathed in the atmosphere of Charles the Second's reign during his best years without inhaling some of its poison. This old gentleman, and the scene surrounding him, were distinctly recollected by his grand-daughter.

* Second son of Admiral Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich. Upon marrying the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Wortley, he was obliged by the tenour of Sir Francis's will to assume his name.

She described him as a large rough-looking man with a huge flapped hat, seated magisterially in his elbow-chair, talking very loud, and swearing boisterously at his servants. While beside him sate a venerable figure, meek and benign in aspect, with silver locks overshadowed by a black velvet cap. This was his brother, the pious Dean Montagu,* who every now and then fetched a deep sigh, and cast his eyes upwards, as if silently beseeching Heaven to pardon the profane language which he condemned, but durst not reprove. Unlike as they were in their habits and their morals, the two brothers commonly lived together.

It is hard to divine why, or on what authority, Mr. Edward Wortley has been represented by late writers as a dull phlegmatic country gentleman —"of a tame genius and moderate capacity," or "of parts more solid than brilliant,"—which in common parlance is a civil way of saying the same thing. He had, on the contrary, one of those strong characters that are little influenced by the world's opinion, and for that reason little understood by the unthinking part of it. All who really knew him while living held him a man distinguished for soundness of judgment and clearness of understanding, qualities nowise akin to dullness; they allowed him also to be a first-rate scholar; and

* The Honourable John Montagu, Dean of Durham, fourth son of the first Lord Sandwich.

as he had travelled more than most young men of his time, a proof will presently appear that he surpassed them in the knowledge of modern languages. Polite literature was his passion; and though our having a taste for wit and talents may not certainly imply that we are gifted with them ourselves, yet it would be strange if the alderman-like mortal depicted above had sought out such companions as Steele, Garth, Congreve, Mainwaring, &c. or chosen Addison for his bosom friend. The only picture of Mr. Wortley in existence belonged to Addison, from whose daughter Lady Bute obtained it through her (Miss Addison's) half-sister, Lady Charlotte Rich. It is now in the possession of Lord Wharncliffe. The face seems very young, and, in spite of wig, cravat, and other deforming appendages, very handsome.

Miss, or Mrs. Addison, Addison's daughter by Lady Warwick, and his only child, far from having sufficient endowments to keep up the credit of her great name, was one of those singular beings in whom nature seems to have left the mind half finished; not raised to the average height of human intellect, yet not absolutely imbecile, nor so devoid of judgment in common every-day concerns as to need the guardianship of the law. With this imperfect understanding she possessed a gift, which, it is said, may sometimes be found where there is no great power of thinking,—such an astonishing memory that she could repeat the longest

sermon word for word after hearing it once, or get by heart the contents of a whole dictionary. As she inherited all her father had to leave, her circumstances were affluent; but, by the advice of her friends, she lived in retirement at a country-seat, and never attempted to enter the world.

Mr. Wortley's chief intimates have been already named. His society was principally male; the wits and politicians of that day forming a class quite distinct from the "white-gloved beaus" attendant upon ladies. Indeed, as the education of women had then reached its very lowest ebb, and if not coquettes, or gossips, or diligent card-players, their best praise was to be notable housewives; Mr. Wortley, however fond of his sister, could have no particular motive to seek the acquaintance of her companions. His surprise and delight were the greater, when one afternoon, having by chance loitered in her apartment till visitors arrived, he saw Lady Mary Pierrepont for the first time, and, on entering into conversation with her, found, in addition to beauty that charmed him, not only brilliant wit, but a thinking and cultivated mind. He was especially struck with the discovery that she understood Latin and could relish his beloved classics. Something that passed led to the mention of Quintus Curtius, which she said she had never read. This was a fair handle for a piece of gallantry; in a few days she received a superb edition of the author, with these lines facing the title-page:

Beauty like this had vanquished Persia shown,
The Macedon had laid his empire down,
And polished Greece obeyed a barb'rous throne.
Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame,
The am'rous youth had lost his thirst for fame,
Nor distant India sought through Syria's plain;
But to the Muses' stream with her had run,
And thought her lover more than Ammon's son.

How soon this declaration of love in verse was followed by one in prose does not appear; but Mrs. Anne Wortley grew more eloquent in Lady Mary's praise, and more eagerly desirous of her correspondence. No wonder; since the rough draught of a letter in her brother's hand, indorsed "For my sister to Lady M. P." betrays that he was the writer, and she only the transcriber of professions and encomiums that sound extravagant as addressed by one woman to another. But she did not live to be long the medium through which they passed; a more direct correspondence soon began, and was continued after her decease. When married, Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary agreed to put by and preserve as memorials of the days of courtship all their letters; a curious collection, and very different from what a romance-writer would have framed; on his side, no longer complimentary, but strikingly expressive of a real strong passion, combated in vain by a mind equally strong, which yielded to it against its conviction and against its will. "*Celui qui aime plus qu'il ne voudroit,*" as a French author somewhere says, is,

after all, the person on whom love has taken the fastest hold. They were perpetually on the point of breaking altogether: he felt and knew that they suited each other very ill; he saw, or thought he saw, his rivals encouraged if not preferred; he was more affronted than satisfied with her assurances of a *sober* esteem and regard; and yet every struggle to get free did but end where it set out, leaving him still a captive, galled by his chain, but unable to sever one link of it effectually.

After some time thus spent in fluctuations, disputes, and lovers' quarrels, he at length made his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received them favourably, and was very gracious to him, till the *Grim-gribber* part of the business—the portion and settlements—came under consideration; but then broke off the match in great anger, on account of a disagreement which subsequent events have rendered memorable. We see how the practice of a man's entailing his estate upon his eldest son while as yet an unborn child, and unknown being, is ridiculed in the Tatler and Spectator; whose authors, it may be observed, had not estates to entail. Mr. Wortley, who *had,* entertained the same opinions. Possibly they were originally his own, and promulgated by Addison and Steele at his suggestion, for, as he always liked to think for himself, many of his notions were singular and speculative. However this might be, he upheld the system, and acted upon it, offering to make the best provision

in his power for Lady Mary, but steadily refusing to settle his landed property upon a son who, for aught he knew, might prove unworthy to possess it —might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain.

Lord Dorchester, on the other hand, said that these philosophic theories were very fine, but *his* grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars; and, as he had to do with a person of no common firmness, the treaty ended there.

The secret correspondence and intercourse went on as before; and shortly Lady Mary acquainted her lover that she was peremptorily commanded to accept the offers of another suitor ready to close with all her father's terms, to settle handsome pin-money, jointure, provision for heirs, and so forth; and, moreover, concede the point most agreeable to herself, that of giving her a fixed establishment in London, which, by-the-bye, Mr. Wortley had always protested against. Lord Dorchester seems to have asked no questions touching her inclination in either instance. A man who is now about to sell an estate, seldom thinks of inquiring whether it will please or displease his tenantry to be transferred to a new landlord; and just as little then did parents in disposing of a daughter conceive it necessary to consult her will and pleasure. For a young lady to interfere, or claim a right of choice, was almost thought, as it is in France, a species of indelicacy. Lady Mary nevertheless declared, though timidly, her utter antipathy to the person

proposed to her. Upon this, her father summoned her to his awful presence, and, after expressing surprise at her presumption in questioning his judgment, assured her he would not give her a single sixpence if she married anybody else. She sought the usual resource of poor damsels in the like case, begging permission to split the difference (if we may so say) by not marrying at all; but he answered that then she should be immediately sent to a remote place in the country, reside there during his life, and at his death have no portion save a moderate annuity. Relying upon the effect of these threats, he proceeded as if she had given her fullest and freest consent ; settlements were drawn, wedding-clothes bought, the day was appointed, and everything made ready, when she left the house to marry Mr. Wortley.

The father's rage may be imagined; Lady Frances Pierrepont, afraid it should lead him to examine her sister's papers, and apprehending that he might there find matter to exasperate him still further, hastily burned all she could find, and amongst them a diary which Lady Mary had already kept for some years, and was not very well pleased to lose.

Soon after her marriage she resumed the practice of writing a journal, and persisted in it as long as she lived; communicating what she wrote to no person whatever. The diary of course became

voluminous. Lady Bute, who knew nothing of it till it came into her possession a few days before her mother's death, always kept it under lock and key; and though she often looked over it herself, and would sometimes read passages from it aloud to her daughters and friends, yet she never trusted any part out of her own hands, excepting the five or six first copy-books, which, at a late period, she permitted one of her family to peruse alone, upon condition that nothing should be transcribed. All that she thus in any way imparted related to distant days, to transactions long since past, and people of a former generation. Meanwhile she constantly declared it was her determined resolution to destroy the whole, as a sacred duty owing to the deceased, whose having forgotten or neglected to leave express orders for the purpose, made it only the more incumbent upon her survivors. The journal was accordingly burned, although with evident reluctance, and not till Lady Bute felt the close of her life drawing near; when the act itself sounded too solemn a note of preparation for those who loved her as she deserved to think of opposing it, or indeed to care at all about a matter which would then have seemed totally indifferent had it concerned the finest work in the world.

Lady Bute so admired her mother's writings, and took such pleasure in reading her letters to persons whom she thought endowed with taste enough to relish them, that it might have been

held sufficiently certain she had the most cogent reasons for making what clearly appeared a sacrifice. Yet, as youth is inconsiderate, and the fragments she did allow to be seen or heard were not a little amusing, she was very often assailed with intreaties to forego her design. When pressed on this head, she would ask whether, supposing the case one's own, one could bear the thought of having every crude opinion, every transient wish, every angry feeling that had flitted across one's mind, exposed to the world after one was no more? And though she always spoke of Lady Mary with great respect, yet it might be perceived that she knew it had been too much her custom to note down and enlarge upon all the scandalous rumours of the day, without weighing their truth or even their probability; to record as certain facts stories that perhaps sprang up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence, but tended to defame persons of the most spotless character. In this age, she said, everything got into print sooner or later; the name of Lady Mary Wortley would be sure to attract curiosity; and, were such details ever made public, they would neither edify the world, nor do honour to her memory. These were Lady Bute's arguments; and what could any one who had a sense of rectitude urge in reply? especially since it must be acknowledged, that in the volumes which she did communicate, the earliest written, and (one may be confident) the least

exceptionable, there occasionally appeared traits of satire that showed what might ensue when the vexations and cares of advancing life should have soured the mind, given objects a darker shade of colour, and made farther demands upon a Christian charity not at all likely to have increased in the mean time.

These volumes comprise the years immediately succeeding Lady Mary's marriage, 1713, 1714, 1715; and also the time of Mr. Wortley's embassy. What passed every day was set down; often only in a line, or half a line, as thus: "Stayed at home alone—went to such a place—saw such a person:" so that frequently three or four weeks took up but a single page. Sometimes, again, an occurrence or a conversation would be given at very great length; sometimes dispatched with one sharp sentence, like the following humorous application of a speech in Dryden's Spanish Friar: "Lady Hinchinbroke has a dead daughter—it were unchristian not to be sorry for my cousin's misfortune; but if she has no live son, Mr. Wortley is heir—so there 's comfort for a Christian."

The three years previous to the embassy were passed by Lady Mary in various abodes, and occasionally apart from Mr. Wortley, while he attended parliament. She was sometimes, however, though seldom, in London; sometimes at Hinchinbroke, the seat of Lord Sandwich; sometimes near it,

in the town of Huntingdon, for which Mr. Wortley was member; but more often at hired houses in Yorkshire. About the time of Queen Anne's death, she dates her letters from Middlethorpe, in the neighbourhood of Bishopthorpe and of York. It is a mistake that she ever resided permanently at Wharncliffe Lodge. Mr. Sidney Wortley Montagu chiefly inhabited that himself; and with him his daughter Mrs. Katherine Wortley, his youngest son Mr. John Montagu, his brother the Dean of Durham, and the Dean's chaplain. How so many people, together with their servants, could be packed into so small a space will appear sufficiently wonderful to those who have seen the little dwelling; but a couple more could hardly have been stowed in by any human contrivance.

The first mention of Wharncliffe in Lady Mary's journal, after calling there to visit her father-in-law when on her road to some other place, was very remarkable; considering that she had hitherto known only the midland counties and the environs of London, and probably had never before seen anything like picturesque or romantic scenery. One would have supposed the first sight of so wild and beautiful a prospect as that eagle's nest commands, very sure to occasion surprise, if not excite transport, in a mind gifted with the least imagination. But no; nothing could be colder or more slight than the notice she took of it, almost making an excuse for saying thus much in its favour—

"that it was a sequestered rural spot, quite of a rude nature; yet had something in it which she owned she did not dislike, odd as her fancy might appear." In after days, her letters to Mr. Wortley do it more justice; possibly to please him; but the journal gave the original impression, and how may that be accounted for? Can it be that the tastes and pleasures which we now esteem most peculiarly natural, are in fact artificial? what we have merely read, and talked, and rhymed, and sketched ourselves into? plants that require manure and culture, instead of sprouting freely from the soil? Certainly our forefathers were little more alive to them than the American settler, who sees in a wood a nuisance he must clear away, and in a waterfall only the means of turning a mill. Burnet, of the Charter-house, lived and wrote but a few years before Lady Mary Wortley: it may be remembered that his theory of the antediluvian globe supposes it to have had a surface perfectly flat, smooth, and level: and for this reason amongst others, because the earth in its goodly pristine state, the fair work of an Almighty Creator, could not have been deformed by such unsightly protuberances as rocks and mountains. These were the tokens of Divine wrath, vestiges of that awful convulsion which tore the old world to pieces; therefore we naturally regarded them with horror. His hypothesis might have been the same, how contrary soever the opinion of his contemporaries; but he

never would have brought this argument to support it, if the majority of the postdiluvians he was writing to, had, like ourselves, considered Earth's protuberances as her finest features. How far were they from suspecting that a future generation would delight in viewing the lakes and climbing the fells of Cumberland!

To resume the journal. In the year 1713, Lady Frances Pierrepont married the Earl of Mar, then Secretary of State for Scotland:—a match of which Lady Mary seems to have augured ill, having but an indifferent opinion of him, detesting the party he belonged to, and believing that her sister was drawn in by the persuasion of an officious female friend,—his relation. These sentiments, however, were expressed without any great warmth, and not as if the event interested her deeply. But the death of her brother, Lord Kingston, which soon followed it, does seem to have really touched her heart. It gave her the greater shock, because she knew nothing of the poor young man's illness until he was past all hope of recovery; for, as Lord Dorchester had not yet entirely forgiven her stolen marriage, he did not allow her to have much intercourse with the rest of his family. Lord Kingston, who died of the small-pox under age, though already a husband and a father, was of a most amiable disposition, and so affectionate to her, that he would have taken her part openly, and have done

every thing in his power to facilitate her marriage, if the temper of Lord Dorchester had not been such as to render his endeavouring to oppose him more dangerous to himself than useful to his sister. Her reflections on his fate were consequently very bitter as well as very sorrowful; accusing her father of having blighted his youth, and destroyed all the peace and happiness of his short life, by marrying him to a silly, childish girl, for the sake of securing her fortune, before he could judge for himself or make a choice of his own. In him she appeared to think she had lost her best, if not her only, natural friend.

Whenever Lady Mary's attention was much attracted by any report spread concerning one of her acquaintance, or any incident that happened in her society, a piece of good or ill fortune, a death or a marriage, her journal would often branch off into a kind of memoir while the subject was fresh in her mind. She certainly dwelt with most complacency upon whatever afforded the groundwork of a love-story, and as certainly did not spare her censures where the occasion called for them. The composition cost her no pains; she had the gift of writing freely in the first words that presented themselves; so that the fair pages of the diary seldom betrayed a blot or an erasure. Both her daughter and the old servant, who had often seen her at her writing-desk, bore witness to this extraordinary facility.

The most interesting of the narratives was a history of her early companion Dolly Walpole, (as she always called her,)—according to her description a beautiful, innocent, well-meaning girl, but endowed with only a moderate portion of sense; giddy, thoughtless, vain, open to flattery, utterly ignorant of the world; in short, though not capable of acting wrong designedly, just the person, if we may use the vulgar tongue, *to get often into scrapes.* Her eldest brother, then Mr. Walpole, had brought her to London in hopes that her beauty, the pride of his county, might captivate something superior to a Norfolk squire. But being immersed in politics, and careless of what passed at home, he left her to the guidance of his wife, an empty, coquettish, affected woman, anything rather than correct in her own conduct, or spotless in her fame; greedy of admiration, and extremely dissatisfied at having to share it with this younger fairer inmate. In spite of her envious machinations, lovers soon crowded round Dolly, and one of the number presently obtained the preference he languished for. He had all manner of good qualities, was handsome, pleasing, as passionately in love as romance could have required, and heir to a competent fortune; but not altogether his own master: he depended upon his friends. A young man's *friends,* in this sense, meaning parents, guardians, old uncles, and the like, are rarely propitious to love. As no second sight revealed

to them the long glories of Sir Robert Walpole's reign, they looked solely to a matter nearer at hand—Dolly's portion; and finding that *null*, entered their protest in a determined manner. Mrs. Walpole triumphed; she told tales, made mischief, incited Dolly to flirt with other admirers, and then lamented her fickleness and coquetry to the very people who, she knew, would be sure to speed the lament onward with no favourable comments. Lady Mary took to herself the credit of having been all this while her simple friend's protecting genius; of having often counteracted Mrs. Walpole, and sometimes unmasked her; given Dolly the best advice, and cleared up the misunderstandings between her and her lover that continually arose from jealousy on one side and indiscretion on the other. The story proceeded like its fellows in the Scudery folios, with *ins and outs* and *ups and downs*, more than can be remembered; but the sequel was, that the suitor, either inconstant or disgusted, finally withdrew from the chase, and the nymph remained disappointed and forsaken. Just at this unlucky moment, Lady Mary Pierrepont being absent at Thoresby, poor Dolly's evil star prevailed, and, while her mind was in that depressed, mortified state which makes us thankful to anybody who will give us so much as a kind look, led her into acquaintance with Lady Wharton, the very worst protectress she could acquire—a woman equally unfeeling and unprincipled: flattering,

fawning, canting, affecting prudery and even sanctity, yet in reality as abandoned and unscrupulous as her husband himself.—So said the journal.

It is worth noting that Lady Mary Wortley, who abhorred the very name of Dean Swift, should yet have spoken of both Lord and Lady Wharton precisely as he did. The portraits were so alike that one might have been believed a copy of the other. To be sure, she was (in Doctor Johnson's phrase) almost as "good a hater" as the dean himself, and the diary proved it by certain passages relating to Queen Anne, Mrs. Masham, and also to persons obnoxious to her for private reasons: but neither private nor public operated against Lord Wharton, with whom she had had no quarrel, who was intimate with her family and on the same side with her in party; therefore she probably only echoed the general voice in pronouncing him "the most profligate, impious, and shameless of men." Dolly Walpole, however, knowing nothing of any one's character, felt elated at being caressed and courted by so great and good a lady as the Countess of Wharton, told her all her secrets, and complained to her of all her grievances. The result was, that after one of these confidential conversations, when Mrs. Walpole had done something particularly spiteful, and Mr. Walpole happened to be out of town, Lady Wharton pressed the poor girl to leave his house for a few days and pass them in hers, where she should enjoy comfort

and tranquillity. Dolly consented with joy, not in the least aware that there could be any objection; and Mrs. Walpole made none, because perfectly well aware, and secretly exulting in what she knew likely to follow.

Now, as Lady Mary proceeded to state, Lord Wharton's character was so infamous, and his lady's complaisant subserviency so notorious, that no young woman could be four-and-twenty hours under their roof with safety to her reputation. Dean Swift says nothing much stronger than this. Upon Mr. Walpole's return home, enraged at finding whither his sister had betaken herself, he flew to Lord Wharton's, and, thundering for admittance, demanded her aloud, regardless who might hear him. My lord, not at all inclined to face him in this temper, thought it safest to abscond; so, crept privately out of his own house by a back-door, leaving my lady to bide the pelting of the storm, pitiless as it threatened to prove. Sir Robert, it is well known, was at no time apt to be over delicate or ceremonious: he accosted her ladyship in the plainest English, bestowed upon her some significant epithets, and, without listening to a word of explanation, forced away his weeping sister, with whom he set out for Norfolk the next morning.

Thus ended the first chapter of Dolly's adventures; but she was not doomed to be finally unfortunate. After doing penance for two or three years in a very dull retirement, she had the good

luck to light upon a more capital prize in the country than she had ever aimed at in London, the person being Lord Townshend, one of the most unblemished statesmen and respectable gentlemen of that age. Foreign employments had kept him abroad until Queen Anne's change of ministry, and since that he had been a long and sincere mourner for his first wife, the sister of Lord Pelham. Dolly was to him therefore a new beauty, no tattle concerning whom had ever reached his ears. Falling in love at once, he proposed, she accepted, and the news of the match prompted Lady Mary to sit down and write her history.

This brief memoir, it is observable, furnishes a clew to the origin of Horace Walpole's excessive dislike of Lady Mary Wortley. His mother and she had been antagonists and enemies before he was born; "*car tout est reciproque,*" says La Bruyere. We see how Lady Mary represented Lady Walpole, and may take it for granted that Lady Walpole did not love or spare Lady Mary; and if they continued to keep up the outward forms of acquaintanceship, which of course brought them often into contact, they would naturally hate each other all the more.

Mr. Walpole's affection for his mother was so much the most amiable point in his character, and his expressions whenever he names or alludes to her are so touching, come so directly and evidently

from the heart, that one would very fain think of her as he did, and believe she had every perfection his partiality assigns to her. But, in truth, there was a contrary version of the matter, not resting solely, nor yet principally, upon the authority of Lady Mary Wortley. It filled so prominent a place in the scandalous history of the time, that the world knew as well which way Captain Lemuel Gulliver was glancing when gravely vindicating the reputation of my Lord *Treasurer* Flimnap's excellent lady, as what he meant by the red, green, and blue girdles of the Lilliputian grandees, or the said Flimnap's feats of agility on the tight-rope. Those ironical lines also, where Pope says that Sir Robert Walpole

> " Had never made a friend in private life,
> And was besides *a tyrant to his wife*,"

are equally well understood as conveying a sly allusion to his good-humoured unconcern about some things which more strait-laced husbands do not take so coolly. Openly laughing at their nicety, he professed it his method " to go his own way, and let madam go hers." In a word, Horace Walpole himself was generally supposed to be the son of Carr Lord Hervey,* and Sir Robert not to be ignorant of it. One striking circumstance was visible to the naked eye; no beings in human shape

* The eldest son of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol. He died unmarried, and was succeeded by his half-brother, the more famous Lord Hervey, the issue of his father's second marriage.

could resemble each other less than the two passing for father and son; and, while their *reverse* of personal likeness provoked a malicious whisper, Sir Robert's marked neglect of Horace in his infancy tended to confirm it. A number of children, young Walpole one, were accustomed to meet and play together. Such of them as, like himself, lived to grow old, all united in declaring that no other boy within their knowledge was left so entirely in the hands of his mother, or seemed to have so little acquaintance with his father; the fact being, that Sir Robert Walpole took scarcely any notice of him, till his proficiency at Eton school, when a lad of some standing, drew his attention, and proved that, whether he had, or had not, a right to the name he went by, he was likely to do it honour.

Though in all probability Lord Orford never suspected that any doubt hung over his own birth, yet the mortifications of his youth on his mother's account could not but be severe; for, as she lived till he reached manhood, he must have known how completely she was overlooked and disregarded, though not ill treated, by her husband; and, before his tears for her loss were dried, he had the pang of seeing Miss Skerritt, the rival she hated, installed in her place.* That Lady Mary Wortley had been the chief friend and protectress of his

* We may remark that Coxe, who wrote the life of Sir Robert Walpole from the information of Lord Orford, and under his direction, does not so much as name his father's second marriage.

stepmother, was alone enough to make him bitter against her. In another instance, we must allow, he showed true generosity of mind. When Sir Robert Walpole, not content with publicly owning his natural daughter by Miss Skerritt, stretched his credit with the crown to the extent of obtaining for her a rank and title till then never conferred on the illegitimate offspring of any man but a prince, his son Horace, instead of murmuring at it, or viewing her with an evil eye, frankly opened his arms to her as a sister, and so called and considered her the rest of his life.

The daughter was not brought forward in this manner till after the death of the mother, who enjoyed her married situation a very few months. But the tale the recognition told could hardly be new to any one. Lady Bute never adverted to it without pain and regret, having a tenderness for Miss Skerritt's memory, which the recollection of her many agreeable qualities, her sweetness of temper, and fondness of herself as a child, rendered it difficult to overcome.

Upon the death of Queen Anne, Mr. Wortley's friends coming into power, he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury. He had long been an active, efficient member of parliament, and when he first obtained this office, people expected that he would have a considerable sway in the new King's counsels: for a reason which will now seem rather sur-

prising,—he was the only man at the board (excepting perhaps Lord Halifax) who could converse with his Majesty, because the only one who spoke French; consequently much of the business must have gone through his hands, if the sovereign, like his predecessors, William and Anne, had assisted in person at the meetings of the commissioners. But George the First leaving finance affairs and all others to be managed as his ministers pleased, Mr. Wortley had no more personal intercourse with him than the rest. Lady Mary presently attracted his notice, and likewise that of the Prince of Wales (George the Second). By her journal, indeed, it might have been imagined that the latter admired her rather more than the Princess (though usually far from jealous) could quite approve. For once, in a rapture, he called her royal highness from the card-table to look how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed! "Lady Mary always dresses well," said the Princess drily, and returned to her cards. However, his favour was soon withdrawn, and hers regained. The father and son were already, almost at their first setting out, upon such hostile terms, that, the moment the Prince heard of Lady Mary's having been at one of the King's select parties, he grew not only cool but resentful, taunting her as a deserter gone over to the enemy's camp; and thenceforward she dressed becomingly in vain. An increase of graciousness on the part of the Princess made her amends.

A former edition tells us, "that the court of George the First was modelled upon that of Louis the Fifteenth." A whimsical model! Since Louis was about seven years old when George, a man near sixty, ascended the British throne. One would think Louis the *Fourteenth* must have been the person meant, but that the retired habits of the English monarch accorded no better with the stately ceremonial of the elder French one, than with the amusements and regulations of his great-grandson's nursery. George the First went to the play or opera in a sedan-chair, and sate, like another gentleman, in the corner of a lady's (a German lady's) box, with a couple of Turks in waiting instead of lords and grooms of the bedchamber. In one respect his court, if court it could be called, bore some resemblance to the old establishment of Versailles. There was a Madame de Maintenon. Two ladies had accompanied him from Hanover, Mademoiselle de Schulenberg, and Madame Kilmansegg, *née* Platen. The former, whom he created Duchess of Kendal, was lodged in St. James's Palace, and had such respect paid her as very much confirmed the rumour of a left-hand marriage. She presided at the King's evening parties, consisting of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer English men: among them Mr. Craggs, the Secretary of State, who had been at Hanover in the Queen's time, and by thus having the *entrée* in private, passed for a sort of favourite.

Lady Mary's journal related a ridiculous adventure of her own at one of these royal parties; which, by-the-bye, stood in great need of some laughing-matter to enliven them, for they seem to have been even more dull than it was reasonable to expect they should be. She had on one evening a particular engagement that made her wish to be dismissed unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the Duchess informed the King, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But when he saw her about to take her leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the great stairs she ran against Secretary Craggs just coming in, who stopped her to inquire what was the matter? were the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the King had pressed her to stay longer; possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark; but, when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her up-stairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully, (still not saying a word,) and vanished. The pages seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors,

and, before she had recovered her breath, she found herself again in the King's presence. "*Ah! la re-voilà!*" cried he and the Duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. The motto on all palace-gates is "HUSH!" as Lady Mary very well knew. She had not to learn that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a court; where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable blabbed about anything, or about *nothing*, at a wrong time. But she was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard; so, beginning giddily with "Oh Lord, sir! I have been so frightened!" she told his Majesty the whole story exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and as composed an air as if nothing had happened. "*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,*" said the King, going up to him, "*est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment?*" "Is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?" The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered with a low bow,

"There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction." This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity when the King turned from them, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it; "which I durst not resent," continued she, "for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence."

The name of George the First recalls a remarkable anecdote of his mother, the Princess Sophia, which Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary heard from Lord Halifax. When he and Lord Dorset were dispatched by the Whig administration upon the welcome errand of announcing to her the act of parliament, that secured the Hanover succession, at the same time carrying the garter to the Electoral Prince, her grandson, they were received, as may be supposed, with every mark of distinction. At their first formal audience, as they commenced a set speech, after delivering their credentials, the old Electress, who was standing, gave a kind of start, and almost *ran* to one corner of the room, where, fixing her back against the wall, she remained stiff and erect as if glued to it, till the ceremony ended, and they withdrew. Her behaviour being in all other respects very dignified and decorous, they were at a loss to divine what could have occasioned this extraordinary *move*, and very curious to discover the meaning of it; a secret

which Lord Halifax at length got at, by dint of sifting and cross-questioning her courtiers. She had suddenly recollected that there hung in that room a picture of her cousin, the PRETENDER, and, in a fright lest it should catch their eyes, could hit upon no expedient to hide it but by screening it with her own person. The good Princess, however, was not in the least disloyal to herself; she harboured no dislike to the prospect of a crown, nor any scruples about accepting it; but, nevertheless, valuing her Stuart-descent, she had a family feeling for the young man, whom she firmly believed to be as much James the Second's son, as George the First was her own. That is to say, she was what at the time all England would have styled "*a rank Jacobite.*"

The only event particularly interesting to Lady Mary that seems to have taken place between the King's accession and her journey to Constantinople was the marriage of her father, now Duke of Kingston, to "the fair Isabella," as she is called in the journal; in common speech, Lady Belle Bentinck, the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Portland, King William's favourite. She was one of the most admired beauties in London, and had long been the object of his grace's pursuit. Her previous history supplied the diary with a romantic tale, but Lady Mary did not pretend that it had come under her own cognisance, like Dolly Wal-

pole's, or say from what authority she gave it. The heads of it were, a passion for a younger lover, and the combats and conflicts of love on one side, with interest and ambition on the other; until these latter, gaining a complete victory, made the offers of a man who had three married daughters older than the lady herself appear too tempting to be refused. It is needless to add that Lady Mary was free from any partial feeling towards a mother-in-law who, as she supposed, aimed straight at becoming a rich widow. If so, she had not the happiness of being one long; for, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, she survived her husband but two years. He died in 1726; Lady Bute remembered having seen him once only, but that in a manner likely to leave some impression on the mind of a child. Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered an elderly stranger (of dignified appearance, and still handsome) with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times; upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing. A proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal.

Lady Bute witnessed the observance of another, now obsolete, in the ceremony that her grandfather's widow had to go through soon after his funeral was over. It behoved her *to see company;* that is,

to receive in person the compliments of condolence which every lady on her grace's visiting list was bound to tender, in person likewise. And this was the established form: the apartments, the staircase, and all that could be seen of the house, were hung with black cloth; the Duchess, closely veiled with crape, sate upright in her state-bed under a high black canopy; and at the foot of the bed stood ranged, like a row of mutes in a tragedy, the grandchildren of the deceased Duke—Lady Frances Pierrepont, Miss Wortley herself, and Lady Gower's daughters. Profound silence reigned: the room had no light but from a single wax taper; and the condoling visiters, who curtseyed in and out of it, approached the bed on tiptoe; if relations, all, down to the hundredth cousin, in black-glove-mourning for the occasion.

We may perceive from this that Sir Richard Steele's comedy of the "Funeral" contained no exaggeration. Nor was the custom of putting houses into mourning for their defunct owners confined to the great. In the supposed letter of Partridge the astrologer, the undertaker, concluding that "the doctor must needs have died rich," sets about measuring the wainscot, and says, "Let's see: the passage and these two rooms hung in close mourning, with a stripe of black baize round the others, will be sufficient." How a miser must have grudged the expense of dying!

It has been already said that the volumes containing Lady Mary Wortley's journal while in Turkey were among those which Lady Bute trusted one of her family to peruse alone. This portion of her diary was retained some time, compared with the printed letters, and examined with very great attention. It proved, as far as what we may call a negative can be proved, that the story, so generally prevalent, of Lady Mary's having had admittance into the Seraglio, was totally false and groundless. In those pages intended to meet no eye but her own,—where, as in the preceding volumes, every event was set down day by day, every day accounted for, however briefly, every place she went to specified,—not one word denoted, not a mysterious or ambiguous expression left the least room to surmise, that she had ever set her foot within the walls of the Sultan's palace, either at Adrianople or Constantinople; nay, that she had ever sought to do it, or ever thought of it as a thing practicable. The respectable gentleman who edited her works in 1803, was no way to blame for having adopted a notion which he found commonly received by the world; yet it would appear strange, if we did not know the power of prejudice, that his prepossessions on the subject could make him fancy he saw in the printed letters, which had lain so long under every body's eyes, what was not there. "Many people (he says) were at first inclined to doubt the possibility of her acquiring the kind of information she has

given respecting the interior of the Haram;"—respecting which, the *Royal* Haram, she has given *no* information of *any* kind, excepting what she obtained from the Sultana Hafiten. Nobody can doubt the possibility of one person's hearing what another says; and her words are, "I did not omit the opportunity of learning all I possibly could about the Seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us." In none of her letters, saving that where this visit is described, does she so much as mention, or allude to, the *interior* of the Seraglio. At Adrianople she writes, "The Seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace; but the gardens are large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees; *which is all I know of them, never having been in them.*" Again, at Constantinople: "I have taken care to see as much of the Seraglio as is to be seen;—it is a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress trees; *which is all I know of them.*" Do not these two paragraphs say the self-same thing? viz. that she knew nothing of either building but the outside? Yet this note is appended to the latter: "It is evident that Lady Mary did not mean to assert that she had seen the interior of the Seraglio at Constantinople. She had certainly seen that at Adrianople!!!"

But let us hear the testimony of the natives; first taking into our account the wide difference of their position in the beginning and at the close

of the last century. Mr. Wortley's embassy found the Turks in full power and pride. Their arms had driven the Venetians out of Greece. Peter the Great of Russia, hemmed in with his whole army by that of the Grand Vizier, had been reduced to *buy* the permission of making a safe retreat. The hero of Europe, Charles the Twelfth, had become their suppliant, their pensioner, and, finally, their captive. At that period they disdained to send ambassadors to any foreign court, and affected to regard those sent to them, either as mere commercial agents, or as the bearers of homage from their respective sovereigns. In 1799, we saw a Turkish ambassador smoking his pipe in the garden of Portman Square. The Ottoman empire, curtailed, humbled, dejected, despoiled of whole provinces by Russia, about to have the fairest of those remaining wrested from it by Buonaparte, was lying, "like a sick fallen beast," at the feet of England. Was this a time for the Porte to refuse a favour which it had freely granted in its haughtier days? Yet, when the English ambassadress asked leave to visit the ladies of the Seraglio, it was peremptorily denied, as contrary to the fundamental rules of their monarchy.

The customs of the East are known to be unchangeable, and more respected by the oriental nations than our laws by us. The usage debarring any foreign minister's wife from entering the Royal Haram, was of this nature; held too sacred for the

Grand Signor himself to infringe. Lady Mary Wortley's example being pleaded, the Turks, male and female, laughed at the story as a ridiculous fable, invented by some one grossly ignorant of their manners; and declared that if she herself said she was ever in the Seraglio of Achmet the Third, she told a falsehood which only Frankish credulity could believe. Shortly afterwards, on the news of our success in Egypt, the Valida or queen-mother, by an act of condescension till then unknown, consented to give the ambassadress an audience,—but not within the Seraglio, that could not be. She removed for the purpose into a palace of her own quite apart from it, and there the ceremony passed.

The belief which these impartial judges laughed to scorn, did, as they said, take its rise from a fable; an absurd, but also a malicious tale, fabricated some time after Lady Mary's return to England. She alludes to it with contempt in a letter written from Florence, and imputes its invention to the malignity of Pope; whether justly or not, is nothing to our present purpose. This letter being one of those published in an additional volume in 1767, and rejected in the edition of 1803, from a doubt of their authenticity, it may be proper to state why they are reprinted here. In Lady Bute's life-time, a person who had heard that there was such a doubt, yet thought their style and spirit spoke them genuine, begged her to decide the

question. She sent for the book, and, after turning over half a dozen pages, exclaimed, "Genuine beyond all dispute;" a sentence she confirmed as she went on, saying of one letter in particular, "I am as sure my mother wrote this as if I had seen the pen in her hand."

During Lady Mary's travels she copied into her diary the letters of Pope and Congreve as she received them; and it contained the whole substance of her own, meaning of those printed in 1763. The descriptions of her journey, of the court and society of Vienna, of inoculation, of Fatima, of the Sultana Hafiten, of the antiquities, baths, mosques, janissaries, effendis, &c. &c. were all there; sometimes more diffusedly given, but oftener in the very same words. It seemed her custom to note every thing down without a moment's delay; and then, when she wrote a letter, to transcribe from the journal the passages she thought fittest to be communicated to her friends, or, one may say, to the world. For, although she did not design the correspondence for publication while she was living, she had it copied, and allowed many people to read it. The diary of course contained farther details; but the cream having been skimmed for the letters, the rest was not very interesting or important. No Valida ever was named, therefore the princess represented by Voltaire as so active in befriending Charles the Twelfth had probably died before Mr. Wortley's arrival at her son's

court. Upon the whole Lady Mary led a retired life most of the time she passed in that country.

It is known that when on her way to die, as it proved, in her own, she gave a copy of the letters to Mr. Sowden, minister of the English church at Rotterdam, attesting the gift by her signature. This showed it was her wish that they should eventually be published; but Lady Bute, hearing only that a number of her mother's letters were in a stranger's hands, and having no certainty what they might be, to whom addressed, or how little of a private nature, could not but earnestly desire to obtain them, and readily paid the price demanded,—five hundred pounds. In a few months she saw them appear in print. Such was the fact; and how it came about, nobody at this time of day need either care or inquire.

The first editor of these letters—a Mr. Cleland as it is supposed, or whoever else he might be,—ascribes the preface, dated in 1724, and signed M.A., to a lady of quality, whom he terms "the fair and elegant prefacer:" epithets most unluckily chosen, unless the lovers of *fine style* hold them as inseparably annexed to a petticoat, as, in parliamentary language, 'honourable' is to an M.P. This fair and elegant lady of quality was no less a person than Mistress Mary Astell, of learned memory, the Madonella of the Tatler, a very pious, exemplary woman, and a profound scholar, but as far from

fair and elegant as any old schoolmaster of her time: in outward form, indeed, rather ill-favoured and forbidding, and of a humour to have repulsed the compliment roughly, had it been paid her while she lived. For she regarded such common-place phrases as insults in disguise, impertinently offered by men through a secret persuasion that all women were fools. She may be thought to have dealt in wholesale praise herself, but her encomiums, though excessive, were sincere; she was an enthusiast, not a flatterer, and felt for Lady Mary Wortley that fond partiality which old people of ardent tempers sometimes entertain for a rising genius in their own line. Literature had been hers; and she triumphed in Lady Mary's talents as proofs of what it was her first wish to demonstrate, namely, the mental equality of the sexes; if not the superiority of woman to man. Many a tract have the worms long ago eaten, or the pastry-cooks demolished, in which she laid down this doctrine; exposing the injustice and tyranny of one sex, and maintaining the capacity of the other, if allowed fair play, for the highest attainments. But, like most people who are bent upon establishing a theory which they know others will controvert, and suspect they may laugh at, she often wrote herself into a passion as she went on, and made more free with the words jackanapes, puppy, booby, and blockhead, than we should think becoming in a fair and elegant authoress at present.

Among Lady Mary Wortley's books there was one of these treatises, splendidly bound, and inscribed "From the Author." The language of it was coarse but forcible, Mrs. Astell's wrath and zeal and spite against saucy mankind comically bitter, and her indignation excessive at the eagerness of foolish womankind to get husbands; but for which unaccountable weakness, she felt assured that a new leaf might be turned over and the tyrants be brought to confusion. This sentence is recollected: "If a young fellow do but know enough to keep himself clean, you shall have him thinking forsooth that he may pretend to a woman of the best quality and understanding." And when by chance the clean men succeeded better with the high and wise women than their presumption deserved—an accident which will now and then happen—it was matter of positive pain and grief to her righteous spirit.

The tract in question, long out of print and forgotten, could hardly have been known to Mary Wolstonecroft; yet it so resembled her "Rights of Women," that the effect was ludicrous, considering how directly the two ladies were contrasted in character, principles, and practice: the ancient championess of the sex being a devout Christian, a flaming high-church-woman, deeply read in abstruse divinity, strictly virtuous, and eminently loyal; the modern one, if we may trust her husband's report and her own, the reverse of all these

things. This however enabled her to take the field unincumbered with some difficulties which must have shackled her forerunner; for instance, certain passages in the third chapter of Genesis, such as, *He shall rule over thee.*

How Mrs. Astell got over these is not remembered; but assuredly it could not be, like the free-thinking Mary, by contemning their authority. Whatever were her foibles and prejudices, her piety was genuine, fervent and humble: cordially loving as well as admiring Lady Mary Wortley, she had nothing so much at heart as to promote her spiritual welfare, and turn her attention from the vanities of this world to the chief concern of accountable beings.

One day, after a serious discussion of some religious subject, very eagerly pursued on Mrs. Astell's side, she paused, and, gazing at Lady Mary with melancholy earnestness, said impressively, "My days are numbered: I am old; that you know; but I now tell you in confidence, I have a mortal disease which must soon bring me to the grave. I go hence, I humbly trust in Christ, to a state of happiness; and if departed spirits be permitted to revisit those whom they have loved on earth, remember I make you a solemn promise that mine shall appear to you, and confirm the truth of all I have been saying."—Surely a most affecting proof of true and tender friendship, whether the forming such an intention be thought presumptuous or par-

donable. A few weeks afterwards she died (of a cancer); but Lady Mary said the awful apparition never came.

One word more of Mrs. Astell, although she may have already engrossed too many. Lady Mary Wortley had what we should now call an album, a book of poetical scraps, ballads, epigrams, elegies, lampoons, the floating ephemera of the moment; almost all collected previously to the year 1730. Amongst these was the following Ode to Friendship, addressed to herself by Mrs. Mary Astell.

Friendship! peculiar gift of Heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To Wortley and to angels giv'n,
To all the lower world denied:

While Love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of rage and hot desire,
The human and the savage breast
Inflames alike, with equal fire.

With bright but oft destructive gleam
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flow of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend:
In vain for thee the monarch sighs
Who hugs a flatt'rer for a friend.

When virtues, kindred virtues meet,
And *sister*-souls together join,
Thy pleasures, lasting as they're sweet,
Are all transporting, all divine.

Oh! may this flame ne'er cease to glow
Till you to happier seats remove!
What raised your virtue here below
Shall aid your happiness above.

The reader will perceive that this is the same ode which, with some variations for the better, Boswell has given us as written at an early age by Dr. Johnson. Query, which of these two conscientious people, the Doctor or Mrs. Astell, could be guilty of purloining their neighbour's goods and passing them off for their own? And also, the difference of ages and distance of abodes considered, what breeze could have wafted the stanzas of the one into the scrutoire of the other? The sentiments undoubtedly seem better suited to an austere maiden gentlewoman, ever the sworn foe of Love, than to a stripling at the time of life when "*that boy and that boy's deeds*" (as lately sang Sir James Bland Burgess) are seldom held in any great abhorrence. Not that we dare build upon this argument, because many young people will defy him stoutly before they have the misfortune to make his acquaintance. But *dates*, as Johnson himself would have said, are stubborn things. Boswell tells us that this ode was first published in the year 1743. Now Mrs. Astell had then been dead twelve years; and, since her ghost never did pay Lady Mary Wortley a visit, it is to be presumed she gave her the verses while she was alive. In short, the *pro* and *con.* of the affair might find the Gentle-

man's Magazine in matter of controversy for a twelvemonth.

Lady Mary's introduction of inoculation on her return from the East, is a subject of far greater importance. The small pox was a disorder which she had sufficient reason to dread: it carried off her only brother, and had visited her so severely that she always said she meant the Flavia of her sixty Town-Eclogue for herself, having expressed in that poem what her own sensations were while slowly recovering under the apprehension of being totally disfigured. Although this did not happen, yet the disease left tokens of its passage, for it deprived her of very fine eye-lashes; which gave a fierceness to her eyes that impaired their beauty. Former sufferings and mortifications therefore, she acknowledged, led her to observe the Turkish invention with particular interest; but only the higher motive of hoping to save numberless lives could have given her courage to resolve upon bringing home the discovery. For what an arduous, what a fearful, and, we may add, what a thankless enterprise it was, nobody is now in the least aware. Those who have heard her applauded for it ever since they were born, and have also seen how joyfully vaccination was welcomed in their own days, may naturally conclude that when once the experiment had been made, and had proved successful, she could have nothing to do but to sit down triumphant,

and receive the thanks and blessings of her countrymen. But it was far otherwise. The age she belonged to resembled Farmer Goodenough in Miss Edgeworth's popular tale "The Will," who sets his face doggedly against all changes, innovations, and improvements, no matter what. How like ours may peradventure be to the same author's Marvel, ever prone to run headlong after every new device, no matter what, we will not inquire. Lady Mary protested that in the four or five years immediately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting of her patriotic undertaking; and she vowed that she never would have attempted it if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy it brought upon her. The clamours raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and the most disastrous consequences; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand of Providence; the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother, who had risked the lives of her own children. And notwithstanding that she soon gained many supporters amongst the higher and more enlightened classes, headed by the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline), who stood by her firmly, some even of her acquaintance were weak enough to join in the outcry.

We now read in grave medical biography that the discovery was instantly hailed, and the method adopted, by the principal members of that profession. Very likely they left this recorded; for whenever an invention or a project—and the same may be said of persons—has made its way so well by itself as to establish a certain reputation, most people are sure to find out that they always patronized it from the beginning; and a happy gift of forgetfulness enables many to believe their own assertion. But what said Lady Mary of the actual fact and actual time? Why that the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference.

Lady Bute herself could partly confirm her mother's account by her own testimony, for afterwards the battle was often fought in her presence. As inoculation gained ground, all who could make or claim the slightest acquaintance with Lady Mary Wortley used to beg for her advice and superintendence while it was going on in their families; and she constantly carried her little daughter along with her to the house, and into the sick room, to prove her security from infection.

A child, especially a solitary child, if intelligent, attends to what passes before it, much earlier and more heedfully than people imagine. From six years old upwards, Lady Bute could see the significant shrugs of the nurses and servants, and observe the looks of dislike they cast at her mother. She also overheard anxious parents repeating to Lady Mary the arguments that had been used to deter them from venturing upon the trial; and aunts and grandmothers, in the warmth of their zeal against it, quoting the opinion of this doctor or that apothecary. All which, well remembered, enabled her to conceive how strong were the prejudices it originally had to encounter.

It may be urged with some justice that the obstinacy of *Farmer Goodenough* produced one excellent effect: the matter was, in Chaucer's words, "boulted to the bran;" it underwent a far more severe and thorough investigation, than if it had been at first received with open arms, or suffered to pass with less opposition. But what *will be* does not alter what *is;* and Lady Mary was surely pardonable for sometimes regretting that the prospect of future good to the world at large had induced her to incur present personal evil.

Perhaps it will not be straying too widely from the subject to mention here a remarkable passage in the life of Lady Mary Wortley's grandson, William Stuart, the late Primate of Ireland. Dur-

ing the long time that he was only vicar of Luton in Bedfordshire, a malignant small-pox broke out in that neighbourhood, almost equal, upon a smaller scale, to some of the pestilences recorded in history. The mortality increased so fast, and the minds of the country people were so distracted with terror, that he at length, taking his resolution, offered to have every person who was still uninfected inoculated at his own expense.

A religious scruple lingered yet among the dissenters, who were very numerous in that parish and those adjoining; but excessive apprehension overcame it: they, like the rest, crowded to signify their assent, and within a fortnight above two thousand persons of all ages underwent the operation. Mr. Stuart stood alone without coadjutor or adviser; his family, who were at a distance, knew nothing of the transaction; he had only a country practitioner and country nurses to depend upon; add to this, that it was impossible such a number of patients could all be duly prepared or properly attended to; neither persuasion, intreaties, nor authority, could make the poor always observe the directions he gave them; and some, whom he would fain have deterred on account of their advanced age or sickly habits, would run the risk in spite of his prohibition. Yet it pleased God to grant him complete success. Very few difficult cases occurred, and only three people died; an infirm unhealthy woman, a man past eighty years old, and an infant whose mother

afterwards confessed she knew it had already caught the disease, which in her ignorance she supposed inoculation was to cure. To crown all, for several succeeding years the small-pox scarcely re-appeared in that district. But when his parishioners were safe, Mr. Stuart himself began to sink under all that he had suffered in body and mind. The exertions daily and nightly required to supply what was wanted and overlook what was passing, (often at a considerable distance,) made his fatigues very severe; but the deep feeling of responsibility, and the anxiety which he had to stifle and keep concealed, whatever the effort might cost, were a thousand times more oppressive. Many months elapsed before he recovered his former health and spirits.—This digression the reader must forgive.

The next point of much consequence in Lady Mary Wortley's history is her quarrel with Pope. If this had made less noise and been less canvassed, it would be desirable to pass it by unnoticed; for when two persons of distinguished ability misemploy their talents and degrade themselves by striving to vilify each other, the honest part of their admirers must feel more inclination to avert their eyes from the conflict than to engage in it as partisans of either. Her own statement, however, was this; that at some ill chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her

utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy.

When we see how a personal defect, comparatively trifling, weighed upon Lord Byron's mind, and, by his own avowal, warped his character, we cannot wonder that a temper so irritable as Pope's should have winced at being reminded of his extreme deformity more forcibly than by a thousand words. Doubtless, too, his vanity had taken as encouragement her permitting him to write her love-letters — *i. e.* letters commonly so called, expressive neither of passion, nor affection, nor any natural feeling whatsoever; tissues of far-fetched conceits and extravagant compliments; the prose counterparts of those love-verses which Dr. Johnson christened metaphysical. But let it be observed, in justice to Lady Mary's taste, that her answers treat this kind of language with tacit contempt. Viewing it probably with the widow in Hudibras, as only "high-heroic fustian," she returns him a recital of some plain matter of fact, and never takes the smallest notice of protestation or panegyric.

Pope certainly thought that ladies could not be addressed without these flourishes, or in any simpler style than that of Balzac and Voiture, then the received models of letter-writing. To men he wrote differently; yet surely his letters, even to them, to his intimate friends, smell of the lamp,

and bear the marks of study and composition as visibly as his most finished poems.

Alas!—is all that can be said about the warfare that followed. It is to be hoped that Lady Mary had little share in the "Verses to the Imitator of Horace," and some others which shall not be reprinted in this edition.* If they were chiefly

* Since the publication of the first edition of these anecdotes, the Editor has been most kindly permitted by Mrs. Baillie, the widow of the late celebrated physician, to make use of three letters from Lady Mary to Dr. Arbuthnot, now in her possession, which refer to the share which Lady Mary had in these verses, and to Pope's having alluded to her under the name of Sappho.

Sir,—I have this minute received y^{r} letter, and cannot remember I ever was so much surpris'd in my life; the whole contents of it being matter of astonishment. I give you sincere and hearty thanks for y^{r} intelligence, and the obliging manner of it. I have ever valu'd you as a gentleman both of sense and merit, and will join with you in any method you can contrive to prevent or punish y^{e} authors of so horrid a vilainy. I am with much esteem,

Your humble servant,

Oct. 17. M. Wortley M.

Sir,—Since I saw you I have made some enquiries, and heard more, of the story you was so kind to mention to me. I am told Pope has had the surprising impudence to assert he can bring y^{e} lampoon when he pleases to produce it, under my own hand; I desire he may be made to keep to this offer. If he is so skillful in counterfeiting hands, I suppose he will not confine that great talent to y^{e} gratifying his malice, but take some occasion to increase his fortune by the same method, and I may hope (by such practices) to see him exalted according to his merit, which no body will rejoice at more than myselfe. I beg

Lord Hervey's, they have no business here; and, at any rate, are better forgotten than remembered.

The readers of Dr Johnson will recollect this passage in his Life of Pope: "The table (Lord Ox-

of you, sir, (as an act of justice) to endeavour to set the truth in an open light, and then I leave to your judgment the character of those who have attempted to hurt mine in so barbarous a maner. I can assure you (in particular) you named a lady to me (as abused in this libel) whose name I never heard before, and as I never had any acquaintance with Dr. Swift, am an utter stranger to all his affairs and even his person, which I never saw to my knowledge, and am now convinced y^e^ whole is a contrivance of Pope's to blast the reputation of one who never injured him. I am not more sensible of his injustice than I am, sir, of your candour, generosity, and good sense I have found in you, which has obliged me to be with a very uncommon warmth your real friend, and I heartily wish for an oportunity of shewing I am so more effectually than by subscribing myselfe your very

Humble servant,

(No date.) M. Wortley Montagu.

Sir,—I have perused the last lampoon of your ingenious friend, and am not surpris'd you did not find me out under the name of Sapho, because there is nothing I ever heard in our characters or circumstances to make a paralell, but as the Town (except you who know better) generally suppose Pope means me, whenever he mentions that name, I cannot help taking notice of the horrible malice he bears against the lady signified by that name, which appears to be irritated by supposing her writer of y^e^ verses to the imitator of Horace. Now I can assure him they were wrote (without my knowledge) by a gentleman of great merit, whom I very much esteem, who he will never guess, and who, if he did know he durst not attack; but I own the design was so well meant, and so excellently executed, that I cannot be sorry they were written. I wish you

ford's) was infested by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no intreaties be restrained

would advise poor Pope to turn to some more honest livelihood than libelling; I know he will alledge in his excuse that he must write to eat, and he is now grown sensible that nobody will buy his verses except their curiosity is piqued to it, to see what is said of their acquaintance; but I think this method of gain so exceeding vile that it admits of no excuse at all. Can any thing be more detestable than his abusing poor Moor, scarce cold in his grave, when it is plain he kept back his poem, while he lived, for fear he should beat him for it? This is shocking to me, tho' of a man I never spoke to and hardly knew by sight; but I am seriously concerned at the worse scandal he has heaped on Mr. Congreve, who was my friend, and whom I am obliged to justify, because I can do it on my own knowledge, and which is yet farther, bring witness of it, from those who were then often with me, that he was so far from loving Pope's rhyme, both that and his conversation were perpetual jokes to him, exceeding despicable in his opinion, and he has often made us laugh in talking of them, being particularly pleasant on that subject. As to Pope's being born of honest parents, I verily believe it, and will add one praise to his mother's character, that (tho' I only knew her very old) she always appeared to me to have much better sense than himselfe; I desire, sir, as a favour, that you would shew this letter to Pope, and you will very much oblige, sir,

Your humble servant,

Jan. 3. M. W. Montagu.

It seems doubtful whether Lady Mary's denial of having had any share in the composition of this "lampoon," as she terms it, is to be taken seriously. These letters, and more especially the last, which she desires Dr. Arbuthnot to shew to Pope, appear to have been written with some intention of mystifying and laughing at him. W.

from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity that the one or the other quitted the house." When Lady Bute read the Lives of the Poets on their first publication, she pointed out this paragraph to one of her daughters, observing, "How ill Johnson must have been informed! My mother's intimacy with Lady Oxford was by no means of an early date; their acquaintance first began within my own memory, long after the quarrel with Pope had risen to such a height, and become so public, that it would have been insulting her grossly to admit him into any house where she was one of the guests expected. I am confident they never met at Lord Oxford's table in their lives."

Upon her mentioning the subject to her friend, the Dowager Duchess of Portland, Lord Oxford's only child, the Duchess, who, being her elder by three years, could go those three years farther back, and speak to the point so much more positively, said she was *certain* that no such meeting had ever taken place beneath her father's roof. "If *he* could have dreamed of inviting them at the same time, (said she,) which his good breeding and sense of propriety made impossible, my mother, who adored Lady Mary and hated Pope, would no more have consented to it than she would have put her hand in the fire." That great poet, it was clear from many expressions that escaped the Duchess, had not won the good-will of Lord Oxford's family

in the same degree as Matthew Prior ; of whom she always spoke with affection, and said he made himself beloved by every living thing in the house,—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal.

It is a common remark, that people of brilliant parts often have no objection to relax, or *rest*, their understandings in the society of those whose intellects are a little more obtuse. Here was an instance : the gods never made anybody less poetical than Lady Oxford;* and yet Lady Mary Wortley, though in general not over tolerant to her inferiors in capacity, appears upon the whole to have loved nobody so well. And there was an exception equally striking in her favour ; for Lady Oxford, heartily detesting most of the wits who surrounded her husband, yet admired Lady Mary with all her might ; pretty much as the parish-clerk reverences the rector for his Greek and Hebrew. Lady Bute confessed that she sometimes got into sad disgrace, by exclaiming, "Dear mama! how can you be so fond of that stupid woman?" which never failed to bring upon her a sharp reprimand, and a lecture against rash judgments, ending with, "Lady Oxford is not shining, but she has much more in her than such giddy things as you and your companions can discern." Her daughter, the Duchess, perhaps

* Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter of John Holles first Duke of Newcastle.

from being at that unripe season giddy too, was suspected of having penetrated no farther into the hidden treasures of her mother's mind than any of her young friends. Dulness assuredly had no share in her own composition.

Another of Lady Mary's friends, the famous Lord Hervey, however blackened or extolled, must have been anything but stupid. Their intimacy did not always prevent her from laughing at him, as is proved by the well known sentence, almost a proverb, "that this world consisted of men, women, and Herveys," which was originally hers. And so might be a chance-epigram or ballad besides, yet no great harm done. For as there are some people who must be handled seriously or not meddled with, and a few whom it would be sacrilege and profanation to laugh at, there are others with whom their friends take that liberty every day; nay, who invite it by laughing at themselves. This is very commonly the case with those who, being conscious of some whimsical peculiarity, and withal no fools, think that humorously exaggerating their own foible, gives them a privilege to indulge it. The exaggeration then gets abroad, and by that the character is stamped. For "half the strange stories you hear in the world" (said one who knew it well) "come from people's not understanding a joke." Accordingly, it has been handed down as a proof of the extreme to which Lord Hervey carried his effeminate nicety, that, when asked at

dinner whether he would have some beef, he answered, "Beef?—Oh, no!—Faugh! Don't you know I never eat beef, nor *horse*, nor any of those things?"—Could any mortal have said this in earnest?

Lord Hervey dying a few years after Lady Mary Wortley settled abroad, his eldest son* sealed up and sent her her letters, with an assurance that none of them had been read or opened. The late Lord Orford affirmed that Sir Robert Walpole did the same with regard to those she had written to his second wife; but she probably destroyed both collections, for no traces of them appeared among her papers. To Lord Hervey's heir she wrote a letter of thanks for his honourable conduct, adding, that she could almost regret he had not glanced his eye over a correspondence which would have shown him what so young a man might perhaps be inclined to doubt,—the possibility of a long and steady friendship subsisting between two persons of different sexes without the least mixture of love. Much pleased with this letter, he preserved it; and, when Lady Mary came to England, showed it to Lady Bute, desiring she would ask leave for him to visit her mother.

His own mother, Lady Hervey, made no such request; for she had partaken neither of the cor-

* George Lord Hervey, after his grandfather's decease, the second Earl of Bristol.

respondence nor the friendship. That *dessous des cartes,* which Madame de Sevigné advises us to peep at, would here have betrayed that Lord and Lady Hervey had lived together upon very amicable terms, "as well-bred as if not married at all," according to the demands of Mrs. Millamant in the play; but without any strong sympathies, and more like a French couple than an English one. It might be from suspecting this state of things, that his avowed enemies, Pope for one, went out of their way to compliment and eulogise her. However, their praises were not unmerited: by the attractions she retained in age, she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay, and handsome; and never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly-bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge, which some called affected; but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing. One circumstance will excite surprise: notwithstanding her constant close connexion with the old court, she was, at heart and in opinion, a zealous Jacobite; hardly, perhaps, to the pitch of wishing the Pretender's enterprise success, yet enough so to take fire in defence of James the Second if ever she heard any blame laid to his charge.

At the time of Lady Mary Wortley's return home, Lady Hervey was living in great intimacy with Lady Bute, for whom she professed, and it is believed really felt, the highest esteem and admira-

tion. On hearing of her mother's arrival, she came to her, owning herself embarrassed by the fear of giving her pain or offence, but yet compelled to declare, that formerly something had passed between her and Lady Mary which made any renewal of their acquaintance impossible; therefore, if she forbore visiting her, she threw herself upon Lady Bute's friendship and candour for pardon. No explanation followed. Lady Bute, who must have early seen the necessity of taking care not to be entangled in her mother's quarrels, which, to speak truth, were seldom few in number, only knew that there had been an old feud between her, Lady Hervey, and Lady Hervey's friend, Mrs. (or Lady) Murray; the particulars of which, forgotten even then by everybody but themselves, may well be now beyond recall. Those treble-refined sets of company who occupy the pinnacle of fashion, are at all times subject to such intestine jars as only the French word *tracasseries* can fitly express. Lady Mary's letters to Lady Mar betray how much of this sort of work was continually going on in their society.

Mrs. Murray, whom she so often mentions, was the daughter of Mr. Baillie,* of Jerviswood, Bishop Burnet's near relation, a leading man in Parlia-

* The ancestor of Lord Haddington and Mr. Baillie. Having no son, he entailed his fortune on the second son of his daughter Lady Binning, on condition that he should take the name of Baillie.

ment, of most respectable character. Though married, she resided with her father, as did also the rest of his family. Lady Hervey's Letters, published in 1821, contain a warm panegyric upon her; and Lady Mary Wortley herself could not deny her the praise of being very pretty, very agreeable, and very generally admired: all which rendered only the more grating a strange adventure that befell her in the midst of her brilliant career. One of her father's footmen, probably either mad or drunk, entered her room at midnight armed with a pistol, and declared a passion for her, which he swore he would gratify, or take her life. Her cries brought assistance: he was seized, tried, and transported; she forced to give evidence against him at the Old Bailey. How such a story, and such a public appearance, must have wounded the feelings of a gentlewoman, it is easy to conceive. Any allusion to it must have been galling; and one cannot wonder if she took unkindly even Lady Mary's "Epistle from Arthur Grey in Newgate," although complimentary to her charms, and containing nothing injurious to her character. But she accused Lady Mary of having also made her the subject of a very offensive ballad; and this Lady Mary positively denied. Various bickerings took place; peace seems to have been sometimes patched up, but war to have quickly broken out afresh, and, like all other wars, to have left marks of its footsteps long visible on the soil.

In these old days, people's brains being more active and ingenious than their fingers, ballads swarmed as abundantly as caricatures are swarming at present, and were struck off almost as hastily, whenever wit and humour, or malice and scurrility, found a theme to fasten upon. A ballad was sure to follow every incident that had in it a ludicrous corner, from

> "The woeful christening late there did
> In James's house befall,"

and the King's turning his son and daughter out of doors after it, down to a lady's dropping her shoe in the Park. Though printed on the coarsest paper, sung about the streets, and sold for half-pence, they often came from no mean quarter. That just now quoted was ascribed to Arbuthnot; Lord Binning wrote an admirable one, describing the Duke of Argyll's levee; Mr. Pulteney, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Hervey, had the credit of others; and Lady Mary Wortley was a person who often fell under suspicion in matters of the kind, because known to have talents which the world would not believe she left unemployed. But, as she said herself, it attributed to her a great deal of trash that she never wrote—never even saw; and thus made her an object of ill-will to people whose adventures she was so far from having celebrated, that she hardly knew their names.

The impression these unjust imputations made upon her mind will now be shown. When Lady

Bute was nearly grown up, some of her young friends wanted to bring about an acquaintance between her and Miss Furnese,* an heiress of their own age. Miss Wortley had no objection; but Miss Furnese held off, and so resolutely, that they insisted upon knowing the reason. "Why, then," said she, at last, "I will honestly own your praises of Miss Wortley make me sure I shall dislike her. You tell me she is lively and clever, now I know I am very dull; so, of course, she will despise me, and turn me into ridicule, and I am resolved to keep out of her way." The young set laughed most heartily at this avowal; and Lady Bute, laughing too when told of it, ran to divert her mother with the story. But, instead of amusing Lady Mary, it made her unusually serious. "Now, child," she began, after a moment's reflection, "you see nothing in this but a good joke, an absurdity to laugh at; and are not aware what an important lesson you have received; one which you ought to remember as long as you live. What that poor girl in her simplicity has uttered aloud, is no more than what passes in the mind of every dull person you will meet with. Those whe cannot but feel that they are deficient in ability always look with a mixture of fear and aversion on people cleverer than themselves; regarding them as born their natural enemies. If ever then you feel yourself flattered by the reputa-

* Married to Lewis Earl of Rockingham, and afterwards the third wife of Francis Earl of Guildford.

tion of superiority, remember that to be the object of suspicion, jealousy, and a secret dislike, is the sure price you must pay for it."

No one who has seen much of the world will think this assertion altogether unfounded. But the lurking grudge (supposing it always alive) may be lulled into slumber, or it may be stirred up and provoked to show its teeth in the guise of open animosity; and Lady Mary Wortley took the latter course with it too often. She was not ill-tempered; for our men and maids are the best judges of us in that particular, and the old servant fostered under her roof used to talk of her indulgence and familiarity, was fond of repeating her sayings, and almost seemed to have tasted her wit. But mankind is so made, that reproaches, invectives, nay, veritable injuries, are not half so sharply felt, or bitterly resented, as the stings of ridicule: therefore a quick perception of the ridiculous must ever be a dangerous quality, although in some few persons it wears a playful, harmless shape, and is quite distinct from the spirit of satire. Lady Mary, one cannot deny, united both qualities, instantly seized the comical point, saw the matter of mirth wherever it was to be found; but had as keen an eye to detect matter of censure, and rarely forbore a cutting sarcasm out of tenderness to the feelings of others. In short, a professed wit, flushed with success and bent on shining in society, bears too much resemblance to a staunch foxhunter eager in the chase,

who takes a leap over his fallen companion, whether friend or foe, without stopping to examine how he came down, or what bone he has broken.

The truth is, that affectation and folly must be borne with, or at least let alone, if one would go peaceably through this motley world; which Lady Mary could not expect to do, because she had not Christian patience with either, but attacked and exposed them when they were guiltless of hurting anybody but their owner; and thus made mortal enemies of the vain tribe who would have plumed themselves upon her acquaintance if they could have hoped to escape her animadversions. For example, her former friend, or correspondent, Lady Rich, when become that melancholy thing — a decayed beauty, strove to keep up the appearance of youth by affecting a girlish simplicity, which suited her age much worse than rose-coloured ribbands, and served as a constant whetstone to Lady Mary's raillery. The Master of the Rolls happened to be mentioned; the same old Sir Joseph Jekyll "who never changed his principles or wig," and who had held the office so long that he was identified with it in every one's mind. "Pray who is Master of the Rolls?" asked Lady Rich in an innocent tone. "Sir Humphrey Monneux, madam," answered Lady Mary, naming off-hand the most unlikely person she could think of. The company laughed, and the lady looked disconcerted; but, not daring to betray her better knowledge by disputing the fact,

went on in desperation to be more simple still. "Well! I am vastly ashamed of being so prodigiously ignorant. I dare say I ask a mighty silly question; but, pray now, what is it to be Master of the Rolls? What does he do? for I really don't know." "Why, madam, he superintends all the French rolls that are baked in London; and without him you would have no bread and butter for your breakfast." There was no parrying this: Lady Rich coloured, flirted her fan, and professed herself unable to cope with Lady Mary Wortley's wit—*she* had no *wit*. "Nay; but look you, my dear madam, I grant it a very fine thing to continue always fifteen,—*that* everybody must approve of; it is quite fair: but, indeed, indeed, one need not be five years old."

Yet there was one very conspicuous, very assailable, and very irritable person, whom Lady Mary, let her say what she would, in jest or in earnest, could never affront or offend; and this was no other than Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, so celebrated for quarrelling with all the rest of human kind. She would take in good part the most home truths if spoken by Lady Mary, who seemed to be out of the hurricane-latitude, securely stationed beyond the scope of those capricious fits of anger which she continually saw bursting like water-spouts on the heads of her acquaintance. The Duchess also grew partial to Lady Mary's daughter: both of them

were privileged to visit her at any hour and be always welcome. Lady Bute often sate by her while she dined, or watched her in the curious process of casting up her accounts. Curious, because her grace, well versed as she was in all matters relating to money, such as getting it, hoarding it, and turning it to the best advantage, knew nothing of common arithmetic. But her sound clear head could devise an arithmetic of its own; to lookers-on it appeared as if a child had scrabbled over the paper, setting down figures here and there at random; and yet every sum came right to a fraction at last, in defiance of Cocker.

She was extremely communicative, and, it need not be added, proportionably entertaining; thus far too very fair and candid — she laboured at no self-vindication, but told facts just as they were, or as she believed them to be, with an openness and honesty that almost redeemed her faults; though this might partly proceed from never thinking herself in the wrong, or caring what was thought of her by others. She had still, at a great age, considerable remains of beauty, most expressive eyes, and the finest fair hair imaginable; the colour of which she said she had preserved unchanged by the constant use of honey-water,—hardly such as perfumers now sell, for that has an unlucky aptitude to turn the hair grey. By this superb head of hair hung a tale, an instance of her waywardness and violence, which (strange to say) she took particular

pleasure in telling. None of her charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor Duke her husband. Therefore, one day, upon his offending her by some act of disobedience to her "*strong sovereign will,**" the bright thought occurred, as she sate considering how she could plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done; she cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment. But, to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and re-passed, calm enough to provoke a saint; neither angry nor sorrowful; seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. Lo! it had vanished, — and she remained in great perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change a rueful one, she began for once to think she had done rather a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject until after the Duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet where he kept whatever he held most precious: and at this point of the story she regularly fell a crying.

The only topic upon which she seemed guarded

* "———————— Highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide."
Parnell's Rise of Woman.

was what concerned Queen Anne, whom she never mentioned disrespectfully, but in general avoided speaking of; while she liked to dilate upon the first arrival of the present royal family, and would describe with great glee many little circumstances of their ways and manners which were new and somewhat uncouth to English eyes. She had had a nearer view of them than perhaps it was prudent to give her; for, at their outset, wishing to conciliate the Marlborough party, they invited her to a degree of intimacy sure to end in proving the truth of that wise saying about *familiarity* which we can all remember to have indited in round hand. The second or third time she had the honour of being admitted, she said she found the Princess (Queen Caroline) maintaining discipline in her nursery, where one of the children, having been naughty, had just undergone wholesome correction, and was roaring piteously in consequence. The Duchess tried to hush and console it. "Ay! see there," cried the Prince with an air of triumph; "you English are none of you well-bred, because you was not whipt when you was young." "Humph!" quoth her grace, "I thought to myself, I am sure YOU could not have been whipt when you were young, but I choked it in." Not being at all accustomed either to choke her thoughts in, or to stand in awe of royalty, she soon made her attendance more formidable than agreeable, and gladly returned to her natural vocation of governing others,

instead of reverencing the powers entitled to rule over her.

The most vindictive Highland chief never had so many feuds; but her deadliest, unlike his, were in the bosom of her own clan. To begin by her daughters: she was not on speaking terms with Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, and Mary Duchess of Montagu. The two others, Lady Sunderland and Lady Bridgewater, had died betimes; and some of the children of the former were the objects of as much affection as she could feel, especially Robert Earl of Sunderland, the eldest son, a man who deserved her partiality, and, as his date was short, did not outlive it. With the second, Charles, she agreed pretty well till he succeeded to the Marlborough titles and fortune; when *money,* that main-spring—hidden or manifest, remote or immediate — of all family quarrels, quickly produced a rupture between them. She laid claim to a portion of her late husband's personal estate, and the affair could only be settled by what is called an amicable suit: but for a suit with her to go on *amicably* was a thing about as likely as for an oil-shop set on fire to be slow in burning; so the flame no sooner kindled than she insisted upon giving it full vent, and amused the world by pleading her own cause in the court of Chancery. Among the property disputed was the famous diamond-hilted sword. "That sword," said she to the court emphatically, "that sword *my* lord would have carried to the gates of

Paris. Am I to live to see the diamonds picked off one by one and lodged at the pawnbroker's ?" The new Duke's habits of squandering and running in debt gave force to the sarcasm ; yet people smiled when they recollected that his younger brother, Jack Spencer, who, besides equalling him in these respects,* made the town ring with some wild frolic every day, kept a fast hold of the old lady's favour all the while, and in her eyes could do nothing wrong.

Two more of her descendants must be named,— Lady Anne Spencer, Lady Sunderland's eldest daughter, married to Lord Bateman, and Lady Anne Egerton, the deceased Lady B.'s only one, married first to Wriothesley Duke of Bedford, and secondly to Lord Jersey. Both these ladies inherited such a share of their grandmother's imperial spirit, as to match her pretty fairly, and insure daggers' drawing as soon as it should find time and opportunity to display itself. But, ere the stormy season set in, the grandame had acquired Lady Bateman's picture ;† which she afterwards made a

* It was a rule with both brothers "*never to dirty their fingers with silver ;*" and as they, like all other gentlemen at that time, went about in hackney chairs, the chairmen used to fight for the honour of carrying them, in hopes of picking up the guinea sure to be flung instead of a shilling when they were set down.

† In the first edition this was told of Lady Jersey's picture ; but on reading Lord Orford's reminiscences, which the writer of the anecdotes had nearly forgotten, not having seen them since their publication, it flashed upon her memory that Lady

monument of vengeance, in no vulgar or ordinary mode. She did not give it away; nor sell it to a broker; nor send it up to a lumber-garret; nor even turn its front to the wall. She had the face blackened over, and this sentence, *She is much blacker within,* inscribed in large characters on the frame. And thus, placed in her usual sitting-room, it was exhibited to all beholders.

Many other people remarkable in different ways must have been known to Lady Mary Wortley; many authors appear to have courted her approbation, but only those persons are mentioned here of whom Lady Bute could speak from her own recollection or her mother's report. Both had made her well informed of every particular that concerned her relation Henry Fielding; nor was she a stranger to that beloved first wife whose picture he drew in his Amelia, where, as she said, even the glowing language he knew how to employ did not do more than justice to the amiable qualities of the original, or to her beauty, although this had suffered a little from the accident related in the novel,—a frightful overturn, which destroyed the gristle of her nose. He

Bute had mentioned Lady Bateman, and that his account was correct. Everything here related came from Lady Bute herself, not as recollections of what her mother had told her concerning the Duchess of Marlborough, but as what she had herself heard the Duchess say, and what had happened in her own time. Curiosity to learn particulars about so remarkable a person occasioned her being often earnestly questioned on the subject.

loved her passionately, and she returned his affection; yet led no happy life, for they were almost always miserably poor, and seldom in a state of quiet and safety. All the world knows what was his imprudence; if ever he possessed a score of pounds, nothing could keep him from lavishing it idly, or make him think of to-morrow. Sometimes they were living in decent lodgings with tolerable comfort; sometimes in a wretched garret without necessaries; not to speak of the spunging-houses and hiding-places where he was occasionally to be found. His elastic gaiety of spirit carried him through it all; but, meanwhile, care and anxiety were preying upon her more delicate mind, and undermining her constitution. She gradually declined, caught a fever, and died in his arms.

His biographers seem to have been shy of disclosing that after the death of this charming woman he married her maid. And yet the act was not so discreditable to his character as it may sound. The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her; nor solace, when a degree calmer, but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure

for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. At least this was what he told his friends; and it is certain that her conduct as his wife confirmed it, and fully justified his good opinion.

Lady Mary Wortley had a great regard for Fielding; she pitied his misfortunes; excused his failings, and warmly admired his best writings; above all Tom Jones, in her own copy of which she wrote *Ne plus ultra.* Nevertheless, she frankly said she was sorry he did not himself perceive that he had made Tom Jones a scoundrel; alluding to the adventure with Lady Bellaston. She would indeed have seldom passed a wrong judgment on what she read, if her natural good taste had taken its way unbiassed; but where personal enmity or party-prejudice stepped in, they too frequently drove it blinded before them. A book is a book, no matter who wrote it; in fair criticism it has a right to stand upon its own proper ground, and should no more be condemned for the sins of its author, than commended for his virtues. This, to be sure, was not her way of handling any contemporary performance. Most people will now admit that Pope betrayed unmanly and mean malevolence in his attacks upon her; yet when she pronounced his verses to be "all sound and no sense," she was aiming a pointless arrow at a poet who, wherever he judged it expedient, could compress more meaning into fewer words than almost any other in our language. Not Pope alone how-

ever, but the larger half of that noble band of authors, that rendered the literary age of Anne illustrious, lay for her under an interdict, a species of *taboo,* obnoxious both as Tories and as his confederates. She forbade herself to relish the wit and humour of Swift and Arbuthnot; and could not, or would not, be sensible that the former, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, ranked with her own friend Addison as the standard writers of English prose.

With regard to later works, though her remarks upon Richardson have incensed his zealous admirers beyond measure and past forgiveness, yet, while making them, she has involuntarily borne a more convincing, unquestionable testimony to his chief merits than if she had been ever so eloquent, in his praise. She acknowledges having sobbed over his volumes;—she could not lay them down, she sate up all night to finish them. What greater triumph could an author who wrote to the feelings desire? But then it seems she was guilty of saying that, never having lived in the society of real gentlemen and ladies, he had given his fictitious ones a language and manners as different from theirs as could be devised. So was it also said of Garrick, the first and finest of actors, that, performing every other part in exquisite perfection, he never could succeed in that of a mere ordinary *gentleman.* Both assertions were strictly true, and they amount to nothing more than a proof of the old trite position that "every one must fail in something." If

Richardson's inelegancies disturb us less than they did Lady Mary Wortley, it is because we take for old-fashioned much that our fathers and mothers knew to be vulgar, or even ridiculous. A man's living friends will have the presumption to find fault with his portrait when their eyes tell them it has no likeness to *him*, though it may not be at all the worse picture a hundred years hence; and this was exactly the case with Lady Mary, who thought no otherwise than her neighbours at the time. Mrs. Donellan, an accomplished woman, whom the readers of Swift may recollect to have been one of his correspondents, told the late Mr. Edward Hamilton, her godson, that Richardson once brought her a manuscript volume of Sir Charles Grandison, begging her to examine it, and point out any errors she perceived in this very particular. He was conscious, he said, of his own ignorance touching the manners of people of distinction; and, knowing that she had passed her life in the best company, he could depend upon her judgment. Mrs. Donellan, who both admired his genius and respected his character, undertook the task with good faith as well as good will; but no sooner did she begin criticising, than she found she had to deal with an Archbishop of Grenada. Richardson changed colour, shut up the book, and muttering sullenly, that if there were so many faults, he supposed his best way would be to throw it into the fire at once, walked off in the mood vulgarly, but

expressively, yclept *dudgeon.* It was long ere he troubled her with another visit.

After all, Lady Mary Wortley's insensibility to the excellence, or, let us say, the charm of Madame de Sevigné's Letters, is the thing most surprising in her observations on literary subjects; and it can only be accounted for by a marked opposition of character between the two women. The head was the governing power with the one, the heart with the other. If they had lived at the same time, and in the same country and society, they would not have accorded well together. Madame de Sevigné would have respected Lady Mary's talents, but rather dreaded than coveted her acquaintance. Lady Mary, in lieu of prizing that simplicity of mind which Madame de Sevigné so wonderfully preserved in the midst of such a world as surrounded her, might have been apt to confound it with weakness; and to hold in contempt not only her foible for court favour, but her passionate devotion to her daughter.

As writers also they were dissimilar: Lady Mary wrote admirable letters; *letters* — not dissertations, nor sentimental *effusions,* nor strings of witticisms, but real letters; such as any person of plain sense would be glad to receive. Her style, though correct and perspicuous, was unstudied, natural, flowing, spirited; she never used an unnecessary word, nor a phrase savouring of affecta-

tion; but still she meant to write well, and was conscious of having succeeded. Madame de Sevigné had no such consciousness; she did not so much *write,* as talk and think upon paper, with no other aim than to make Madame de Grignan present at every incident, and partaker of every feeling, throughout the twenty-four hours of her day. By this means she makes us present likewise; as we read, we see her, hear her, feel with her, enter into all her concerns. Not that she ever dreamt of pleasing us. "If the post knew what it carried," says she, "it would leave these packets by the way-side." "Keep my letters," said Lady Mary, on the contrary; "they will be as good as Madame de Sevigné's forty years hence." And in some measure she said true. What she terms the tittle-tattle of a fine lady would have lost nothing in her hands. She could relate passing events, and satirise fashionable follies with as much vivacity and more wit than Madame de Sevigné herself; and there was more depth in her reflections, for she had the superiority in strength of understanding. But all that she sought to degrade by the epithet "tittle-tattle of an old nurse," including, as it does, so many touches of truth and nature; all the little traits that bring before our eyes the persons spoken of; all the details which render Les Rochers and Livry as interesting to us as Versailles; all this part, it must be confessed, lay out of Lady Mary's province; and she proved it did so by viewing it with disdain.

From the books Lady Mary Wortley died possessed of, which were but few, she appears to have been particularly fond of that ancient English drama lately revived among us; for she had several volumes of differently sized and wretchedly printed plays bound up together, such as the Duke of Roxburgh would have bought at any price; the works of Shirley, Ford, Marston, Heywood, Webster, and the rest, as far back as Gammer Gurton's Needle, and coming down to the trash of Durfey. But Lillo's domestic tragedies were what she most admired; for "My lady used to declare," said the old servant so often quoted, "that whoever did not cry at George Barnwell must deserve to be hanged." And she passed the same sentence on people who could see unmoved the fine scene between Dorax and Sebastian in Dryden, who was also one of her favourite authors. She had his plays, his fables, and his Virgil, in folio, as they were first published; Theobald's edition of Shakspeare, manifestly much read; and Tonson's quarto Milton. Besides Cowley, Waller, Denham, &c. there were some less known poets, and some of an earlier age, such as Suckling and Drayton. Nothing further can be called to mind, excepting the outward shape of three ultra-sized volumes, the works of Margaret Duchess of Newcastle.

Some of Lady Mary Wortley's early letters, expressing vividly all a mother's fondness for her

infant son, give sufficient occasion to moralise over the fate of those parents who are doomed to see the object of such intense affection, the creature whose birth made them so happy, become, when grown up, the curse, the torment, and the disgrace of their lives. Young Wortley hardly waited so long to signalise his propensity to vice and folly; betraying from the beginning that surest symptom of inveterate moral (or mental) disease—an habitual disregard of truth, accompanied by a fertile ready invention never at fault. Where these prevail, it is building upon a quicksand to attempt working a reformation. He was a mere child when he ran away from school; and this first exploit was followed at short intervals by others still more extraordinary, until he finally sealed his ruin by marrying while under age a woman of very low degree, considerably older than himself; one for whom he could scarcely have felt more than a momentary liking, since he forsook her in a few weeks, and never sought to see her again, though her life lasted nearly as long as his own. To be capable at a mature age of such an act as drawing a youth into a disproportionate marriage, did not denote much principle or feeling; yet, as her conduct was not licentious, she never put it in his power to obtain a divorce. In future, more than one lady took the title of his wife, with or without the pretext of a ceremony which, it is to be feared, he would not have scrupled to go through any number of times,

if requisite for the accomplishment of his wishes. But the last person so circumstanced, and the loudest in asserting her claims, met him upon equal ground, having herself a husband living, from whom she had eloped; therefore she at least could not complain of deception.

Notwithstanding all the mistakes, inaccuracies, and exaggerations attending public rumour, this singular man's various adventures, at home and abroad, were perhaps better known to the world at large than to the near relations who must have heard of them with pain, and shunned, instead of seeking, particular information upon so distressing a subject: consequently little light respecting it could glimmer downwards to more distant generations. He was said to have had a handsome person, plausible manners, and a liveliness of parts which report magnified into great talents; but whether he did really possess these may be doubted. They are often gratuitously presumed to exist in conjunction with profligacy, whenever that takes any wild extraordinary form, because the notion of such an affinity has in it something wonderfully agreeable to two very numerous classes of men, the direct opposites of each other. The disorderly and vicious are parties concerned; they rejoice to claim kindred with superiority of mind; and would fain have it a point established, that clever people can never by any possibility remain tethered within the pale of discretion and virtue. While, on

the other hand, nothing delights sober, self-satisfied mediocrity and dulness like a fair opportunity of stigmatising genius as incompatible with common sense, and the faithful ally, if not the parent, of every baneful extravagance.

Thus much is certain; Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary (neither of them an incompetent judge) were far from thinking highly of their son's abilities and understanding. His irregular conduct was imputed by them rather to weakness of character than to "the flash and outbreak of a fiery spirit" conscious of its own powers; and from first to last they held him utterly incapable of pursuing any object or course whatever, praiseworthy or blameable, with that firmness and consistency of purpose which perhaps belongs as necessarily to the great wicked man as to the eminently good one. They would have passed upon him the sentence of the patriarch on his first-born: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Why Lady Mary Wortley left her own country, and spent the last two-and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence or assurance on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this supposed mystery, like that of some riddles, which put the ingenuity of guessers to the farthest stretch, would prove so

simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled. Lady Mary writing from Venice (as it appears, in the first year of her absence,) tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr. Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her; which, as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but, till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth, and there seems no reason to doubt it, we may easily conceive farther delays to have taken place, and their re-union to have been so deferred from time to time, that, insensibly, living asunder became like the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation; nothing can be more likely than that they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world, nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed nobody who had a right to call them to an account or inquire into what was solely their own business. It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable, and Mr. Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length

convinced that in their case the approach of age would not have the harmonising effect which it has been sometimes known to produce upon minds originally but ill assorted, he was the very man to think within himself, "If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together." And that Lady Mary's wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better would it be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy, than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may detect the thought—in an obscure country retirement at home!

These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2nd of May 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant affording equal proof that Mr. Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any

recent quarrel or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover, and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c. have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes as well as all her subsequent letters, shows that he received nothing which came from her with indifference. His confidence in her was also very strongly testified by a transaction that took place when she had been abroad about two years. Believing that her influence and persuasions might still have some effect upon their unfortunate son, he intreated her to appoint a meeting with him, form a judgment of his present dispositions, and decide what course it would be best to take, either in furthering or opposing his future projects. On the head of money, too, she was to determine with how much he should be supplied, and very particularly enjoined to make him suppose it came, not from his father, but herself. These were full powers to delegate; —such as every woman would not be trusted with in the families where conjugal union is supposed to reign most uninterruptedly.*

* Remarks have been made upon the view here taken of the probable causes of Lady Mary's residence abroad for so many years previous to Mr. Wortley's death, which may call for some

The Lady Pomfret mentioned above was so highly honoured and admired by her own family, and her name and memory were so long held in a sort of veneration amongst her descendants, that one would think there must have been some ground for the

notice. It is said that "causes for this separation have been rumoured, of a nature which of course never could have reached her granddaughter, but which make it wonderful only that Mr. Wortley should have so long borne with such eccentricities of conduct and temper, and should have arranged the separation with so much feeling and good sense." It is impossible satisfactorily to investigate the truth or falsehood of *rumours* so vaguely hinted at, because nothing is pointed out to which enquiries can be directed. A rumour, however, did reach the editor of these volumes two or three years ago,—at the time he first conceived the idea of editing them,—from a quarter which led him to suspect that it probably came from Horace Walpole, namely,—that the reason of Lady Mary's leaving England, was the discovery by Mr. Wortley of some improper use made of his name in some money transaction. Although this seemed to be a most improbable story, from the confidence, even in money matters, which appears evidently to have subsisted between Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary at a period subsequent to her going abroad, and from the terms upon which, from these letters, they appear to have been when they parted,—the editor nevertheless thought it right to examine Mr. Wortley's letters of business at and about that period, to see if they contained any allusion to such a circumstance. He has, however, been unable to find any such allusion. If this is not the rumoured cause of separation referred to, the editor is totally at a loss how to deal with the insinuation in the paragraph here quoted from the Quarterly Review; none other having reached, so far as he can discover, any member of the family, either living or dead, at any time: nor is there any reason, from any information he has been able to obtain, to believe that anything like arranged separation ever took place.—W.

feeling; although Horace Walpole laughs at her as a ridiculous pretender to knowledge and wisdom which she does not possess. A few grains of affectation will often suffice to spoil the taste of much that is good in a character; and, supposing this to have been the case with her, it may account for such contradictory opinions. Lady Mary Wortley speaks of her as the first of women;—but then it is to herself, and in a correspondence too full of studied compliments and professions to have flowed from the honesty of cordial, familiar friendship. Even Lady Mary's style labours and grows stiffer than usual while pouring them forth. It was not thus probably, that she wrote to Lady Stafford, or the Duchess of Montagu. The former, a foreigner by birth and education, daughter of the famous Comte de Grammont and "*la belle Hamilton*," was said to have inherited her uncle Count Anthony Hamilton's vivacity and talents for conversation, which made her the most agreeable woman of her time. Her death happened before Lady Mary left England, and as it affected her deeply, might be one cause of her desire to change the scene.

As for the particulars of Lady Mary's history, society, and way of life, during her residence on the Continent, they must be gathered from her own letters, which lie before the reader. Those of latest date, written after she finally established herself at Venice, seem to turn very much upon the annoy-

ances she suffered from the behaviour of Mr. Murray, then the British minister there; between whom and her reigned, or rather raged, the utmost animosity. But none of the letters explain, nor are there now any means of discovering, whence the quarrel first sprung, or which of the parties was the most to blame. It certainly tells against *him* that his enmity extended to so respectable a man as her friend, Sir James Steuart of Coltness, whose situation as an exile soliciting recall must have made him more cautious of giving any real cause of offence than a free unfettered person, even if he had not been too much engrossed by his literary labours to meddle with diplomatic intrigues.

She survived her return home too short a time to afford much more matter for anecdotes. Those who could remember her arrival, spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence: yet, had her life lasted half as many years as it did months, the probability is that she would have gone abroad again; for her habits had become completely foreign in all those little circumstances, the sum of which must constitute the comfort or discomfort of every passing day. She was accustomed to foreign servants and to the

spaciousness of a foreign dwelling. Her description of the harpsichord-shaped house she inhabited in one of the streets bordering upon Hanover Square grew into a proverbial phrase: "I am most handsomely lodged," said she; "I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor." This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo. However, all earthly good and evil were very soon terminated by a fatal malady,* the growth of which she had long concealed. The fatigues she underwent in her journey to England tended to exasperate its symptoms; it increased rapidly, and before ten months were over she died in the seventy-third year of her age.

In a letter, which may be referred to, dated from Louvere, October the 2nd, 1752, Lady Mary tells her daughter that she amuses herself with writing the history of her own time, but regularly burns every sheet as soon as she has finished it. Her ac-

* Dallaway, in his memoir, ascribes Lady Mary's death to a gradual decline; and it would appear that, her disease not having been actually named in these anecdotes, that circumstance has been seized upon as warranting a suspicion of some mystery connected with it, and as evincing a design to conceal the truth. It is impossible for the editor to account for Dallaway's statement, which is certainly not a correct one. The malady of which Lady Mary died was a cancer in the breast; and its not having been so stated in these anecdotes, arose merely from its not having been considered a matter of importance or interest to any reader.—W.

count of George the First, his family, and his Hanoverian society, is evidently a fragment of that history, which, by accident, or oversight, escaped the flames; as it has neither beginning nor end, and she declares it meant solely for her own perusal. Mr. Wortley also left a fragment somewhat similar, relating to the same period, and describing the state of parties at and after the demise of Queen Anne: but his sketch, ten times more shapeless than hers, is a mere rough copy, so blotted and interlined as to be scarcely readable. He appears to have aimed chiefly at drawing a distinct line between what he calls *court* Whigs and *country* Whigs, and explaining why the latter (amongst whom he ranked himself) so constantly opposed Sir Robert Walpole. He, in short, dwells upon grave and solid politics. Lady Mary, slightly noticing these, keeps to the chapter of court-intrigue; which, in a government like ours, may possibly influence them but little, though at a certain distance of time it furnishes better entertainment to careless, idle readers. She therefore is led to give details, and portray individuals; and we must admit that her touches are (as usual) rather caustic. Her husband enters into no particulars of the kind; yet there is one remarkable point upon which the two narratives perfectly agree. We have long been taught to believe that the charge of having accepted a bribe, brought against Sir Robert Walpole in 1712, was a groundless accusation trumped up for party pur-

poses, and his expulsion from the House of Commons a flagrant instance of party malice and injustice. Nor will what is said on the subject in Swift's Journal avail much to persuade us of the contrary. But these two people, writing separately, Mr. Wortley and his wife, both thoroughly hostile to the Queen's last ministry and the parliament it swayed, both ready to condemn every proceeding sanctioned by either, do yet both mention Walpole as a man whom the clearest conviction of corrupt practices had left with a blot upon his character that nothing could efface. Whichever way truth may lie, he afterwards proved how keenly he felt the mortifying transaction; but proved it in a manner creditable to his heart,—by showing gratitude, not by seeking revenge. On his being ordered to withdraw while the house voted his commitment to prison, one personal friend only, Daniel Campbell, of Shawfield, a Scotch member, arose, went out with him, and attended him to the gates of the Tower. Sir Robert did not forget this when he was minister. Mr. Campbell, a moderate man, asked few favours for himself; but any person in whose behalf *he* could be induced to say a word, had a fairer chance of success than if patronised by the greatest and most powerful of Walpole's supporters. His paramount influence, and the consequence it gave him, are hinted at in Lord Binning's satirical ballad upon the Duke of Argyll's levee.

"——————————— When, lo!
Great Daniel showed his face.

At sight of him low bowed the peer;
Daniel vouchsafed a nod:
'I've seen Sir Robert, and 'tis done.'
'You've kept me in, by ——!'"

Mr. Wortley, writing (it appears) within a twelvemonth after the accession, says that the Regency then appointed was so chosen as to deserve and win universal approbation. Yet, before the King came over, it had split into separate factions: Lord Marlborough (*i. e.* the Duke), Lord Halifax, and Lord Townshend, each aiming at the whole power, and each trying to strengthen himself among the Tories; because it was understood that a junction between the two parties would be a thing agreeable to the new sovereign. But even the men most willing to promote this, were still for the punishment of *the criminals*; he gives the late Queen's ministers no softer name. Therefore Lord Halifax lost ground, from being suspected of a wish to save Harley; and what he lost was gained by Lord Townshend, or rather by Mr. Walpole, who had got the entire government of his brother-in-law, and rose upon his shoulders. The Tories, however, as well as the Whigs, are divided by Mr. Wortley into two classes, court and country: nay, he adds, "The country Whigs and country Tories were not very different in their notions: and nothing hindered them from joining, but the fears that each

had of the other's bringing in their whole party." While, according to him, "the court Whigs had quite lost the esteem of the nation when Lord Oxford got into power, so that the country Whigs did every thing that was done against the court during that infamous ministry;"—and he details instances at some length. He finds fault with the reigning government for several of its measures: chiefly, the long delay of the impeachments, which gave "the criminals" a material advantage; the wording of the proclamation calling a new parliament, which too openly declared it the King's wish to have none but Whigs elected, and thus exasperated the Tories without doing the Whigs much service; the gross and unusual injustice shown in trying elections; the demand of more money for the civil list; the arbitrary changes that displaced not only Tories but Whigs, if unacceptable to Mr. Walpole, and this especially in the Treasury, the commissioners of which, he says, used to be men of considerable importance, and were never dependent upon the First Lord, or nominated by him, till the time of Lord Oxford:—all these sins he lays to the charge of Walpole, "whose violence and imprudence (says the manuscript) is censured by all the Whigs but those that depend upon the court." "The chief men in place are the Speaker, Sir Richard Onslow, Mr. Aislaby, Mr. Smith, Mr. Lechmere, Mr. Boscawen, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Stanhope. Except the two last, every one of the

nine has expressed his dislike of Walpole's conduct; and these two were never reckoned among the men who were able to judge of the house of commons, or of the inclinations of the people." When the same Pulteney, no longer Walpole's friend, headed a powerful opposition against him, perhaps Mr. Wortley grew to allow him some skill in managing both the house and the people. But to let him speak on: "Mr. Walpole, who has less credit than any of the nine, is set at the head of them by Lord Townshend's favour. Lord Townshend acts against his own interest in setting up Mr. Walpole above the rest; but he was never thought to have a strong judgment, though his language and winning carriage and honest intention made all the Whigs justly wish to see him Secretary of State. Nothing could have sunk his credit with them, unless his blindness to Mr. Walpole's actions should set them against him."

Next follows, "But there may be another reason why Mr. Walpole is thus supported. Baron B. is said to take what money he can, and Mr. Walpole is the most proper man in England to assist him in getting it. Why should Baron B. join himself to a man so suspicious unless he did take it?"—and he proceeds to show how closely they are linked toge ther. Then, as Mr. Walpole "is already looked upon as the chief minister,"—and Mr. Wortley thinks him in the direct road actually to become so,—"can it," he asks, "be for the honour of the

Government to have a man marked for corruption declared first minister? Can he bear the envy of such a post?"

This account of what was passing cannot well be called *impartial*, since the writer obviously leans—does more than lean—to one side; but he sets down his real opinions, formed on the spot, and recorded only for himself: and surely it may be desirable, though but as a matter of curiosity, to learn how the facts and characters at which *we* are now looking back through the telescope of time, through the long series of years that has made them historical, appeared to the eyes of their contemporaries.

ACCOUNT

OF

THE COURT OF GEORGE I.

AT HIS ACCESSION.

BY LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

I was then in Yorkshire; Mr. Wortley had stayed in town on the account of some business, and the Queen's death detained him there. Lord Halifax, his near relation, was put at the head of the Treasury; and, willing to have the rest of the commissioners such as he thought he could depend upon, he named him for one of them. It will be surprising to add that he hesitated to accept of it, at a time when his father was alive and his present income very small: but he had certainly refused it if he had not been persuaded to it by a rich old uncle of mine, Lord Pierrepont, whose fondness for me gave him expectations of a large legacy.

The new court with all their train was arrived before I left the country. The Duke of Marlborough was returned in a sort of triumph, with the apparent merit of having suffered for his fidelity in the succession, and was reinstated in his office of general, &c. In short, all people who had suffered any hardship or disgrace during the late ministry

would have it believed that it was occasioned by their attachment to the House of Hanover. Even Mr. Walpole, who had been sent to the Tower for a piece of bribery proved upon him, was called a confessor to the cause. But he had another piece of good luck that yet more contributed to his advancement: he had a very handsome sister, whose folly had lost her reputation in London; but the yet greater folly of Lord Townshend, who happened to be a neighbour in Norfolk to Mr. Walpole, had occasioned his being drawn in to marry her some months before the Queen died.

Lord Townshend had that sort of understanding which commonly makes men honest in the first part of their lives; they follow the instruction of their tutor, and, till somebody thinks it worth while to show them a new path, go regularly on in the road where they are set. Lord Townshend had then been many years an excellent husband to a sober wife, a kind master to all his servants and dependants, a serviceable relation whenever it was in his power, and followed the instinct of nature in being fond of his children. Such a sort of behaviour without any glaring absurdity, either in prodigality or avarice, always gains a man the reputation of reasonable and honest; and this was his character when the Earl of Godolphin sent him envoy to the States; not doubting but he would be faithful to his orders, without giving himself the trouble of criticizing on them, which is what all ministers wish in an envoy. Robotun, a French refugee,

(secretary to Bernstoff, one of the Elector of Hanover's ministers,) happened to be at the Hague, and was civilly received by Lord Townshend, who treated him at his table with the English hospitality; and he was charmed with a reception which his birth and education did not entitle him to. Lord Townshend was recalled when the Queen changed her ministry; his wife died, and he retired into the country, where (as I have said before) Walpole had art enough to make him marry his sister Dolly. At that time, I believe, he did not propose much more advantage by the match than to get rid of a girl that lay heavy on his hands.

When King George ascended the throne, he was surrounded by all his German ministers and play-fellows male and female. Baron Goritz was the most considerable among them both for birth and fortune. He had managed the King's treasury, for thirty years, with the utmost fidelity and economy; and had the true German honesty, being a plain, sincere, and unambitious man. Bernstoff the secretary was of a different turn. He was avaricious, artful, and designing; and had got his share in the King's councils by bribing his women. Robotun was employed in these matters, and had the sanguine ambition of a Frenchman. He resolved there should be an English ministry of his choosing; and, knowing none of them personally but Townshend, he had not failed to recommend him to his master, and his master to the King, as the only proper person for the important post of Se-

cretary of State; and he entered upon that office with universal applause, having at that time a very popular character, which he might probably have retained for ever if he had not been entirely governed by his wife and her brother Robert Walpole, whom he immediately advanced to be Paymaster, esteemed a post of exceeding profit, and very necessary for his indebted estate.

But he had yet higher views, or rather he found it necessary to move higher, lest he should not be able to keep that. The Earl of Wharton, now Marquis, both hated and despised him. His large estate, the whole income of which was spent in the service of the party, and his own parts, made him considerable; though his profligate life lessened that weight that a more regular conduct would have given him.

Lord Halifax, who was now advanced to the dignity of Earl, and graced with the Garter, and First Commissioner of the Treasury, treated him with contempt. The Earl of Nottingham, who had the real merit of having renounced the ministry in Queen Anne's reign, when he thought they were going to alter the succession, was not to be reconciled to Walpole, whom he looked upon as stigmatized for corruption.

The Duke of Marlborough, who in his old age was making the same figure at court that he did when he first came into it,—I mean, bowing and smiling in the antechamber while Townshend was

in the closet,—was not, however, pleased with Walpole, who began to behave to him with the insolence of new favour; and his Duchess, who never restrained her tongue in her life, used to make public jokes of the beggary she first knew him in, when her caprice gave him a considerable place, against the opinion of Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough.

To balance these, he had introduced some friends of his own, by his recommendation to Lord Townshend (who did nothing but by his instigation). Colonel Stanhope was made the other Secretary of State. He had been unfortunate in Spain, and there did not want those who attributed it to ill conduct; but he was called generous, brave, true to his friends, and had an air of probity which prejudiced the world in his favour.

The King's character may be comprised in very few words. In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead; and Fortune, that made him a king, added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty, and shortened his days. No man was ever more free from ambition; he loved money, but loved to keep his own, without being rapacious of other men's. He would have grown rich by saving, but was incapable of laying schemes for getting; he was more properly dull than lazy, and would have been so well contented to have remained in his little town of Hanover, that if the ambition of those about him had not

been greater than his own, we should never have seen him in England; and the natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of the people about him, in that, as in every action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age of learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him, which he neither tried to understand, nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavoured it. He was passively good-natured, and wished all mankind enjoyed quiet, if they would let him do so. The mistress that followed him hither was so much of his own temper, that I do not wonder at the engagement between them. She was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure at Hanover almost forty years, (for she came hither at threescore,) without meddling in any affairs of the electorate; content with the small pension he allowed her, and the honour of his visits when he had nothing else to do, which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England, who, she thought, were accustomed to use their kings barbarously, might chop off his head in the first fortnight; and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril

of coming hither without knowing where to pass his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women, free from business. But Madame Kilmansegg saved him from this misfortune. She was told that Mademoiselle Schulenberg scrupled this terrible journey; and took the opportunity of offering her service to his Majesty, who willingly accepted of it; though he did not offer to facilitate it to her by the payment of her debts, which made it very difficult for her to leave Hanover without the permission of her creditors. But she was a woman of wit and spirit, and knew very well of what importance this step was to her fortune. She got out of the town in disguise, and made the best of her way in a post-chaise to Holland, from whence she embarked with the King, and arrived at the same time with him in England; which was enough to make her called his mistress, or at least so great a favourite that the whole court began to pay her uncommon respect.

This lady deserves I should be a little particular in her character, there being something in it worth speaking of. She was past forty: she had never been a beauty, but certainly very agreeable in her person when adorned by youth; and had once appeared so charming to the King, that it was said the divorce and ruin of his beautiful Princess, the Duke of Zell's daughter, was owing to the hopes her mother (who was declared mistress to the King's father, and all-powerful in his court,) had of setting

her daughter in her place; and that the project did not succeed, by the passion which Madame Kilmansegg took for M. Kilmansegg, who was son of a merchant of Hamburgh, and, after having a child by him, there was nothing left for her but to marry him. Her ambitious mother ran mad with the disappointment, and died in that deplorable manner, leaving 40,000 pounds, which she had heaped by the favour of the Elector, to this daughter; which was very easily squandered by one of her temper. She was both luxurious and generous, devoted to her pleasures, and seemed to have taken Lord Rochester's resolution of avoiding all sorts of self-denial. She had a greater vivacity in conversation than ever I knew in a German of either sex. She loved reading, and had a taste of all polite learning. Her humour was easy and sociable. Her constitution inclined her to gallantry. She was well-bred and amusing in company. She knew both how to please and be pleased, and had experience enough to know it was hard to do either without money. Her unlimited expenses had left her with very little remaining, and she made what haste she could to make advantage of the opinion the English had of her power with the King, by receiving the presents that were made her from all quarters; and which she knew very well must cease when it was known that the King's idleness carried him to her lodgings without either regard for her advice, or affec-

tion for her person, which time and very bad paint had left without any of the charms which had once attracted him. His best-beloved mistress remained still at Hanover, which was the beautiful Countess of Platen.

Perhaps it will be thought a digression in this place to tell the story of his amour with her; but, as I write only for myself, I shall always think I am at liberty to make what digressions I think fit, proper or improper; besides that in my opinion nothing can set the King's character in a clearer light. That lady was married to Madame Kilmansegg's brother, the most considerable man in Hanover for birth and fortune; and her beauty was as far beyond that of any of the other women that appeared. However, the King saw her every day without taking notice of it, and contented himself with his habitual commerce with Mademoiselle Schulenberg.

In those little courts there is no distinction of much value but what arises from the favour of the Prince; and Madame Platen saw with great indignation that all her charms were passed over unregarded; and she took a method to get over this misfortune which would never have entered into the head of a woman of sense, and yet which met with wonderful success. She asked an audience of his Highness, who granted it without guessing what she meant by it; and she told him that as nobody could refuse her the first rank in

that place, it was very mortifying to see his Highness not show her any mark of favour; and, as no person could be more attached to his person than herself, she begged with tears in her fine eyes that he would alter his behaviour to her. The Elector, very much astonished at this complaint, answered that he did not know any reason he had given her to believe he was wanting in respect for her, and that he thought her not only the greatest lady, but the greatest beauty of the court. "If that be true, sire," replied she sobbing, "why do you pass all your time with Mademoiselle Schulenberg, while I hardly receive the honour of a visit from you?" His Highness promised to mend his manners, and from that time was very assiduous in waiting upon her. This ended in a fondness, which her husband disliked so much that he parted with her; and she had the glory of possessing the heart and person of her master, and to turn the whole stream of courtiers that used to attend Mademoiselle Schulenberg to her side. However, he did not break with his first love, and often went to her apartment to cut paper, which was his chief employment there; which the Countess of Platen easily permitted him, having often occasion for his absence. She was naturally gallant; and, after having thus satisfied her ambition, pursued her warmer inclinations.

Young Craggs came about this time to Hanover, where his father sent him to take a view of that

court in his tour of travelling. He was in his first bloom of youth and vigour; and had so strong an appearance of that perfection, that it was called beauty by the generality of women: though in my opinion there was a coarseness in his face and shape that had more the air of a porter than a gentleman; and, if Fortune had not interposed her almighty power, he might by his birth have appeared in that figure; his father being nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordant, the gallant Duchess of Norfolk, who had always half a dozen intrigues to manage. Some servant must always be trusted in affairs of that kind, and James Craggs had the good fortune to be chosen for that purpose. She found him both faithful and discreet, and he was soon advanced to the dignity of valet-de-chambre.

King James II. had an amour with her after he was upon the throne, and respected the Queen enough to endeavour to keep it entirely from her knowledge. James Craggs was the messenger between the King and the Duchess, and did not fail to make the best use of so important a trust. He scraped a great deal of money from the bounty of this royal lover, and was too inconsiderable to be hurt by his ruin; and did not concern himself much for that of his mistress, which by lower intrigues happened soon after. This fellow, from the report of all parties, and even from that of his professed

enemies, had a very uncommon genius; a head well turned for calculation; great industry; and [*was*] so just an observer of the world, that the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation.

The Duke of Marlborough, who was sensible how well he was qualified for affairs that required secrecy, employed him as his procurer both for women and money; and he acquitted himself so well of these trusts as to please his master, and yet raise a considerable fortune, by turning his money in the public funds, the secret of which came often to his knowledge by the Duke's employing him. He had this only son, whom he looked on with the partiality of a parent; and resolved to spare nothing in his education that could add to his figure.

Young Craggs had great vivacity, a happy memory, and flowing elocution; he was brave and generous; and had an appearance of open-heartedness in his manner that gained him a universal good-will, if not a universal esteem. It is true, there appeared a heat and want of judgment in all his words and actions, which did not make him very valuable in the eyes of cool judges, but Madame Platen was not of that number. His youth and fire made him appear a conquest worthy her charms, and her charms made her appear very well worthy his passionate addresses. Two people so well dis-

posed towards each other were very soon in the closest engagement; and the first proof Madame Platen gave him of her affection was introducing him to the favour of the Elector, who took it on her word that he was a young man of extraordinary merit, and he named him for Cofferer at his first accession to the crown of England, and I believe it was the only place that he then disposed of from any inclination of his own. This proof of Madame Platen's favour hindered her coming hither.

Bernstoff was afraid she might meddle in the disposition of places that he was willing to keep in his own hands; and he represented to the King that the Roman Catholic religion that she professed was an insuperable objection to her appearance at the court of England, at least so early; but he gave her private hopes that things might be so managed as to make her admittance easy when the King was settled in his new dominions. And with this hope she consented without much concern to let him go without her; not reflecting that weak minds lose all impressions by even short absences. But as her own understanding did not furnish her with very great refinements, she was troubled with none of the fears that would have affected a stronger head, and had too good an opinion of her own beauty to believe anything in England could efface it; while Madame Kilmansegg attached herself to the one thing necessary,—getting what money she

could by the sale of places, and the credulity of those who thought themselves very politic in securing her favour.

Lord Halifax was one of this number; his ambition was unbounded, and he aimed at no less than the Treasurer's staff, and thought himself in a fine road for it by furnishing Madame Kilmansegg both with money and a lover. Mr. Methuen was the man he picked out for that purpose. He was one of the Lords of the Treasury; he was handsome and well-made; he had wit enough to be able to affect any part he pleased, and a romantic turn in his conversation that could entertain a lady with as many adventures as Othello,—and it is no ill way of gaining Desdemonas. Women are very apt to take their lover's characters from their own mouths; and if you will believe Mr. Methuen's account of himself, neither Artamenes nor Oroondates ever had more valour, honour, constancy, and discretion. Half of these bright qualities were enough to charm Madame Kilmansegg; and they were very soon in the strictest familiarity, which continued for different reasons, to the pleasure of both parties, till the arrival of Mademoiselle Schulenberg, which was hastened by the German ministers, who envied the money accumulated by Madame Kilmansegg, which they longed to turn into another channel; which they thought would be more easily drawn into their own hands. They took care to inform Mademoiselle Schulenberg of

the fond reception all the Germans met with in England, and gave her a view of the immense fortune that waited her here. This was enough to cure her fears, and she arrived accompanied by a young niece who had already made some noise at Hanover. She had projected the conquest of the Prince of Wales, and had so far succeeded as to obtain his favours for some months; but the Princess, who dreaded a rival to her power, soon put an end to the correspondence, and she was no longer possessed of his good graces when he came hither.

I have not yet given the character of the Prince. The fire of his temper appeared in every look and gesture; which, being unhappily under the direction of a small understanding, was every day throwing him upon some indiscretion. He was naturally sincere, and his pride told him that he was placed above constraint; not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behaviour than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was so far from being of that opinion, that he looked on all the men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion; and, whenever he met with any opposition in those designs, he thought his opposers insolent rebels to the will of God, who created them for his use, and judged of the merit of all people by their ready submission to his orders, or the relation they had to his power. And in this view he looked upon the Princess as the

most meritorious of her sex; and she took care to keep him in that sentiment by all the arts she was mistress of. He had married her by inclination; his good-natured father had been so complaisant as to let him choose a wife for himself. She was of the house of Anspach, and brought him no great addition either of money or alliance; but was at that time esteemed a German beauty, and had that genius which qualified her for the government of a fool, and made her despicable in the eyes of men of sense; I mean a low cunning, which gave her an inclination to cheat all the people she conversed with, and often cheated herself in the first place, by showing her the wrong side of her interest, not having understanding enough to observe that falsehood in conversation, like red on the face, should be used very seldom and very sparingly, or they destroy that interest and beauty which they are designed to heighten.

Her first thought on her marriage was to secure to herself the sole and whole direction of her spouse; and to that purpose she counterfeited the most extravagant fondness for his person; yet, at the same time, so devoted to his pleasures, (which she often told him were the rule of all her thoughts and actions,) that whenever he thought proper to find them with other women, she even loved whoever was instrumental to his entertainment, and never resented any thing but what appeared to her a want of respect for him; and in this light she really

could not help taking notice that the presents made to her on her wedding were not worthy of his bride, and at least she ought to have had all his mother's jewels. This was enough to make him lose all respect for his indulgent father. He downright abused his ministers, and talked impertinently to his old grandmother the Princess Sophia; which ended in such a coldness towards all his family as left him entirely under the government of his wife.

The indolent Elector contented himself with showing his resentment by his silence towards him; and this was the situation the family first appeared in when they came into England. This behaviour did not, however, hinder schemes being laid by various persons of gratifying their ambition, or making their fortunes, by particular attachments to each of the royal family.

ON THE STATE OF PARTY

AT

THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE I.

BY MR. WORTLEY.

As soon as the Queen was dead, the palace of St. James's was filled with the Whigs, who were impatient to see the choice of the Regency. When the names were known, it had the universal approbation of all men except a few friends of my Lord Sunderland, my Lord Somers, and my Lord Wharton. But Lords Sunderland and Wharton were very wisely left out, having been too violent and too odious to a great part of the nation. The Regency had not been long met but there began to be two or three parties among them; and, before the King came, it was pretty publicly known that Lord Marlborough, Lord Townshend, and Lord Halifax, did each of them aim at the whole power; and, because they had heard that the King's inclination was to have a mixture of Whigs and Tories, each of these then endeavoured to strengthen himself by an addition of Tories; being all of them ready enough to drop their friends the Whigs, who had been all along so zealous for the succession. My Lord

Townshend had the good fortune to be joined with the best of the Tories, my Lord N———.

It was very extraordinary to see a cabinet council chosen out of the Whigs, and yet many of the best places in the House of Commons offered to the Tories; which looks as if the Lords were satisfied with getting places for themselves, and showed their ingratitude towards the Commons, who had done everything in the late reign; but my Lord Townshend got the better.

My Lord Marlborough was justly blamed for endeavouring to put his officers of the army into all the civil places; and my Lord Halifax, for giving too much reason to suspect he was willing to save Oxford; and he was indiscreet enough to do this, though Mr. G———, who was said to be for the scheme of mixing Whigs and Tories, declared to all he met that the criminals ought to be punished: so that it was plain that Lord Halifax's design of favouring Harley could not be with the King's approbation, every one of his German ministers declaring openly against it. The suspicion of Lord Halifax's being too much Oxford's friend, for which he gave too much reason, was the occasion of all the wrong steps that may have been taken. For whenever Mr. Walpole, who had got the entire government of Lord Townshend, had a mind to take any violent step, though never so disgusting to the people, he was sure to carry his point. If my Lord Halifax said anything against it, he was said to speak in

favour of the Tories; if any other spoke against it, it was said he was of my Lord Halifax's party; so that no one could have a fair hearing but himself; and he was certainly in this particular to be preferred before Lord Halifax, that no one suspected his being a friend to the Tories, for whom the King seemed to have no inclination after Sir Thomas Hanmer had been weak enough to refuse his favour.

Lord Halifax seldom could gain his point, though he was never so much in the right. Mr. Walpole carried everything, though he was never so much in the wrong.

Before the opening of the session, Mr. Walpole was in full power; and when the places of consequence were to be disposed of, Mr. Walpole named as many as he thought fit, striking out of the list presented by the Treasury to the King, not only Tories, but Whigs, when he wanted to put others in their places; and at a debate, at which eight of the cabinet and about as many commoners were present, Mr. Walpole carried it that the books, letters, and papers on which the late ministers were to be impeached, should not be read till the orders were made. Mr. Walpole pretends he did not think Lord Halifax was to be trusted with them. But most people are of opinion Mr. Walpole wanted to have the whole credit of the management of this affair, and, by knowing more of these papers, to seem an able talker and writer.

He might, if he had pleased, have produced papers to impeach the guilty in the first week of the session; but, instead of that, he delayed his report four months after the session was begun, to make it so much the *finer*. The whole body of the Whigs were impatient to have the impeachment begin, and foresaw that the criminals might make great advantage of this delay. So that this delay, and all the ill consequences attending it, are justly charged upon the imprudence of Mr. Walpole.

It was owing to him that, in the proclamation for choosing the parliament, it was declared in pretty strong terms that it was the King's desire that Whigs should be chosen; and was an open declaration that no Tories were to have any share in the King's favour, which could not but exasperate *them*, and certainly was not the occasion of any number of *Whigs* being chosen, more than would have been without it. The Whigs that had no dealings with the court, generally disliked it.

It was owing to him that the King asked more money for the civil list; which gave the Tories a great advantage over the Whigs, and which all the Whigs were sorry for but those who depended upon the court. Had it been proper to make an addition in the first session, it would have come much more properly from the House of Commons.

It was plain, before the parliament met, that they were ready to do what the King pleased, so that whatever was obtained was not owing to any par-

ticular man; nor could any man, or any set of Whigs, be considerable enough to put off anything that the King would have done; and the only question was, what was fit to be done, and in what manner. It appears, by what has happened, many things have not been managed as they should be; and the heat of many Tories in the country, and the indifference of many Whigs, is owing to a wrong conduct.

The injustice shown in trying of elections has perhaps this sessions been greater than ever.

Mr. Walpole's violence and imprudence is censured by all the Whigs but those who depend upon the court; and among these all the chief, except one or two (who are not reckoned among the men of good judgment) under his conduct. The chief men in place are the Speaker, Sir Richard Onslow, Mr. Boscawen, Mr. Aislaby, Mr. Smith, Mr. Lechmere, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Pulteney, Mr. Stanhope. Except the two last, every one of these nine has expressed his dislike of Mr. Walpole's conduct; and these two were never reckoned among the men who were able to judge of the House of Commons, or of the inclinations of the people. Neither has been much versed in the business of the House; and Mr. Stanhope has made many remarkable false steps in managing the business of the House.

So that had the King taken the opinion of the principal members of the House before any business of moment was proposed, which was the method

constantly used by King William, affairs would certainly have been managed in a different way.

Mr. W., who has less credit than any of the nine, is set at the head of them by Lord T.'s favour. Lord T., that was never of the H. himself, thinks Mr. W. understands it better than anybody, because he knows more of it than himself. Mr. Rer. and Mr. B. seem entirely joined with Lord T. and Mr. W.; so that whatever the King hears from B. or B. or Lord T., are commonly the words put into their mouths by Mr. W.*

Lord T. acts much against his own interest in setting up Mr. W. above the rest; but Lord T. was never thought to have a strong judgment, though his language and winning carriage and honest intention made all the Whigs justly wish to see him Secretary of State. He is the fittest man for it in the House of Lords; nothing could have sunk his credit, or can ever make the Whigs see him changed, unless his blindness towards Mr. W.'s actions should set them against him, as it has made them less for him than they would have been otherwise. Mr. Stanhope, who has doubled

* The blanks in this paragraph after the letters W. and T. are evidently to be filled up by the names of Walpole and Townshend; but the whole paragraph is now given precisely as it stands in the original. Who the "Rer." alluded to is, the editor can only guess at. George I. had a French secretary called Robethon. Count Bernstoff and Baron Bothman were two of his Hanoverian ministers, who were with him in England; and the two B.'s probably allude to those persons.—W.

his fortune in one year, as he thinks, by the favour of Lord Townshend, will always second what he does; and perhaps his want of judgment, or want of skill in the House of Commons, may give him a great opinion of Mr. Walpole. Of the nine above named, four or five who differ from [*him*] in this point have been always reckoned above him in judgment; so that what he says are commonly Mr. Walpole's words.

There may be another reason Mr. Walpole is so supported.

Baron B. is said to take what money he can. Mr. W. is the most proper man in England to assist him in getting it; and why should Baron B. join himself with a man so suspicious, unless he did take it? There are very strong circumstances for suspecting B. has got great sums, and is known to be the director of B.; and, indeed, this alliance is so well known, that no man ever says anything of Mr. W. except in praise of him, to any of them.*

Mr. Walpole is already looked upon as the chief minister, made so by Lord Townshend; and when he is in the Treasury, it will be thought that

* In the first edition of this volume, a blank was left at this place, and a note appended stating that that blank should be supplied by the name of Walpole. Upon referring to the original paper, however, it appears that there is in fact no blank in that place, and the whole paragraph is now printed exactly as it stands in that paper. In this paragraph also, the W is clearly to be filled up by Walpole; but, as it stands, the passage respecting B. and B. does not appear very intelligible.—W.

the King has declared him so. The Duke of Albemarle Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Clifford, afterwards Treasurer, were all Commissioners at a time. In King William's [*reign*] Lord Godolphin was third Commissioner of the Treasury after having been Secretary of State. Lord Montague was one of the seven Regents in King William's absence. Great men have generally been of the Treasury; and when a Commissioner of the Treasury has equal favour with any of the other ministers, he will be first minister.

Can it be for the honour of the Government to have a man marked for corruption declared first minister? Can he bear the envy of having such a post? especially when he has already the places of two Paymasters, and a place for his uncle, though a Tory.

If he is to be in it (*the treasury*), is it reasonable he should make all the rest?

The Commissioners of the Treasury have commonly been all men of great figure, and independent of one another, chose by the King's favour.

If the list of the Commissioners of the Treasury in King William's time be looked over, it is plain he chose men not likely to be of the same opinion; in King Charles's time it was plainly so too.

My Lord Oxford was the first commissioner that chose all his brethren, and it is plain what was the ill consequence of giving him so uncontrolled a power.

If there be one or two in the commission who are not of Mr. Walpole's choosing, they cannot hinder any of his projects, so that they can do no harm; and can do no good but to inform the King of his affairs. This is what Mr. Walpole will endeavour to prevent all he can.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BEFORE THE YEAR

1717.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BEFORE THE YEAR 1717.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

May 2, 1707.

I HOPE, my dear Mrs. Wortley, that you are so just to me, to believe I could not leave the town without seeing you; but very much against my own inclination, I am now at Thorsby. Our journey has been very bad; but in my opinion, the worst part of it was—going from you. I hope you intend to be kinder to me this summer, than you were the last. There needs nothing to keep up the remembrance of you in my heart; but, I would not think of you, and think you forget me. Farewell, my dear. My letter should be longer, if it were possible to make it so without repetition; but I have already told you I love you, and implored you not to forget me, which (as I hope to breathe) is all I have to say.

M. P.

TO LADY ——

HAVING (like other undeserving people) a vast opinion of my own merits, and some small faith in

your sincerity, I believed it impossible you should forget me, and therefore very impudently expected a long letter from you this morning; but Heaven, which you know delights in abasing the proud, has, I find, decreed no such thing; and notwithstanding my vanity and your vows, I begin to fancy myself forgotten; and this epistle comes, in humble manner, to kiss your hands, and petition for the scanty alms of one little visit, though never so short: pray, Madam, for God's sake, have pity on a poor prisoner —one little visit—so may God send you a fine husband, continuance of beauty, &c.; but if you deny my request, and make a jest of my tenderness (which, between friends, I do think a little upon the ridiculous), I do vow never to——; but I had better not vow, for I shall certainly love you, do what you will—though I beg you would not tell some certain people of that fond expression, who will infallibly advise you to follow the abominable maxims of, no answer, ill-treatment, and so forth, not considering that such conduct is full as base as beating a poor wretch who has his hands tied; and mercy to the distressed is a mark of divine goodness. Upon which godly consideration I hope you will afford a small visit to your disconsolate

M. Pierrepont.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.*

Ash Wednesday, 1709.

This comes to inquire after your health in the first place? and if there be any hopes of the recovery of my diamond? If not I must content myself with reckoning it one of the mortifications proper to this devout time, and it may serve for a motive of humiliation. Is not this the right temper, with which we ought to bear losses which——?

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

July 21, 1709.

How often (my dear Mrs. Wortley) must I assure you that your letters are ever agreeable and beyond expression welcome to me? Depend upon it, that I reckon the correspondence you favour me with, too great a happiness, to neglect it; there is no dangers of your fault, I rather fear to grow troublesome by my acknowledgments. I will not believe you flatter me, I will look upon what you

* Mrs. Wortley was Anne Wortley, the second daughter of the Honourable Sydney Wortley Montagu, the second son of the first Lord Sandwich, who, upon his marriage with the only daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Wortley, was obliged by Sir Francis's will to take his name. Mrs. Anne Wortley was the favourite sister of Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. Lady Mary's husband.

say as an obliging mark of your partiality. How happy must I think myself when I fancy your friendship to me even great enough to overpower your judgment! I am afraid this is one of the pleasures of the imagination, and I cannot be so very successful in so earnest and important a wish. This letter is excessively dull. Do you know it is from my vast desire of pleasing you, as there is nothing more frequent than for the voice to falter when people sing before judges, or, as those arguments are always worst where the orator is in a passion. Believe me, I could scribble three sheets to —— (I must not name), but to twenty people that have not so great a share of my esteem, and whose friendship is not so absolutely necessary for my happiness, but am quite at a loss to you. I will not commend your letters (let them deserve never so much), because I will shew you 'tis possible for me to forbear what I have mind to, when I know 'tis your desire I should do so. My dear, dear, adieu! I am entirely yours, and wish nothing more than that it may be some time or other in my power to convice you that there is nobody dearer than yourself to

M. Pierrepont.

I am horridly ashamed of this letter, pray Heaven you may not think it too inconsiderable to be laughed at—that may be.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

August 8, 1709.

I SHALL run mad—with what heart can people write, when they believe their letters will never be received? I have already writ you a very long scrawl, but it seems it never came to your hands; I cannot bear to be accused of coldness by one whom I shall love all my life. This will, perhaps, miscarry as the last did; how unfortunate am I if it does! You will think I forget you, who are never out of my thoughts. You will fancy me stupid enough to neglect your letters, when they are the only pleasures of my solitude: in short, you will call me ungrateful and insensible, when I esteem you as I ought, in esteeming you above all the world. If I am not quite so unhappy as I imagine, and you do receive this, let me know it as soon as you can; for till then I shall be in terrible uneasiness; and let me beg you for the future, if you do not receive letters very constantly from me, imagine the post-boy killed, imagine the mail burnt, or some other strange accident; you can imagine nothing so impossible as that I forget you, my dear Mrs. Wortley. I know no pretence I have to your good opinion but my hearty desiring it; I wish I had that imagination you talk of, to render me a fitter correspondent for you, who can write so well on every thing. I am now so much alone, I have leisure to pass whole days in reading, but am

not at all proper for so delicate an employment as chusing you books. Your own fancy will better direct you. My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master; I am not certain (and dare hardly hope) I shall make any great progress; but I find the study so diverting, I am not only easy, but pleased with the solitude that indulges it. I forget there is such a place as London, and wish for no company but yours. You see, my dear, in making my pleasures consist of these unfashionable diversions, I am not of the number who cannot be easy out of the mode. I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world, than in following our own inclinations—Nature is seldom in the wrong, custom always; it is with some regret I follow it in all the impertinencies of dress; the compliance is so trivial it comforts me; but I am amazed to see it consulted even in the most important occasions of our lives; and that people of good sense in other things can make their happiness consist in the opinions of others, and sacrifice every thing in the desire of appearing in fashion. I call all people who fall in love with furniture, clothes, and equipage, of this number, and I look upon them as no less in the wrong than when they were five years old, and doated on shells, pebbles, and hobby-horses: I believe you will expect this letter to be dated from the other world, for sure I am you never heard an inhabitant

of this talk so before. I suppose you expect, too, I should conclude with begging pardon for this extreme tedious and very nonsensical letter; quite contrary, I think you will be obliged to me for it. I could not better show my great concern for your reproaching me with neglect I knew myself innocent of, than proving myself mad in three pages.

My sister says a great deal about Mrs. K.; but besides my having forgot it, the paper is at an end.

TO THE LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

August 20th, 1709.

Dear Lady Mary will pardon my vanity; I could not forbear reading to a Cambridge Doctor that was with me, a few of those lines that did not make me happy till this week: where you talk of dictionaries and grammars, he stopped me, and said, "the reason why you had more wit than any man, was, that your mind had never been encumbered with any of these tedious authors; that Cowley never submitted to the rules of grammar, and therefore excelled all of his own time in learning, as well as in wit; that without them, you would read with pleasure in two or three months; but that if you persisted in the use of them, you would throw away your Latin in a year or two, and the commonwealth would have reason to mourn; whereas, if I could prevail with you, it would be bound to thank you for a brighter ornament than any it can boast of." It is not be-

cause I am public-spirited, that I could not delay telling you what I believed would make you succeed in your attempt; nor can I positively affirm it proceeds from fondness, but rather admiration. I think I love you too well to envy you; but the love of one's self is in all so powerful, that it may be a doubt whether the most violent passion would prevail with me to forward you in the pursuit, did I imagine you wanted that accomplishment to set you above me. But since, without any addition, as you now are I know there is so little hopes of coming near you, that if I loved you not at all, I should not be averse to raising you higher; nor can all the good things you say of me make me think the distance to be less, and yet I must own they are very pleasing, notwithstanding you say that when you wrote this last you were *mad,* which brings to my mind the other in which you say you are *dull,* so that you own when you are *yourself,* you have no such thoughts of me. Nay, should you in another, to convince me that you are in an interval, by being sensible that those shining qualities in you were designed to give splendour to a court, please the multitude, and do honour to nature,—should you tell me your recovery of your reason had not altered your opinion of me, there would still be a scruple; and yet in spite of that too, your compliments would please. You may remember you once told me it was as easy to write kindly to a hobby-horse, as to a woman, nay, or a

man. I should know too how diverting a scene it is (I forgot where I met with it, but you can tell me) to make a ploughman sit on a throne, and fancy he is an emperor. However, 'tis a cheat so pleasing, I cannot help indulging it; and to keep off the evil day as long as I can of being deceived, shall remain with truth and passion,

Yours,

ANNE WORTLEY.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

Aug. 21, 1709.

WHEN I said it cost nothing to write tenderly, I believe I spoke of another sex; I am sure not of myself: 'tis not in my power (I would to God it was!) to hide a kindness where I have one, or dissemble it where I have none. I cannot help answering your letter this minute, and telling you I infinitely love you, though, it may be, you 'll call the one impertinence, and the other dissimulation; but you may think what you please of me, I must eternally think the same things of you.

I hope my dear Mrs. Wortley's shewing my letter is in the same strain as her compliments, all meant for raillery, and I am not to take it as a thing really so; but I 'll give you as serious an answer as if 'twas all true.——

When Mr. Cowley and other people (for I know

several have learnt after the same manner) were in places where they had opportunity of being learned by word of mouth, I don't see any violent necessity of printed rules; but being where, from the top of the house to the bottom, not a creature in it understands so much as even good English, without the help of a dictionary or inspiration, I know no way of attaining to any language. Despairing of the last, I am forced to make use of the other, though I do verily believe I shall return to London the same ignorant soul I went from it; but the study is a present amusement. I must own I have vanity enough to fancy, if I had any body with me, without much trouble perhaps I might read.

What do you mean by complaining I never write to you in the quiet situation of mind I do to other people? My dear, people never write calmly, but when they write indifferently. That I should ever do so to you, I take to be entirely impossible; I must be always very much pleased, or in very great affliction, as you tell me of your friendship, or unkindly doubt mine. I can never allow even prudence and sincerity to have any thing to do with one another, at least I have always found it so in myself, who being devoted to the one, had never the least tincture of the other. What I am now doing, is a very good proof of what I say, 'tis a plain undesigning truth—your friendship is the only happiness of my life; and whenever I lose it, I have nothing to do but to take one of my garters and

search for a convenient beam. You see how absolutely necessary it is for me to preserve it. Prudence is at the very time saying to me, Are you mad, you won't send this dull, tedious, insipid, long letter to Mrs. Wortley, will you? 'tis the direct way to tire out her patience: if she serves you as you deserve, she will first laugh very heartily, then tear the letter, and never answer it, purely to avoid the plague of such another: will her good-nature for ever resist her judgment?—I hearken to these counsels, I allow 'em to be good, and then—I act quite contrary. No consideration can hinder me from telling you, my dear dear Mrs. Wortley, no body ever was so entirely, so faithfully yours as

M. P.

I put in your lovers, for I don't allow it possible for a man to be so sincere as I am; if there was such a thing, though, you would find it; I submit therefore to your judgment.

I had forgot to tell you that I writ a long letter, directed to Peterborough, last post; I hope you 'll have it:—you see I forgot your judgment, to depend upon your goodness.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

Aug. 21, 1709.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qua-

lities, you so generously bestow upon me. Next to receiving them from Heaven, you are the person from whom I would chuse to receive gifts and graces: I am very well satisfied to owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there; imagination is boundless. After giving me imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passions, and you tell me I 'm in love: if I am, 'tis a perfect sin of ignorance, for I don't so much as know the man's name: I have been studying these three hours, and cannot guess who you mean. I passed the days of Nottingham races at Thorsby, without seeing or even wishing to see one of the sex. Now, if I am in love, I have very hard fortune to conceal it so industriously from my own knowledge, and yet discover it so much to other people. 'Tis against all form to have such a passion as that, without giving one sigh for the matter. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts, and teach it to the echo. You see, being I am in love, I am willing to be so in order and rule; I have been turning over God knows how many books to look for precedents. Recommend an example to me; and, above all, let me know whether 'tis most proper to walk in the woods, encreasing the winds with my sighs, or

to sit by a purling stream, swelling the rivulet with my tears; may be, both may do well in their turns:—but to be a minute serious, what do you mean by this reproach of inconstancy? I confess you give me several good qualities I have not, and I am ready to thank you for them, but then you must not take away those few I have. No, I will never exchange them: take back the beauty and wit you bestow upon me, leave me my own mediocrity of agreeableness and genius, but leave me also my sincerity, my constancy, and my plain dealing; 'tis all I have to recommend me to the esteem either of others or myself. How should I despise myself if I could think I was capable of either inconstancy or deceit! I know not how I may appear to other people, nor how much my face may belie my heart, but I know that I never was or can be guilty of dissimulation or inconstancy—you will think this vain, but 'tis all that I pique myself upon. Tell me you believe me and repent of your harsh censure. Tell it me in pity to my uneasiness, for you are one of those few people about whose good opinion I am in pain. I have always took so little care to please the generality of the world, that I am never mortified or delighted by its reports, which is a piece of stoicism born with me; but I cannot be one minute easy while you think ill of

Your faithful

M. P.

This letter is a good deal grave, and, like other grave things, dull; but I won't ask pardon for what I can't help.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

Sept. 5, 1709.

My dear Mrs. Wortley, as she has the entire power of raising, can also, with a word, calm my passions. The kindness of your last recompenses me for the injustice of your former letter; but you cannot sure be angry at my little resentment. You have read that a man who, with patience, hears himself called heretic, can never be esteemed a good Christian. To be capable of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley, is as ridiculous, if not as criminal, as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf. Don't tell me any body ever had so mean an opinion of my inclinations; 'tis among the number of those things I would forget. My tenderness is always built upon my esteem, and when the foundation perishes, it falls: I must own, I think it is so with every body—but enough of this: you tell me it was meant for raillery—was not the kindness meant so too? I fear I am too apt to think what is amusement designed in earnest—no matter, 'tis for my repose to be deceived, and I will believe whatever you tell me.

I should be very glad to be informed of a right method, or whether there is such a thing alone, but

am afraid to ask the question. It may be reasonably called presumption in a girl to have her thoughts that way. You are the only creature that I have made my confidante in that case: I 'll assure you, I call it the greatest secret of my life. Adieu, my dear, the post stays; my next shall be longer. M. P.

TO THE LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

Sept. 15, 1709.

It is as impossible for my dearest Lady Mary to utter a thought that can seem dull, as to put on a look that is not beautiful. Want of wit is a thought that those who envy you most would not be able to find in your kind compliments. To me they seem perfect, since repeated assurances of your kindness forbid me to question their sincerity. You have often found that the most angry, nay, the most neglectful air you could put on, has made as deep a wound as the kindest; and these lines of yours, which you tax with dullness, (perhaps because they were not written when you were in a right humour, or when your thoughts were elsewhere employed,) are so far from deserving the imputation, that the very turn of your expression, had I forgot the rest of your charms, would be sufficient to make me lament the only fault you have—your inconstancy.

But, upon second thoughts, how can this be a fault? no—'tis none, and you are altogether perfect. 'Tis to this happy disposition of being pleased with a variety of new objects, that we owe that wit of yours, which is so surprising; and to this alone I am indebted for the inexpressible delight in the present enjoyment of your favour; and it would be extravagant in me to call it either your fault or my misfortune. I wish the most happy person* now in being, whom I have often discovered to be so, in spite of your arts to hide it, may be as able to make this reflection at the Nottingham race, as I, who am not subdued by so strong a passion of that sort (for Hinchinbroke air, from whence I am just come, has not so kind an influence on all as upon Lord Sandwich). Such passions as those, where there is an object like Lady Mary, leave no room for cool reflections; and I wish he may not be so far overcome by his fears for the future, as to forget what a favourite of fortune he is in the present possession of so great a bliss. You will want to know how this race comes into my head. This country, out of which many go thither, affords no other tittle tattle at this time: besides that, yesterday, as I was talking of it to Mrs. Sherrard, she said, "Lady Mary would be well diverted, for Nicolini would be there." One that was by said,

* Alluding to her brother Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. afterwards the husband of Lady Mary Pierrepont.

"There would be much better diversion there;" looking at me, as if he insinuated you would have pleasures less imaginary than those Nicolini could give. When that race is over, and your thoughts free again, I shall be glad to hear you have been well entertained. Every one but yourself will be, I am very sure. The sight of you is a satisfaction I envy them heartily. There is not a man among them that would (not) be content to be any thing, to be the man I have named, to enjoy the prosperous gale that one of them does. I will be sure to conceal your letter, not for the faults you say you are ashamed of, but to give no pangs to him, nor any other, by discovering your kind assurance that none is dearer to you than myself, which would make the dullest letter that ever was written, subscribed by Lady Mary, more valuable than all I ever received. Don't think so long a letter as this is inexcusable from so fond an admirer of charming Lady Mary as

ANNE WORTLEY.

TO LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

Sept. 27, 1709.

THERE cannot be a stronger proof of inconstancy than your severity to me for using the word. Whoever should read over those inestimable kind things you writ just before, and see this cruel reprimand

come immediately after it, would bewail the uncertainty of human happiness. A change like this is not to be met with in tragedy. If it is any where, the poet cannot but be condemned for going out of nature, by all but myself. I had infallibly raved ere now, if this letter had not gone round by Peterborough, and met the other on the road, in which your indignation seems a little abated. This I had the good fortune to open first, so that I escaped the fright that your anger would have given me; and viewing a passion I knew half extinguished, I had only the displeasure of seeing how soon you could be offended at me, and how easy your affection was to be lost, which I always knew was hard to be obtained. I heartily wish those plains of Nottingham, that have given me all this pain, may be turned by some earthquake into mountains and rocks; that none of its rivulets may ever receive the tears, nor its breezes the sighs, of a lover; nay, let them be inaccessible both to man and beast. But how can my dearest Lady Mary think it so wild (though an unhappy) thought in me to mention that race? You may easily recollect how either—— or another rallied you upon one you met last year in that field, or—where you dined together after the diversion was over—well—henceforward I will have done with all jealous tricks. I did not imagine I could have paid so dearly for this;—but henceforward I will not dare to speak, no, nor so much as to think, any thing of my dearest Lady Mary in a

laughing way; nor will I ever presume to meddle with so high a subject as your pity to any of the other sex, which you outshine so far; but shall be satisfied if I am admitted into your lower entertainments, if I have the same rank among your admirers that your grammars and dictionaries have among your books; if I serve only to assist you in procuring pleasures without the least hope of ever being able to give them. Let me send you what stories I collect, which you will be sure to make diverting; choose your ribbands and heads on which you will bestow the power of enchanting. I will be contented in transmitting to you the best rules I hear of acquiring languages, which, though it can't raise a genius already so high, yet may very much enlarge your dominions, by adding all that can possibly disobey you—the ignorant—who are taught to believe that learning is wit. Make what you will of me, tis enough that you own me to be Yours, A. Wortley.

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* TO THE LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

[WITH HER TRANSLATION OF EPICTETUS.]

July 20, 1710.

My Lord,

Your hours are so well employed, I hardly dare offer you this trifle to look over; but then, so well

* Dr. Gilbert Burnet.

am I acquainted with the sweetness of temper which accompanies your learning, I dare ever assure myself of a pardon. You have already forgiven me greater impertinencies, and condescended yet farther in giving me instructions, and bestowing some of your minutes in teaching me. This surprising humility has all the effect it ought to have on my heart; I am sensible of the gratitude I owe to so much goodness, and how much I am ever bound to be your servant. Here is the work of one week of my solitude: by the many faults in it, your Lordship will easily believe I spent no more time upon it: it was hardly finished when I was obliged to begin my journey, and I had not leisure to write it over again. You have it here without any corrections, with all its blots and errors: I endeavoured at no beauty of style, but to keep as literally as I could to the sense of the author. My only intention in presenting it, is to ask your Lordship whether I have understood Epictetus? The fourth chapter particularly, I am afraid I have mistaken. Piety and greatness of soul set you above all misfortunes that can happen to yourself, except the calumnies of false tongues; but that same piety which renders what happens to yourself indifferent to you, yet softens the natural compassion in your temper to the greatest degree of tenderness for the interests of the Church, and the liberty and welfare of your country: the steps that are now made towards the destruction of both, the

apparent danger we are in, the manifest growth of injustice, oppression, and hypocrisy, cannot do otherwise than give your Lordship those hours of sorrow, which, did not your fortitude of soul, and reflections from religion and philosophy, shorten, would add to the national misfortunes, by injuring the health of so great a supporter of our sinking liberties. I ought to ask pardon for this digression: it is more proper for me in this place to say something to excuse an address that looks so very presuming. My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, that we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses, as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, whose birth

and leisure only serve to render them the most useless and most worthless part of the creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a learned woman: those words imply, according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain, and conceited creature. I believe nobody will deny that learning may have this effect, but it must be a very superficial degree of it. Erasmus was certainly a man of great learning, and good sense, and he seems to have my opinion of it, when he says, *Fœmina quæ vere sapit, non videtur sibi sapere; contra, quæ cum nihil sapiat sibi videtur sapere, ea demum bis stulta est.* The Abbé Bellegarde gives a right reason for women's talking over-much, that they know nothing, and every outward object strikes their imagination, and produces a multitude of thoughts, which, if they knew more, they would know not worth their thinking of. I am not now arguing for an equality of the two sexes. I do not doubt but that God and nature have thrown us into an inferior rank; we are a lower part of the creation, we owe obedience and submission to the superior sex, and any woman who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this, rebells against the law of the Creator, and indisputable order of nature: but there is a worse effect than this, which follows the careless education given to women of quality, its being so easy for any man of sense, that finds it either his interest or his pleasure, to corrupt

them. The common method is, to begin by attacking their religion: they bring them a thousand fallacious arguments, which their excessive ignorance hinders them from refuting: and I speak now from my own knowledge and conversation among them, there are more atheists among the fine ladies than the loosest sort of rakes; and the same ignorance that generally works out into excess of superstition, exposes them to the snares of any who have a fancy to carry them to t'other extream. I have made my excuses already too long, and will conclude in the words of Erasmus: *Vulgus sentit quod lingua Latina non convenit fœminis, quia parum facit ad tuendam illarum pudicitiam, quoniam rarum et insolitum est, fœminam scire Latinam; attamen consuetudo omnium malarum rerum magistra. Decorum est fœminam in Germania natam discere Gallice, ut loquatur cum his qui sciunt Gallice; cur igitur habetur indecorum discere Latine, ut quotidie confabuletur cum tot autoribus tam facundis, tam eruditis, tam sapientibus, tam fidis consultoribus? Certe mihi quantulumcunque cerebri est, malim in bonis studiis consumere, quam in precibus sine mente dictis, in pernoctibus conviviis, in exhauriendis capacibus pateris, &c.*

I have tired your Lordship, and too long delayed to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's

Most respectful and obliged

M. Pierrepont.

TO LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

1710.

Dear Lady Mary grows very cool. If I could write a hundredth part as well as you, I should dispatch the post as often as I do the coachman to St. James's; but as it is, you will exchange pearl for glass, and I shall think mine well bestowed. I am just come into the country, where I have met with nothing but what you have in perfection; and could I have any part of your imagination, I should write perpetually. I am now in the room with an humble servant of yours, who is arguing so hotly about marriage, that I can not go on with my letter: I should be very glad to bring you into the argument, being sure you would soon convince us in what disturbs so many. Every body seeks happiness; but though every body has a different taste, yet all pursue money, which makes people choose great wigs because their neighbour sinks under them, and they dare not be out of the fashion. But you have dared to have wit joined with beauty, a thing so much out of fashion, that we fly after you with as much interestedness as we see the birds do when one superior comes near them. If you would give me a receipt how to divert you, I would try to practise it, but find it impossible to be pleased with

myself, or with any thing I do. Send me word what books to read, &c.

Yours ever,

ANNE WORTLEY.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

1710.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks, my dear, for so agreeable an entertainment as your letter in our cold climate, where the sun appears unwillingly. Wit is as wonderfully pleasing as a sun-shiny day; and, to speak poetically, Phœbus is very sparing of all his favours. I fancied your letter an emblem of yourself: in some parts I found the softness of your voice, and in others the vivacity of your eyes: you are to expect no return but humble and hearty thanks, yet I can't forbear entertaining you with our York lovers. (Strange monsters you'll think, love being as much forced up here as melons.) In the first form of these creatures, is even Mr. Vanbrug. Heaven, no doubt, compassionating our dullness, has inspired him with a passion that makes us all ready to die with laughing: 'tis credibly reported that he is endeavouring at the honourable state of matrimony, and vows to lead a sinful life no more. Whether pure holiness inspires his mind, or dotage turns his brain, is hard to find. 'Tis certain he keeps Monday and Thursday market (*assembly* day)

constantly; and for those that don't regard worldly muck, there's extraordinary good choice indeed. I believe last Monday there were two hundred pieces of woman's flesh (fat and lean): but you know Van's taste was always odd; his inclination to ruins has given him a fancy for Mrs. Yarborough; he sighs and ogles so, that it would do your heart good to see him; and she is not a little pleased, in so small a proportion of men amongst such a number of women, that a whole man should fall to her share.

My dear, adieu.

My service to Mr. Congreve.

M. P.

TO MRS. WORTLEY.

I AM convinced, however dear you are to me, Mrs. Anne Wortley, I am no longer of any concern to you, therefore I shall only trouble you with an insignificant story, when I tell you, I have been very near leaving this changeable world; but now, by the doctor's assistance, and Heaven's blessing, am in a condition of being as impertinently troublesome to you as formerly. A sore throat, which plagued me for a long while, brought me at last to such a weakness, that you had a fair chance of being released from me; but God has not yet decreed you

so much happiness; though I must say this, you have omitted nothing to make yourself so easy, having strove to kill me by neglect: but destiny triumphs over all your efforts; I am yet in the land of the living, and still yours,

M. P.

TO E. WORTLEY MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.*

PERHAPS you'll be surprized at this letter; I have had many debates with myself before I could resolve upon it. I know it is not acting in form, but I do not look upon you as I do upon the rest of the world, and by what I do for *you*, you are not to judge of my manner of acting with others. You are brother to a woman I tenderly loved; my protestations of friendship are not like other people's, I never speak but what I mean, and when I say I love, 'tis for ever. I had that real concern for Mrs. Wortley, I look with some regard on every one that is related to her. This and my long acquaintance with you may in some measure excuse what I am doing. I am surprized at one of the Tatlers you send me; is it possible to have any sort of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such

* A remarkable letter, probably the first she ever wrote to him. There is a copy of it in his handwriting: it appears by it that his sister was then dead.

trifling inclinations? Mr. Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to contemn it; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expence of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet farther; was I to choose of 2000*l.* a year or twenty thousand, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; (it) takes off from the happiness of life; I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates and titles, and look upon both as blessings which ought only to be given to fools, for 'tis only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of, I own entertain me sometimes; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises? I can laugh at a puppet-show, and at the same time know there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never be my way of reasoning; as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I

can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it, (I know it sounds vain,) I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy; but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so; which (of the humours you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy, nor loved, where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure was I in love I could not talk as you do. Few women would have wrote so plain as I have done; but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world; and would not have to accuse myself of a minute's deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be for ever miserable, for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all.

I don't enjoin you to burn this letter, I know you will. 'Tis the first I ever wrote to one of your sex, and shall be the last. You may never expect another. I resolve against all correspondence of the kind; my resolutions are seldom made, and never broken.

To Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, at Wortley,
near Sheffield, Yorkshire.

TO E. WORTLEY MONTAGU, ESQ.

READING over your letter as fast as ever I could, and answering it with the same ridiculous precipitation, I find one part of it escaped my sight, and the other I mistook in several places. Yours was dated the 10th of August; it came not hither till the 20th. You say something of a packet-boat, &c. which makes me uncertain whether you'll receive my letter, and frets me heartily. Kindness, you say, would be your destruction. In my opinion, this is something contradictory to some other expressions. People talk of being in love just as widows do of affliction. Mr. Steele has observed, in one of his plays, "that the most passionate among them have always calmness enough to drive a hard bargain with the upholders." I never knew a lover that would not willingly secure his interest as well as his mistress; or, if one must be abandoned, had not the prudence (among all his distractions) to consider, that a woman was but a woman, and money was a thing of more real merit than the whole sex put together. Your letter is to tell me, you should think yourself undone if you married me; but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of—even your kindness can't destroy

me of a sudden — I hope I am not in your power— I would give a good deal to be satisfied, &c.

As to writing — that any woman would do who thought she writ well. Now I say, no woman of common good sense would. At best, 'tis but doing a silly thing well, and I think it is much better not to do a silly thing at all. You compare it to dressing. Suppose the comparison just: perhaps the Spanish dress would become my face very well; yet the whole town would condemn me for the highest extravagance if I went to court in it, though it improved me to a miracle. There are a thousand things, not ill in themselves, which custom makes unfit to be done. This is to convince you I am so far from applauding my own conduct, my conscience flies in my face every time I think on't. The generality of the world have a great indulgence to their own follies: without being a jot wiser than my neighbours, I have the peculiar misfortune to know and condemn all the wrong things I do.

You beg to know whether I would not be out of humour. The expression is modest enough; but that is not what you mean. In saying I could be easy, I have already said I should not be out of humour: but you would have me say I am violently in love; that is, finding you think better of me than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to contemn me. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that.

I should not think you more unreasonable if you were in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I have heard of some nuns that made use of that expedient to secure their own happiness; but, amongst all the popish saints and martyrs, I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed, or ridiculous, to restore their lovers to peace and quietness. It short, if nothing can content you but despising me heartily, I am afraid I shall be always so barbarous as to wish you may esteem me as long as you live. M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I INTENDED to make no answer to your letter; it was something very ungrateful, and I resolved to give over all thoughts of you. I could easily have performed that resolve some time ago, but then you took pains to please me; now you have brought me to esteem you, you make use of that esteem to give me uneasiness; and I have the displeasure of seeing I esteem a man that dislikes me. Farewell then: since you will have it so, I renounce all the ideas I have so long flattered myself with, and will entertain my fancy no longer with the imaginary pleasure of pleasing you. How much wiser are all those women I have despised than myself! In

placing their happiness in trifles, they have placed it in what is attainable. I fondly thought fine clothes and gilt coaches, balls, operas, and public adoration, rather the fatigues of life; and that true happiness was justly defined by Mr. Dryden (pardon the romantic air of repeating verses), when he says,

> Whom Heav'n would bless it does from pomp remove,
> And makes their wealth in privacy and love.

These notions had corrupted my judgment as much as Mrs. Biddy Tipkin's. According to this scheme, I proposed to pass my life with you. I yet do you the justice to believe, if any man could have been contented with this manner of living, it would have been you. Your indifference to me does not hinder me from thinking you capable of tenderness, and the happinesses of friendship; but I find it is not in me you'll ever have them; you think me all that is detestable; you accuse me of want of sincerity and generosity. To convince you of your mistake, I'll shew you the last extremes of both.

While I foolishly fancied you loved me, (which I confess I had never any great reason for, more than that I wished it,) there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I might say loved, since it is the last thing I 'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity—I'll never see you more. I shall avoid all public places;

and this is the last letter I shall send. If you write, be not displeased if I send it back unopened. I shall force my inclinations to oblige yours; and remember that you have told me I could not oblige you more than by refusing you. Had I intended ever to see you again, I durst not have sent this letter. Adieu.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I THOUGHT to return no answer to your letter, but I find I am not so wise as I thought myself. I cannot forbear fixing my mind a little on that expression, though perhaps the only insincere one in your whole letter—I would die to be secure of your heart, though but for a moment:—were this but true, what is there I would not do to secure you?

I will state the case to you as plainly as I can; and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have shewed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you that at least challenges a grateful regard. I have trusted my reputation in your hands; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you: if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing to me; I pretend no tie upon your honour: but, in recompence for so clear

and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries and ill usage?

I have not the usual pride of my sex; I can bear being told I am in the wrong, but tell it me gently. Perhaps I have been indiscreet; I came young into the hurry of the world; a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me: all who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless: I own myself to be both. I know not any thing I can say more to shew my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you please. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity? M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I HAVE this minute received your two letters. I know not how to direct to you, whether to London or the country; or, if in the country, to Durham or Wortley. 'Tis very likely you'll never receive this. I hazard a great deal if it falls into other hands, and I wrote for all that. I wish, with all my soul, I thought as you do; I endeavour to convince myself by your arguments, and am sorry my reason is so

obstinate, not to be deluded into an opinion, that 'tis impossible a man can esteem a woman. I suppose I should then be very easy at your thoughts of me: I should thank you for the wit and beauty you give me, and not be angry at the follies and weaknesses; but, to my infinite affliction, I can believe neither one nor t'other. One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next: neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart, when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that any thing could oblige me to flatter any body. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised?

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would encrease in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety.

I should not chuse to live in a croud: I could be very well pleased to be in London, without making a great figure, or seeing above eight or nine agreeable people. Apartments, table, &c. are things that never come into my head. But I will never think of any thing without the consent of my family, and advise you not to fancy a happiness in entire solitude, which you would find only fancy.

Make no answer to this, if you can like me on my own terms. 'Tis not to me you must make the

proposals: if not, to what purpose is our correspondence.

However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a great deal of pleasure, and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate. M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I AM going to comply with your request, and write with all the plainness I am capable of. I know what may be said upon such a proceeding, but am sure you will not say it. Why should you always put the worst construction upon my words? Believe me what you will, but do not believe I can be ungenerous or ungrateful. I wish I could tell you what answer you will receive from some people, or upon what terms. If my opinion could sway, nothing should displease you. Nobody ever was so disinterested as I am. I would not have to reproach myself (I don't suppose you would) that I had any ways made you uneasy in your circumstances. Let me beg you (which I do with the utmost sincerity) only to consider yourself in this affair; and, since I am so unfortunate to have nothing in my own disposal, do not think I have any hand in making settlements. People in my way are sold like slaves; and I cannot tell what price

my master will put on me. If you do agree, I shall endeavour to contribute, as much as lies in my power, to your happiness. I so heartily despise a great figure, I have no notion of spending money so foolishly; though one had a great deal to throw away. If this breaks off, I shall not complain of you: and as, whatever happens, I shall still preserve the opinion that you have behaved yourself well, let me entreat you, if I have committed any follies, to forgive them; and be so just as to think I would not do an ill thing.

I say nothing of my letters: I think them entirely safe in your hands.

I shall be uneasy till I know this is come to you. I have tried to write plainly. I know not what one can say more upon paper. M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Indeed I do not at all wonder that absence, and variety of new faces, should make you forget me; but I am a little surprized at your curiosity to know what passes in my heart, (a thing wholly insignificant to you,) except you propose to yourself a piece of ill-natured satisfaction, in finding me very much disquieted. Pray which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and,

supposing I should attempt to shew it you, I know no other way.

I begin to be tired of my humility: I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought. You make new scruples; you have a great deal of fancy; and your distrusts being all of your own making, are more immovable than if there were some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are a sort of animals, that, if ever they are constant, 'tis only where they are ill used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I could never believe: experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it for all my life. You needed not to have told me you are not what you have been: one must be stupid not to find a difference in your letters. You seem, in one part of your last, to excuse yourself from having done me any injury in point of fortune. Do I accuse you of any?

I have not spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say you are not yet determined: let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever! make no answer. I wish, among the variety of acquaintance, you may find some one to please you; and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier. Tis a piece of vanity and injustice I never forgive

in a woman, to delight to give pain; what must I think of a man that takes pleasure in making me uneasy? After the folly of letting you know it is in your power, I ought in prudence to let this go no farther, except I thought you had good nature enough never to make use of that power. I have no reason to think so: however, I am willing, you see, to do you the highest obligation 'tis possible for me to do; that is, to give you a fair occasion of being rid of me. M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

29 Mar.

Though your letter is far from what I expected, having once promised to answer it, with the sincere account of my inmost thoughts, I am resolved you shall not find me worse than my word, which is (whatever you may think) inviolable.

'Tis no affectation to say that I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise: all the fine equipages that shine in the Ring never gave me another thought, than either pity or contempt for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart; and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel at a kind expression from a friend I

esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex, who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, &c. supposing I was at the very summit of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please: did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station happier with you than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humours that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement; there is few of my acquaintance I should ever wish to see again; and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way in which I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world; and every thing we see done, is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. By friendship I mean an intire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasures, being undivided; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one or another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise, and hurry, which serve rather to trouble than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up

with trifles. Carry a fine lady or a fine gentleman out of town, and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions, is taking away all their topics of discourse; and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects. They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough not to think this science romantic: I rather choose to use the word friendship than love; because, in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason; and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of friendship and esteem, and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays: how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself. I may want the good sense that is necessary to be agreeable to a man of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have; and can promise you shall never like me less upon knowing me better; and that I shall never forget that you have a better understanding than myself.

And now let me entreat you to think (if possible) tolerably of my modesty, after so bold a declaration. I am resolved to throw off reserve, and use me ill if you please. I am sensible, to own an inclination for a man is putting one's self wholly in his power: but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart. If you do not love me, I shall not be

happy with you; if you do, I need add no farther. I am not mercenary, and would not receive an obligation that comes not from one who loves me.

I do not desire my letter back again: you have honour, and I dare trust you.

I am going to the same place I went last spring. I shall think of you there: it depends upon you in what manner. M. P.

TO LADY MARY PIERREPONT.

Saturday Morning.

Every time you see me, gives me a fresh proof of your not caring for me; yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of your loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer? Who is the happy man you went to? I agree with you, I am often so dull, I cannot explain my meaning; but will not own that the expression was so very obscure, when I said if I had you, I should act against my opinion. Why need I add, I see what is best for me, I condemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it. If you can't find it out, that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in every thing else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don't care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year, perhaps every

day of your life. You may, with a little care, please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance; and if I should be preferred by a woman for being the first among her companions, it would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a misfortune from falling on both of us.

When you are at leisure, I shall be as ready to end all as I was last night, when I disobliged one that will do me hurt, by crossing his desires, rather than fail of meeting you. Had I imagined you could have left me without finishing, I had not seen you. Now you have been so free before Mrs. Steele,* you may call upon her, or send for her, to-morrow or next day. Let her dine with you, or go to visit shops, Hyde Park, or other diversions. You may bring her home; I can be in the house, reading, as I often am, though the master is abroad. If you will have her visit you first, I will get her to go to-morrow. I think a man or a woman is under no engagement till the writings are sealed; but it looks like indiscretion even to begin a treaty without a probability of concluding it. When you hear of all my objections to you, and to myself, you will resolve against me. Last night you were much upon the reserve: I see you can never be thoroughly intimate with me; 'tis because you have no pleasure in it. You can be easy and com-

* The wife of Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Steele.

plaisant, as you have sometimes told me; but never think that enough to make me easy, unless you refuse me.

Write a line this evening, or early to-morrow. If I don't speak plain, do you understand what I write? Tell me how to mend the stile, if the fault is in that. If the characters are not plain, I can easily mend them. I always comprehend your expressions, but would give a great deal to know what passes in your heart.

In you I might possess youth, beauty, and all things that can charm. It is possible that they may strike me less, after a time; but I may then consider I have once enjoyed them in perfection; that they would have decayed as soon in any other. You see this is not your case. You will think you might have been happier. Never engage with a man, unless you propose to yourself the highest satisfaction from him and none other.

E. W. MONTAGU.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Tuesday, 10 o'clock.

I AM in pain about the letter I sent you this morning: I fear you should think, after what I have said, you cannot, in point of honour, break off with me. Be not scrupulous on that article, nor affect to make me break first, to excuse your doing it.

I would owe nothing but to inclination: if you do not love me, I may have the less esteem of myself, but not of you: I am not of the number of those women that have the opinion of their persons Mr. Bayes had of his play, that 'tis the touchstone of sense, and they are to frame their judgment of people's understanding according to what they think of them.

You may have wit, good humour, and good nature, and not like me. I allow a great deal for the inconstancy of mankind in general, and my own want of merit in particular. But 'tis a breach, at least, of the two last, to deceive me. I am sincere: I shall be sorry if I am not now what pleases; but if I (as I could with joy) abandon all things to the care of pleasing you, I am then undone if I do not succeed.—Be generous.

M. P.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Tuesday night.

I RECEIVED both your Monday letters before I writ the enclosed, which, however, I send you. The kind letter was writ and sent Friday morning, and I did not receive yours till Saturday noon. To speak truth, you would never have had it, there were so many things in yours to put me out of humour. Thus, you see, it was on no design to repair any thing that offended you. You only

shew me how industrious you are to find faults in me; — why will you not suffer me to be pleased with you?

I would see you if I could (though perhaps it may be wrong); but, in the way that I am here, 'tis impossible. I can't come to town, but in company with my sister-in-law; I can carry her nowhere, but where she pleases; or, if I could, I would trust her with nothing. I could not walk out alone, without giving suspicion to the whole family; should I be watched, and seen to meet a man—judge of the consequences!

You speak of treating with my father, as if you believed he would come to terms afterwards. I will not suffer you to remain in the thought, however advantageous it might be to me; I will deceive you in nothing. I am fully persuaded he will never hear of terms afterwards. You may say, 'tis talking oddly of him. I can't answer to that; but 'tis my real opinion, and I think I know him. You talk to me of estates, as if I was the most interested woman in the world. Whatever faults I may have shewn in my life, I know not one action of it that ever proved me mercenary. I think there cannot be a greater proof to the contrary than my treating with you, where I am to depend entirely upon your generosity, at the same time that I may have settled on me 500*l.* per annum pin-money, and a considerable jointure, in another place; not to reckon that I may have by his tem-

per what command of his estate I please; and with you I have nothing to pretend to. I do not, however, make a merit to you; money is very little to me, because all beyond necessaries I do not value, that is to be purchased by it. If the man proposed to me had 10,000*l.* per annum, and I was sure to dispose of it all, I should act just as I do. I have in my life known a good deal of shew, and never found myself the happier for it.

In proposing to you to follow the scheme proposed by that friend, I think 'tis absolutely necessary for both our sakes. I would have you want no pleasure which a single life would afford you. You own you think nothing so agreeable. A woman that adds nothing to a man's fortune ought not to take from his happiness. If possible, I would add to it; but I will not take from you any satisfaction you could enjoy without me. On my own side, I endeavour to form as right a judgment of the temper of human nature, and of my own in particular, as I am capable of. I would throw off all partiality and passion, and be calm in my opinion. Almost all people are apt to run into a mistake, that when they once feel or give a passion, there needs nothing to entertain it. This mistake makes, in the number of women that inspire even violent passions, hardly one preserve one after possession. If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal.

You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you; though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable, without a thorough good humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Any body, capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think, (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me,) though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not for ever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country

where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupté*) a smooth tranquillity. *I* shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with every thing else. I am not now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do any thing injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary, to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. I have nothing to do in London; and 'tis indifferent to me if I never see it more. I know not how to answer your mentioning gallantry, nor in what sense to understand you; whoever I marry, when I am married, I renounce all things of the kind. I am willing to abandon all conversation but yours; I will part with any thing for you, but you. I will not have you a month, to lose you for the rest of my life. If you can pursue the plan of happiness begun with your friend, and take me for that friend, I am ever yours. I have examined my own heart whether I can leave every thing for you; I think I can: if I change my mind, you

shall know before Sunday; after that I will not change my mind. If 'tis necessary for your affairs to stay in England, to assist your father in his business, as I suppose the time will be short, I would be as little injurious to your fortune as I can, and I will do it. But I am still of opinion nothing is so likely to make us both happy, as what I propose. I foresee I may break with you on this point, and I shall certainly be displeased with myself for it, and wish a thousand times that I had done whatever you pleased; but, however, I hope I shall always remember, how much more miserable, than any thing else would make me, should I be, to live with you, and to please you no longer. You can be pleased with nothing when you are not pleased with your wife. One of the Spectators is very just, that says, A man ought always to be upon his guard against spleen and a too severe philosophy; a woman, against levity and coquetry. If we go to Naples, I will make no acquaintance there of any kind, and you will be in a place where a variety of agreeable objects will dispose you to be ever pleased. If such a thing is possible, this will secure our everlasting happiness; and I am ready to wait on you without leaving a thought behind me.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

I AM going to write you a plain long letter. What I have already told you is nothing but the truth. I have no reason to believe that I am going to be otherwise confined than by my duty; but I, that know my own mind, know that is enough to make me miserable. I see all the misfortune of marrying where it is impossible to love; I am going to confess a weakness may perhaps add to your contempt of me. I wanted courage to resist at first the will of my relations; but, as every day added to my fears, those, at last, grew strong enough to make me venture the disobliging them. A harsh word always damps my spirits to a degree of silencing all I have to say. I knew the folly of my own temper, and took the method of writing to the disposer of me. I said every thing in this letter I thought proper to move him, and proffered, in atonement for not marrying whom he would, never to marry at all. He did not think fit to answer this letter, but sent for me to him. He told me he was very much surprized that I did not depend on his judgment for my future happiness; that he knew nothing I had to complain of, &c.; that he did not doubt I had some other fancy in my head, which encouraged me to this disobedience; but he assured me, if I refused a settlement he had provided for me, he gave me his word, whatever proposals were made him, he would never so much as enter into a treaty with any other; that, if I found-

ed any hopes upon his death, I should find myself mistaken, he never intended to leave me any thing but an annuity of 400*l.* per annum; that, though another would proceed in this manner after I had given so just a pretence for it, yet he had the goodness to leave my destiny yet in my own choice, and at the same time commanded me to communicate my design to my relations, and ask their advice. As hard as this may sound, it did not shock my resolution; I was pleased to think, at any price, I had it in my power to be free from a man I hated. I told my intention to all my nearest relations. I was surprized at their blaming it, to the greatest degree. I was told, they were sorry I would ruin myself; but, if I was so unreasonable, they could not blame my father whatever he inflicted on me. I objected I did not love him. They made answer, they found no necessity for loving; if I lived well with him, that was all was required of me; and that if I considered this town, I should find very few women in love with their husbands, and yet a many happy. It was in vain to dispute with such prudent people; they looked upon me as a little romantic, and I found it impossible to persuade them that living in London at liberty was not the height of happiness. However, they could not change my thoughts, though I found I was to expect no protection from them. When I was to give my final answer to ——, I told him that I preferred a single life to any other; and, if

he pleased to permit me, I would take that resolution. He replied, that he could not hinder my resolutions, but I should not pretend after that to please him; since pleasing him was only to be done by obedience; that if I would disobey, I knew the consequences; he would not fail to confine me, where I might repent at leisure; that he had also consulted my relations, and found them all agreeing in his sentiments. He spoke this in a manner hindered my answering. I retired to my chamber, where I writ a letter to let him know my aversion to the man proposed was too great to be overcome, that I should be miserable beyond all things could be imagined, but I was in his hands, and he might dispose of me as he thought fit. He was perfectly satisfied with this answer, and proceeded as if I had given a willing consent.—I forgot to tell you, he named you, and said, if I thought that way, I was very much mistaken; that if he had no other engagements, yet he would never have agreed to your proposals, having no inclination to see his grandchildren beggars.

I do not speak this to alter your opinion, but to shew the improbability of his agreeing to it. I confess I am entirely of your mind. I reckon it among the absurdities of custom that a man must be obliged to settle his estate on an eldest son, beyond his power to recall, whatever he proves to be, and make himself unable to make happy a younger child that may deserve to be so. If I had an estate

myself, I should not make such ridiculous settlements, and I cannot blame you for being in the right.

I have told you all my affairs with a plain sincerity. I have avoided to move your compassion, and I have said nothing of what I suffer; and I have not persuaded you to a *treaty,* which I am sure my family will never agree to. I can have no fortune without an entire obedience.

Whatever your business is, may it end to your satisfaction. I think of the public as you do. As little as *that* is a woman's care, it may be permitted into the number of a woman's fears. But, wretched as I am, I have no more to fear for myself. I have still a concern for my friends, I am in pain for your danger. I am far from taking ill what you say, I never valued myself as the daughter of ——; and ever despised those that esteemed me on that account. With pleasure I could barter all that, and change to be any country gentleman's daughter that would have reason enough to make happiness in privacy. I beg your pardon. You may see by the situation of my affairs 'tis without design.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Thursday night.

If I am always to be as well pleased as I am with this letter, I enter upon a state of perfect hap-

piness in complying with you. I am sorry I cannot do it entirely as to Friday or Saturday. I will tell you the true reason of it. I have a relation that has ever shewed an uncommon partiality for me. I have generally trusted him with all my thoughts, and I have always found him sincerely my friend. On the occasion of this marriage he received my complaints with the greatest degree of tenderness. He proffered me to disoblige my father (by representing to him the hardship he was doing) if I thought it would be of any service to me; and, when he heard me in some passion of grief assure him it could do me no good, he went yet farther, and tenderly asked me, if there was any other man, though of a smaller fortune, I could be happy with; and, how much soever it should be against the will of my other relations, assured me he would assist me in making me happy after my own way. This is an obligation I can never forget, and I think I should have cause to reproach myself if I did this without letting him know it, and I believe he will approve of it. You guess whom I mean.—The generosity and the goodness of this letter wholly determines my softest inclinations on your side. You are in the wrong to suspect me of artifice; plainly shewing me the kindness of your heart (if you have any there for me) is the surest way to touch mine. I am at this minute more inclined to speak tenderly to you than ever I was in my life,—so much inclined I will say nothing. I

could wish you would leave England, but I know not how to object to any thing that pleases you. In this minute I have no will that does not agree with yours. Sunday I shall see you, if you do not hear from me Saturday.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Friday night.

I TREMBLE for what we are doing.—Are you sure you shall love me for ever? Shall we never repent? I fear and I hope. I foresee all that will happen on this occasion. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct, and the relations and friends of ——— will invent a thousand stories of me; yet, 'tis possible, you may recompense every thing to me. In this letter, which I am fond of, you promise me all that I wish. Since I writ so far, I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Saturday morning.

I WRIT you a letter last night in some passion. I begin to fear again; I own myself a coward.—You made no reply to one part of my letter concerning my fortune. I am afraid you flatter yourself that my father may be at length reconciled and brought to

reasonable terms. I am convinced, by what I have often heard him say, speaking of other cases like this, that he never will. The fortune that he has engaged to give with me, was settled, on my brother's marriage, on my sister and on myself; but in such a manner, that it was left in his power to give it all to either of us, or divide it as he thought fit. He has given it all to me. Nothing remains for my sister, but the free bounty of my father from what he can save; which, notwithstanding the greatness of his estate, may be very little. Possibly, after I have disobliged him so much, he may be glad to have her so easily provided for, with money already raised; especially if he has a design to marry himself, as I hear. I do not speak this that you should not endeavour to come to terms with him, if you please; but I am fully persuaded it will be to no purpose. He will have a very good answer to make:—that I suffered the match to proceed; that I made him make a very silly figure in it; that I have let him spend 400*l.* in wedding-cloaths; all which I saw without saying any thing. When I first pretended to oppose this match, he told me he was sure I had some other design in my head; I denied it with truth. But you see how little appearance there is of this truth. He proceeded with telling me he would never enter into a treaty with another man, &c. and that I should be sent immediately into the North to stay there; and, when he died, he would only leave me

an annuity of 400*l.* I had not courage to stand this view, and I submitted to what he pleased. He will now object against me,—why, since I intended to marry in this manner, I did not persist in my first resolution; that it would have been as easy for me to run away from Thoresby as from hence; and to what purpose did I put him, and the gentleman I was to marry, to expences, &c.? He will have a thousand plausible reasons for being irreconcileable, and 'tis only probable the world will be on his side. Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night-gown and petticoat, and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you, she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will: if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of Enggland if it suits your affairs. You are the best judge of your father's temper. If you think it would be obliging to him, or necessary for you, I will go with you immediately to ask his pardon and his blessing. If that is not proper at first, I think the best scheme is going to the Spaw. When you come back, you may endeavour to make your father

admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in believing it will be to no purpose). But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step:—so unjustifiable to the world,—but I think I can justify myself to myself. I again beg you to have a coach to be at the door early Monday morning, to carry us some part of our way, wherever you resolve our journey shall be. If you determine to go to the lady's house, you had best come with a coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow. She and I will be in the balcony which looks on the road: you have nothing to do but to stop under it, and we will come down to you. Do in this what you like; but, after all, think very seriously. Your letter, which will be waited for, is to determine every thing.

You can shew me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, think again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, or that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe, to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome: remember you have promised it.

'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live, but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependancy upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear if you love me. If you can-

not, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it. I depend entirely upon your honour, and I cannot suspect you of any way doing wrong. Do not imagine I shall be angry at any thing you can tell me. Let it be sincere; do not impose on a woman that leaves all things for you.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Walling Wells, Oct. 22.

I DON'T know very well how to begin; I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial stile. After all, I think 'tis best to write as if we were not married at all. I lament your absence, as if you were still my lover, and I am impatient to hear you have got safe to Durham, and that you have fixed a time for your return.

I have not been very long in this family; and I fancy myself in that described in the Spectator. The good people here look upon their children with a fondness that more than recompenses their care of them. I don't perceive much distinction in regard to their merits; and when they speak sense or nonsense, it affects the parents with almost the

same pleasure. My friendship for the mother, and kindness for Miss Biddy, make me endure the squalling of Miss Nanny and Miss Mary with abundance of patience; and my foretelling the future conquests of the eldest daughter, makes me very well with the family. — I don't know whether you will presently find out that this seeming impertinent account is the tenderest expressions of my love to you; but it furnishes my imagination with agreeable pictures of our future life; and I flatter myself with the hopes of one day enjoying with you the same satisfactions; and that, after as many years together, I may see you retain the same fondness for me as I shall certainly do for you, when the noise of a nursery may have more charms for us than the music of an opera.

Amusements such as these are the sure effect of my sincere love, since 'tis the nature of the passion to entertain the mind with pleasures in prospect; and I check myself when I grieve for your absence, by remembering how much reason I have to rejoice in the hope of passing my whole life with you. A good fortune not to be valued!—I am afraid of telling you that I return thanks for it to Heaven, because you will charge me with hypocrisy; but you are mistaken: I assist every day at public prayers in this family, and never forget in my private ejaculations how much I owe to Heaven for making me yours.

M. W. Montagu.

'Tis candle-light, or I should not conclude so soon. Pray, my love, begin at the top, and read till you come to the bottom.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Your short letter came to me this morning; but I won't quarrel with it, since it brought me good news of your health. I wait with impatience for that of your return. The Bishop of Salisbury writes me word that my Lord Pierrepont* declares very much for us. As the Bishop is no infallible prelate, I should not depend much on that intelligence; but my sister Frances tells me the same thing. Since it is so, I believe you'll think it very proper to pay him a visit, if he is in town, and give him thanks for the good offices you hear he has endeavoured to do me, unasked. If his kindness is sincere, 'tis too valuable to be neglected. However, the very appearance of it must be of use to us. I think I ought to write him a letter of acknowledgment for what I hear he has already done. The Bishop tells me he has seen Lord Halifax, who says, besides his great esteem for you, he has particular respect for me, and will take pains to reconcile my father, &c. I think this is nearly the

* Gervase Pierrepont, created Baron Pierrepont of Hanslope 1714, great uncle of Lady M. W. M. being, at that time, an Irish Baron.

words of my letter, which contains all the news I know, except that of your place; which is, that an unfortunate burgess of the town of Huntingdon was justly disgraced yesterday in the face of the congregation, for being false to his first lover, who, with an audible voice, forbid the banns published between him and a greater fortune. This accident causes as many disputes here as the duel could do where you are. Public actions, you know, always make two parties. The great prudes say the young woman should have suffered in silence; and the pretenders to spirit and fire would have all false men so served, and hope it will be an example for the terror of infidelity throughout the whole country. For my part I never rejoiced at any thing more in my life. You'll wonder what private interest I could have in this affair. You must know it furnished discourse all the afternoon, which was no little service, when I was visited by the young ladies of Huntingdon. This long letter, I know, must be particularly impertinent to a man of business; but idleness is the root of all evil: I write and read till I can't see, and then I walk; sleep succeeds; and thus my whole time is divided. If I were as well qualified all other ways as I am by idleness, I would publish a daily paper called the *Meditator*. The terrace is my place consecrated to meditation, which I observe to be gay or grave, as the sun shews or hides his face. Till to-day I have had no occasion of opening my

mouth to speak, since I wished you a good journey. I see nothing, but I think of every thing, and indulge my imagination, which is chiefly employed on you.

M. W. Montagu.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I am at present in so much uneasiness, my letter is not likely to be intelligible, if it at all resembles the confusion of my head. I sometimes imagine you not well, and sometimes that you think it of small importance to write, or that greater matters have taken up your thoughts. This last imagination is too cruel for me. I will rather fancy your letter has miscarried, though I find little probability to think so. I know not what to think, and am near being distracted, amongst my variety of dismal apprehensions. I am very ill company to the good people of the house, who all bid me make you their compliments. Mr. White begins your health twice every day. You don't deserve all this if you can be so entirely forgetful of all this part of the world. I am peevish with you by fits, and divide my time between anger and sorrow, which are equally troublesome to me. 'Tis the most cruel thing in the world, to think one has reason to complain of what one loves. How can you be

so careless?—is it because you don't love writing? You should remember I want to know you are safe at Durham. I shall imagine you have had some fall from your horse, or ill accident by the way, without regard to probability; there is nothing too extravagant for a woman's and a lover's fears. Did you receive my last letter? if you did not, the direction is wrong, you won't receive this, and my question is in vain. I find I begin to talk nonsense, and 'tis time to leave off. Pray, my dear, write to me, or I shall be very mad.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I AM at this minute told I have an opportunity of writing a short letter to you, which will be all reproaches. You know where I am, and I have not once heard from you. I am tired of this place because I do not; and if you persist in your silence, I will return to Wharncliffe. I had rather be quite alone and hear sometimes from you, than in any company and not have that satisfaction. Your silence makes me more melancholy than any solitude, and I can think on nothing so dismal as that you forget me. I heard from your little boy yesterday, who is in good health. I will return and keep him company.

The good people of this family present you

their services and good wishes, never failing to drink your health twice a day. I am importuned to make haste; but I have much more to say, which may however be comprehended in these words, I am yours.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Dec. 9, 1713.

I AM not at all surprized at my Aunt Cheyne's conduct: people are seldom very much grieved (and never ought to be) at misfortunes they expect. When I gave myself to you, I gave up the very desire of pleasing the rest of the world, and am pretty indifferent about it. I think you are very much in the right for designing to visit Lord Pierrepont. As much as you say I love the town, if you think it necessary for your interest to stay some time here, I would not advise you to neglect a certainty for an uncertainty; but I believe if you pass the Christmas here, great matters will be expected from your hospitality: however, you are a better judge of that than I am.—I continue indifferently well, and endeavour as much as I can to preserve myself from spleen and melancholy; not for my own sake; I think that of little importance; but in the condition I am, I believe it may be of very ill consequence; yet, passing whole days alone as I do, I do not always find it possible, and my con-

stitution will sometimes get the better of my reason. Human nature itself, without any additional misfortunes, furnishes disagreeable meditations enough. Life itself, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly; my reason represents to me in vain the inutility of serious reflections. The idle mind will sometimes fall into contemplations that serve for nothing but to ruin the health, destroy good humour, hasten old age and wrinkles, and bring on an habitual melancholy. 'Tis a maxim with me to be young as long as one can: there is nothing can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine grondless hopes, and that lively vanity, which make all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification I grow wiser every day. I don't believe Solomon was more convinced of the vanity of temporal affairs than I am: I lose all taste of this world, and I suffer myself to be bewitched by the charms of the spleen, though I know and foresee all the irremediable mischiefs arising from it. I am insensibly fallen into the writing you a melancholy letter, after all my resolutions to the contrary; but I do not enjoin you to read it: make no scruple of flinging it into the fire at the first dull line. Forgive the ill effects of my solitude, and think me, as I am,

Ever yours,

M. W. Montagu.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I DON'T believe you expect to hear from me so soon; I remember you did not so much as desire it, but I will not be so nice to quarrel with you on that point; perhaps you would laugh at that delicacy, which is, however, an attendant upon tender friendship.

I opened a closet where I expected to find so many books; to my great disappointment there were only some few pieces of the law, and folios of mathematics; my Lord Hinchingbrook and Mr. Twinam having disposed of the rest. But as there is no affliction, no more than no happiness, without alloy, I discovered an old trunk of papers, which to my great diversion I found to be the letters of the first Earl of Sandwich; and am in hopes that those from his lady will tend much to my edification, being the most extraordinary lessons of economy that ever I read in my life. To the glory of your father, I find that *his* looked upon him as destined to be the honour of the family.

I walked yesterday two hours on the terrace. These are the most considerable events that have happened in your absence; excepting, that a good-natured robin red-breast kept me company almost the whole afternoon, with so much good humour and humanity as gives me faith for the piece of charity ascribed to these little creatures in the Chil-

dren in the Wood, which I have hitherto thought only a poetical ornament of history.

I expect a letter next post to tell me you are well in London, and that your business will not detain you long from her who cannot be happy without you.

To Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu: to be left at Mr. Tonson's, Bookseller, at Shakespeare's Head, opposite Catharine-street, in the Strand, London.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I AM alone, without any amusement to take up my thoughts. I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements, dispirited and alone, and you write me quarrelling letters.

I hate complaining; 'tis no sign I am easy that I do not trouble you with my head-aches, and my spleen; to be reasonable one should never complain but when one hopes redress. A physician should be the only confidant of bodily pains; and for pains of the mind, they should never be spoke of but to them that can and will relieve 'em. Should I tell you that I am uneasy, that I am out of humour, and out of patience, should I see you half an hour the sooner? I believe you have kindness enough for me to be very sorry, and so you would tell me; and things remain in their primitive state;

I chuse to spare you that pain; I would always give you pleasure. I know you are ready to tell me that I do not ever keep to these good maxims. I confess I often speak impertinently, but I always repent of it. My last stupid letter was not come to you, before I would have had it back again had it been in my power; such as it was, I beg your pardon for it. I did not expect that my Lord Pierrepont would speak at all in our favour, much less shew zeal upon that occasion, that never shewed any in his life. I have writ every post, and you accuse me without reason. I can't imagine how they should miscarry; perhaps you have by this time received two together. Adieu! je suis à vous de tout mon cœur.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I was not well when I wrote to you last. Possibly the disorder in my health might encrease the uneasiness of my mind. I am sure the uneasiness of my mind encreases the disorder of my health; for I passed the night without sleeping, and found myself the next morning in a fever. I have not since left my chamber. I have been very ill, and kept my bed four days, which was the reason of my silence, but I am afraid you have attributed it to being out of humour; but was so far from being

in a condition of writing, I could hardly speak; my face being prodigiously swelled, that I was forced to have it lanced, to prevent its breaking, which they said would have been of worse consequence. I would not order Grace to write to you, for fear you should think me worse than I was; though I don't believe the fright would have been considerable enough to have done you much harm. I am now much better, and intend to take the air in the coach to-day; for keeping to my chair so much as I do, will hardly recover my strength.

I wish you would write again to Mr. Phipps, for I don't hear of any money, and am in the utmost necessity for it.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Extract. 1714.

. . . . . If I determine to go to York, besides the inconvenience and disagreeableness of a country town, it may be perhaps out of your way. I know not what to do; but I know I shall be unhappy till I see you again, and I would by no means stay where I am. Your absence increases my melancholy so much, I fright myself with imaginary horrors; and shall always be fancying dangers for you while you are out of my sight. I am afraid of Lord Halifax, I am afraid of every thing; there wants but little of my being afraid of the small-pox for you; so unreasonable are my fears, which

however proceed from an unlimited love. If I lose you—I cannot bear that if;—which I bless God is without probability; but since the loss of my poor unhappy brother I dread every evil.

Saturday.

I have been to-day at Acton to see my poor brother's melancholy family. I cannot describe how much it has sunk my spirits. My eyes are too sore to admit of a long letter.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I SHOULD have writ to you last post, but I slept till it was too late to send my letter. I found our poor boy not so well as I expected. He is very lively, but so weak that my heart aches about him very often. I hope you are well; I should be glad to hear so, and what success you have in your business. I suppose my sister is married by this time. I hope you intend to stay some days at Lord Pierrepont's; I am sure, he'll be very much pleased with it. The house is in great disorder, and I want maids so much that I know not what to do till I have some. I have not one bit of paper in the house, but this little sheet, or you would have been troubled with a longer scribble. I have not yet had any visitors. Mrs. Elcock has writ me word that she has not found any cook. My first enquiries shall be after a country-house, never for-

getting any of my promises to you. I am concerned I have not heard from you; you might have writ while I was on the road, and your letter would have met me here. I am in abundance of pain about our dear child: though I am convinced in my reason, 'tis both silly and wicked to set my heart too fondly on any thing in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself so far as to think of parting with him, with the resignation that I ought to do. I hope and I beg of God he may live to be a comfort to us both. They tell me there is nothing extraordinary in the want of teeth at his age, but his weakness makes me very apprehensive; he is almost never out of my sight. Mrs. Bêhn says that the cold bath is the best medicine for weak children, but I am very fearful and unwilling to try any hazardous remedies. He is very cheerful and full of play. Adieu, my love; my paper is out.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

[Dated by Mr. Wortley, 24th November.]

I HAVE taken up and laid down my pen several times, very much unresolved in what style I ought to write to you: for once I suffer my inclination to get the better of my reason. I have not oft opportunities of indulging myself, and I will do it in this one letter. I know very well that nobody was ever teized into a liking: and 'tis perhaps

harder to revive a past one, than to overcome an aversion; but I cannot forbear any longer telling you, I think you use me very unkindly. I don't say so much of your absence, as I should do if you was in the country and I in London; because I would not have you believe, that I am impatient to be in town, when I say I am impatient to be with you; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July and 'tis now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference as shews you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health, and you only say you hope 'tis not so bad as I make it. You never enquire after your child. I would fain flatter myself you have more kindness for me and him than you express; but I reflect with grief that a man that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, is generally proud of those that are shameful and silly.

You should consider solitude, and spleen the consequence of solitude, is apt to give the most melancholy ideas, and there needs at least tender letters and kind expressions to hinder uneasinesses almost inseparable from absence. I am very sensible, how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me. I would not have you do yourself any prejudice; but a little kindness will cost you nothing. I do not bid you lose any thing by hasting to see me, but I would

have you think it a misfortune when we are asunder. Instead of that, you seem perfectly pleased with our separation, and indifferent how long it continues. When I reflect on your behaviour, I am ashamed of my own, and think I am playing the part of my Lady Winchester. At least be as generous as my lord; and as he made her an early confession of his aversion, own to me your inconstancy, and upon my word I will give you no more trouble about it. I have concealed as long as I can, the uneasiness the nothingness of your letters have given me, under an affected indifference; but dissimulation always sits awkwardly upon me; I am weary of it; and must beg you to write to me no more, if you cannot bring yourself to write otherwise. Multiplicity of business or diversions may have engaged you, but all people find time to do what they have a mind to. If your inclination is gone, I had rather never receive a letter from you, than one which, in lieu of comfort for your absence, gives me a pain even beyond it. For my part, as 'tis my first, this is my last complaint, and your next of the kind shall go back enclosed to you in blank paper.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

Extract. No date.

. . . . . I thank God this cold well agrees very much with the child; and he seems stronger

and better every day. But I should be very glad, if you saw Dr. Garth, if you would ask his opinion concerning the use of cold baths for young children. I hope you love the child as well as I do; but if you love me at all, you'll desire the preservation of his health, for I should certainly break my heart for him.

I writ in my last all I thought necessary about my Lord Pierrepont.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT forbear taking it something unkindly that you do not write to me, when you may be assured I am in a great fright, and know not certainly what to expect upon this sudden change. The Archbishop of York has been come to Bishopthorp but three days. I went with my cousin to-day to see the King proclaimed, which was done; the archbishop walking next the lord-mayor, and all the country gentry following, with greater crowds of people than I believed to be in York, vast acclamations, and the appearance of a general satisfaction. The Pretender afterwards dragged about the streets and burned. Ringing of bells, bonfires, and illuminations, the mob crying Liberty and property! and Long live King George! This morning all the principal men of any figure took post for

London, and we are alarmed with the fear of attempts from Scotland, though all the Protestants here seem unanimous for the Hanover succession. The poor young ladies at Castle Howard* are as much alarmed as I am, being left all alone, without any hopes of seeing their father again (though things should prove well) this eight or nine months. They have sent to desire me very earnestly to come to them, and bring my boy: 'tis the same thing as pensioning in a nunnery, for no mortal man ever enters the doors in the absence of their father, who is gone post. During this uncertainty, I think it will be a safe retreat; for Middlethorp stands exposed to plunderers, if there be any at all. I dare say, after the zeal the archbishop has shewed, they'll visit his house (and consequently this) in the first place. The archbishop made me many compliments on our near neighbourhood, and said he should be overjoyed at the happiness of improving his acquaintance with you. I suppose you may now come in at Aldburgh, and I heartily wish you were in parliament. I saw the archbishop's list of the Lords Regents appointed, and perceive Lord W*** is not one of them; by which I guess the new scheme is not to make use of any man grossly infamous in either party; consequently, those that have been honest in regard to both, will stand fairest for preferment. You understand these things much better than me; but I hope you will

* The daughters of the Earl of Carlisle.

be persuaded by me and your other friends (who I don't doubt will be of my opinion) that 'tis necessary for the common good for an honest man to endeavour to be powerful, when he can be the one without losing the first more valuable title; and remember that money is the source of power. I hear that parliament sits but six months: you know best whether 'tis worth any expence or bustle to be in it for so short a time.

M. W. Montagu.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

You made me cry two hours last night. I cannot imagine why you use me so ill; for what reason you continue silent, when you know at any time your silence cannot fail of giving me a great deal of pain; and now to a higher degree because of the perplexity that I am in, without knowing where you are, what you are doing, or what to do with myself and my dear little boy. However, (persuaded there can be no objection to it,) I intend to go tomorrow to Castle Howard, and remain there with the young ladies, 'till I know when I shall see you, or what you would command. The archbishop and every body else are gone to London. We are alarmed with a story of a fleet being seen from the coasts of Scotland. An express went from thence through York to the Earl of Mar. I beg you would

write to me. 'Till you do I shall not have an easy minute. I am sure I do not deserve from you that you should make me uneasy. I find I am scolding, 'tis better for me not to trouble you with it; but I cannot help taking your silence very unkindly.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

27th Oct.

I AM told that you are very secure at Newark: if you are so in the West, I cannot see why you should set up in three different places, except it be to treble the expence. I am sorry you had not opportunity of paying Lord Pierrepont that compliment, though I hope that it will not weigh much with him in favour of another. I wish you would remember the common useful maxim, whatever is to be done at all, ought to be done as soon as possible. I consider only your own interest when I speak, and I cannot help speaking warmly on that subject. I hope you will think of what I hinted in my last letters; and if you think of it at all, you cannot think of it too soon.

Adieu. I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your wife.

M. W. MONTAGU.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

THOUGH I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your interest. I am surprized you say nothing of where you stand. I had a letter from Mrs. Hewet last post, who said she heard you stood at Newark, and would be chose without opposition; but I fear her intelligence is not at all to be depended on. I am glad you think of serving your friends; I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; every thing we see, and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but, as the world is, and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good; riches being another word for power, towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third, still, impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement,

have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court; there 's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by every body, his cloaths torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself.

I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced, than the greatest qualifications without it.

If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived: it is my interest to believe (as I do) that you deserve every thing, and are capable of every thing; but nobody else will believe it, if they see you get nothing.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

You do me wrong in imagining (as I perceive you do) that my reasons for being solicitous for your having that place, was in view of spending

more money than we do. You have no cause of fancying me capable of such a thought. I don't doubt but Lord Halifax will very soon have the staff, and it is my belief you will not be at all the richer: but I think it looks well, and may facilitate your election; and that is all the advantage I hope from it. When all your intimate acquaintance are preferred, I think you would have an ill air in having nothing: upon that account only, I am sorry so many considerable places are disposed of. I suppose, now, you will certainly be chosen somewhere or other; and I cannot see why you should not pretend to be Speaker. I believe all the Whigs would be for you, and I fancy you have a considerable interest amongst the Tories, and for that reason would be very likely to carry it. 'Tis impossible for me to judge of this so well as you can do; but the reputation of being thoroughly of no party is (I think) of use in this affair, and I believe people generally esteem you impartial; and being chose by your country is more honourable than holding *any* place from *any* king.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT imagine why you should desire that I should not be glad, though from a mistake, since, at least, it is an agreeable one. I confess I shall

ever be of opinion, if you are in the Treasury, it will be an addition to your figure, and facilitate your election, though it is no otherwise advantageous; and that, if you have nothing when all your acquaintance are preferred, the world generally will not be persuaded that you neglect your fortune, but that you are neglected. M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

No date.

I HOPE the child is better than he was, but I wish you would let Dr. Garth know he has a bigness in his joints, but not much: his ankles seem chiefly to have a weakness. I should be very glad of his advice upon it, and, whether he approves rubbing them with spirits, which I am told is good for him.

I hope you are convinced I was not mistaken in my judgment of Lord Pelham; he is very silly, but very good-natured. I don't see how it can be improper for you to get it represented to him that he is obliged in honour to get you chose at Aldburgh, and may more easily get Mr. Jessop chose at another place. I can't believe but you may manage it in such a manner, Mr. Jessop himself would not be against it, nor would he have so much reason to take it ill, if he should not be chose, as you have after so much money fruitlessly spent. I dare say you may order it so that it may be so, if you talk

to Lord Townshend, &c. I mention this, because I cannot think you can stand at York, or any where else, without a great expence. Lord Morpeth is just now of age, but I know not whether he'll think it worth while to return from travel upon that occasion. Lord Carlisle is in town, you may if you think fit make him a visit, and enquire concerning it. After all, I look upon Aldburgh to be the surest thing. Lord Pelham* is easily persuaded to any thing, and I am sure he may be told by Lord Townshend that he has used you ill; and I know that he'll be desirous to do all things in his power to make it up. In my opinion, if you resolve upon an extraordinary expence to be in parliament, you should resolve to have it turn to some account. Your father is very surprizing if he persists in standing at Huntingdon; but there is nothing surprizing in such a world as this.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

I CANNOT be very sorry for your declining at Newark, being very uncertain of your success; but I am surprised you do not mention where you mean to stand. Dispatch, in things of this nature, if it is not a security, at least delay is a sure way to lose, as you have done, being easily chosen at

* Lord Pelham was soon after created Duke of Newcastle, and was George the Second's minister.

York, for not resolving in time, and at Aldburgh, for not applying soon enough to Lord Pelham. There are people who had rather choose Fairfax than Jenkins, and others that prefer Jenkins to Fairfax; but both parties, separately, have wished to me, that you would have stood, with assurances of having preferred you to either of them. At Newark, Lord Lexington has a very considerable interest. If you have any thoughts of standing, you must endeavour to know how he stands affected; though I am afraid he will assist Brigadier Sutton, or some other Tory. Sir Matthew Jenison has the best interest of any Whig; but he stood last year himself, and will perhaps do so again. Newdigate will certainly be chosen there for one. Upon the whole, 'tis the most expensive and uncertain place you can stand at. 'Tis surprising to me, that you are all this while in the midst of your friends without being sure of a place, when so many insignificant creatures come in without any opposition. They say Mr. Strickland is sure at Carlisle, where he never stood before. I believe most places are engaged by this time. I am very sorry, for your sake, that you spent so much money in vain last year, and will not come in this, when you might make a more considerable figure than you could have done then. I wish Lord Pelham would compliment Mr. Jessop with his Newark interest, and let you come in at Aldburgh.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

Your letter very much vexed me. I cannot imagine why you should doubt being the better for a place of that consideration, which it is in your power to lay down, whenever you dislike the measures that are taken. Supposing the commission lasts but a short time, I believe those that have acted in it will have the offer of some other considerable thing. I am, perhaps, the only woman in the world that would dissuade her husband (if he were inclined to it) from accepting the greatest place in England, upon the condition of his giving one vote disagreeing with his principles, and the true interest of my country; but when it is possible to be of service to your country by going along with the ministry, I know not any reason for declining an honourable post. The world never believes it possible for people to act out of the common track; and whoever is not employed by the public, may talk what they please of having refused or slighted great offers; but they are always looked upon, either as neglected, or discontented because their pretensions have failed; and, whatever efforts they make against the court, are thought the effect of spleen and disappointment, or endeavours to get something they have set their heart on. As now Sir T. Hanmer is represented (and I believe truly) as aiming at being secretary, no man can make

a better figure than when he enjoys a considerable place. Being for the Place-bill, and if he finds the ministry in the wrong, withdrawing from them, when 'tis visible that he might still keep his places, if he had not chose to keep his integrity. I have sent you my thoughts of places in general, I solemnly protest, without any thought of any particular advantage to myself; and if I were your friend, and not your wife, I should speak in the same manner, which I really do, without any consideration but that of your figure and reputation, which is a thousand times dearer to me than splendour, money, &c.——I suppose this long letter might have been spared; for your resolution, I don't doubt, is already taken.

M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

1714.

You seem not to have received my letters, or not to have understood them; you had been chosen undoubtedly at York, if you had declared in time; but there is not any gentleman or tradesman disengaged at this time; they are treating every night. Lord Carlisle and the Thompsons have given their interest to Mr. Jenkins. I agree with you of the necessity of your standing this parliament, which, perhaps, may be more considerable than any that

are to follow it; but, as you proceed, 'tis my opinion, you will spend your money and not be chosen. I believe, there is hardly a borough disengaged. I expect every letter should tell me you are sure of some place; and, as far as I can perceive, you are sure of none. As it has been managed, perhaps it will be the best way to deposite a certain sum in some friend's hands, and buy some little Cornish borough: it would, undoubtedly, look better to be chosen for a considerable town; but I take it to be now too late. If you have any thoughts of Newark, it will be absolutely necessary for you to enquire after Lord Lexington's interest; and your best way to apply to Lord Holdernesse, who is both a Whig and an honest man. He is now in town, and you may enquire of him, if Brigadier Sutton stands there; and if not, try to engage him for you. Lord Lexington is so ill at the Bath, that it is a doubt if he will live 'till the election; and if he dies, one of his heiresses, and the whole interest of his estate, will probably fall on Lord Holdernesse.

'Tis a surprize to me, that you cannot make sure of some borough, when a number of your friends bring in so many Parliament-men without trouble or expence. 'Tis too late to mention it now, but you might have applied to Lady Winchester, as Sir Joseph Jekyl did last year, and by her interest the Duke of Bolton brought him in for nothing; I

am sure she would be more zealous to serve me than Lady Jekyl. You should understand these things better than I. I heard, by a letter last post, that Lady M. Montagu and Lady Hinchinbrook are to be bedchamber ladies to the Princess, and Lady Townshend groom of the stole. She must be a strange Princess, if she can pick a favourite out of them; and as she will be one day a Queen, and they say has an influence over her husband, I wonder they don't think fit to place women about her with a little common sense. M. W. M.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

April.

I AM extremely concerned at your illness. I have expected you all this day, and supposed you would be here by this time, if you had set out Saturday afternoon as you say you intended. I hope you have left Wharncliffe; but however will continue to write, 'till you let me know you have done so. Dr. Clarke has been spoke to, and excused himself from recommending a chaplain, as not being acquainted with many orthodox divines. I don't doubt you know the death of Lord Sommers, which will for some time interrupt my commerce with Lady Jekyl. I have heard he is dead without a will; and I have heard he has made young Mr. Cox his heir; I cannot tell which account is the

truest. I beg you with the greatest earnestness, that you would take the first care of your health, there can be nothing worth the least loss of it. I shall be, sincerely, very uneasy 'till I hear from you again; but I am not without hopes of seeing you to-morrow. Your son presents his duty to you, and improves every day in his conversation, which begins to be very entertaining to me. I directed a letter for you last post to Mr. B——. I cannot conclude without once (more) recommending to you, if you have any sort of value for me, to take care of yourself. If there be any thing you would have me do, pray be particular in your directions. You say nothing positive about the liveries. Lord B.'s lace is silk, with very little silver in it, but for twenty liveries comes to 110*l.* — Adieu! pray take care of your health.

TO LADY ———

Jan. 23, 1715–16.

I FIND after all by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs. D—— is resolved to marry the old greasy curate. She was always High Church in an excessive degree, and you know she used to speak of Sacheverel as an apostolick saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St. Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter, however, very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the man than the

apostle that Mrs. D—— looks to in the present alliance. Tho' at the age of forty, she is, I assure you, very far from being cold and insensible; her fire may be covered with ashes, but it is not extinguished. Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudish and sanctified air. Warm devotion is no equivocal mark of warm passions; besides, I know it is a fact, of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth, that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly disposed to use the means supposed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The curate indeed is very filthy — Such a red, spungy, warty nose! Such a squint! In short, he is ugly beyond expression; and what ought naturally to render him peculiarly displeasing to one of Mrs. D——'s constitution and propensities, he is stricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds a year—she but a trifling sum; so that they are likely to feast upon love and ecclesiastical history, which will be very empty food without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good lease; and if Mrs. D——, instead of spending whole days reading Collier, Hickes, and vile translations of Plato and Epictetus, will but form the resolution of taking care of her house and minding her dairy, things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their tender loves will give them many sweet babes to provide for.

I met the lover yesterday, going to the alehouse in his dirty night-gown, with a book under his arm to entertain the club; and as Mrs. D—— was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature: she blushed and looked prim; but quoted a passage out of Herodotus, in which it is said that the Persians wore long night-gowns. There is really no more accounting for the taste in marriage of many of our sex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbour Miss S—y, who makes such waste of chalk and charcoal when they fall in her way.

As marriage produces children, so children produce care and disputes; and wrangling, as is said (at least by old bachelors and old maids), is one of the sweets of the conjugal state. You tell me that our friend Mrs. —— is at length blessed with a son; and that her husband, who is a great philosopher, (if his own testimony is to be depended upon,) insists on her suckling it herself. You ask my advice on this matter; and to give it you frankly, I really think that Mr. ——'s demand is unreasonable, as his wife's constitution is tender, and her temper fretful. A true philosopher would consider these circumstances, but a pedant is always throwing his system in your face, and applies it equally to all things, times, and places, just like a taylor who would make a coat out of his own head, without any regard to the bulk or figure of the person that must wear it. All those fine-spun arguments that he has drawn from Nature to stop your mouths,

weigh, I must own to you, but very little with me.—This same Nature is indeed a specious word, nay, there is a great deal in it, if it is properly understood and applied, but I cannot bear to hear people using it to justify what common sense must disavow. Is not Nature modified by art in many things? Was it not designed to be so? And is it not happy for human society that it is so? Would you like to see your husband let his beard grow, until he would be obliged to put the end of it in his pocket, because this beard is the gift of Nature? The instincts of Nature point out neither taylors, nor weavers, nor mantua-makers, nor sempsters, nor milliners; and yet I am very glad that we don't run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the subject—I grant that Nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish her child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. I don't see why she should have more scruple to do this, than her husband has to leave the clear fountain, which Nature gave him, to quench his thirst, for stout October, port, or claret. Indeed, if Mrs. —— was a buxom, sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free from violent passions (which you and I know is not the case), she might be a good nurse for her child; but as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her

meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratifia, nor frets at quadrille, nor sits up 'till three in the morning elated with gain or dejected with loss, I do think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that came as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young squire much better than hers. If it be true that the child sucks in the mother's passions with her milk, this is a strong argument in favour of the cow, unless you may be afraid that the young squire may become a calf; but how many calves are there both in state and church, who have been brought up with their mothers' milk !

I promise faithfully to communicate to no mortal the letter you wrote me last. What you say of the two rebel lords, I believe to be true ; but I can do nothing in the matter. If my projects don't fail in the execution, I shall see you before a month passes. Give my service to Dr. Blackbeard.—He is a good man, but I never saw in my life such a persecuting face cover a humane and tender heart. I imagine (within myself) that the Smithfield priests, who burned the protestants in the time of Queen Mary, had just such faces as the doctor's. If we were papists, I should like him very much for my confessor ; his seeming austerity would give you and I a great reputation for sanctity, and his good indulgent heart would be the very thing that would suit us in the affair of penance and ghostly direction.

Farewell, my dear Lady, &c. &c.

LETTERS

TO

MRS. HEWET.

LETTERS

TO

MRS. HEWET.*

'Tis so long since I had a letter from dear Mrs. Hewet, I should think her no longer in the land of the living, if Mr. Resingade did not assure me he was happier than I, and had heard of your health from your own hand; which makes me fancy that my last miscarried, and perhaps you are blaming me at the same time that you are thinking me

* The originals of these letters were bequeathed, with other papers, to Lady Wastneys, relict of Sir Hardolph Wastneys, of Headon Hall. They were, chiefly, written by Lady M. Pierrepont about two years previously to her marriage; and exhibit a lively portrait of the manners of a young woman of quality at the beginning of the last century.

Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Hewet, was the youngest daughter of Richard Bettinson, esq. by Albina, daughter and coheir of Edward Cecil, Lord Viscount Wimbleton. She married Mr. T. Hewet, surveyor-general of his majesty's woods and works. He was knighted in 1719, and settled at Shireoaks, in Nottinghamshire, where he died in 1726. His lady long survived him, and was remarkable for her accomplishments and beauty.

neglectful of you. Apropos of Mr. Resingade—we are grown such good friends, I assure you, that we write Italian letters to each other, and I have the pleasure of talking to him of Madame Hewet. He told me he would send you the two tomes of Madame de Noyer's Memoirs. I fancy you will find yourself disappointed in them, for they are horridly grave and insipid; and, instead of the gallantry you might expect, they are full of dull morals. I was last Thursday at the new Opera, and saw Nicolini strangle a lion with great gallantry. But he represented nakedness so naturally, I was surprised to see those ladies stare at him without any confusion, that pretend to be so violently shocked at a poor *double entendre* or two in a comedy; which convinced me that those prudes who would cry fie! fie! at the word *naked,* have no scruples about the thing. The marriage of Lord Willoughby goes on, and he swears he will bring the lady down to Nottingham races. How far it may be true, I cannot tell. By what fine gentlemen say, you know, it is not easy to guess at what they mean. The lady has made an acquaintance with me after the manner of Pyramus and Thisbe: I mean over a wall three yards high, which separates our garden from Lady Guildford's. The young ladies had found out a way to pull out two or three bricks, and so climb up and hang their chins over the wall, where we, mounted on chairs, used to have many *belles conversations à la dérobée*

for fear of the old mother. This trade continued several days; but fortune seldom permits long pleasures. By long standing on the wall, the bricks loosened; and, one fatal morning, down drops Miss Nelly; and, to complete this misfortune, she fell into a little sink, and bruised her poor—— self to that terrible degree, she is forced to have surgeons, plaisters, and God knows what, which discovered the whole intrigue; and their mamma forbade them ever to visit us, but by the door. Since that time, all our communications have been made in a vulgar manner, visiting in coaches, &c. &c. which took away half the pleasure. You know danger gives a *haut goût* to every thing. This is our secret history—pray let it be so still — but I hope all the world will know that I am most entirely yours,

M. P.

TO MRS. HEWET.

I HOPE my dear Mrs. Hewet does not believe that I follow my inclination, when I am two or three posts before I return thanks for her most agreeable letters; but in this busy town there is very little time at one's own disposal. My greatest pleasure is at Mrs. Selwyn's :* I came from thence just now, and I believe am the only young woman in town that am in my own house at ten o'clock

* Albinia Bettinson, Mrs. Hewet's elder sister, married Major-general William Selwyn, of Matson in Gloucestershire.

to-night. This is the night of Count Turrucca's ball, to which he has invited a few bare-faced, and the whole town *en masque.* I suppose you will have a description of it, from some who were at it; I can only give it at second-hand, and will therefore say nothing of it. I have begun to learn Italian, and am much mortified I cannot do it of a signor of Monsieur Resingade's recommendation; but 'tis always the fate of women to obey, and my papa has promised me to a Mr. Cassotti. I am afraid I shall never understand it so well as you do—but *laissons cela,* and talk of somewhat more entertaining.

Next to the great ball, what makes the most noise is the marriage of an old maid, who lives in this street, without a portion, to a man of 7,000*l.* *per annum,* and they say 40,000*l.* in ready money. Her equipage and liveries outshine any body's in town. He has presented her with 3,000*l.* in jewels; and never was man more smitten with these charms that had lain invisible for these forty years; but, with all his glory, never bride had fewer enviers, the dear beast of a man is so filthy, frightful, odious, and detestable. I would turn away such a footman, for fear of spoiling my dinner, while he waited at table. They were married on Friday, and came to church *en parade* on Sunday. I happened to sit in the pew with them, and had the honour of seeing Mrs. Bride fall fast asleep in the middle of the sermon, and snore very comfortably; which made

several women in the church think the bridegroom not quite so ugly as they did before. Envious people say 'twas all counterfeited to please him, but I believe that to be scandal; for I dare swear, nothing but downright necessity could make her miss one word of the sermon. He professes to have married her for her devotion, patience, meekness, and other Christian virtues he observed in her: his first wife (who has left no children) being very handsome, and so good-natured as to have ventured her own salvation to secure his. He has married this lady to have a companion in that paradise where his first has given him a title. I believe I have given you too much of this couple; but they are not to be comprehended in few words.

My dear Mrs. Hewet, remember me, and believe that nothing can put you out of my head.

TO MRS. HEWET.

Arlington-street.

I DO not doubt but that before this time, my dear Mrs. Hewet has a thousand times called me ungrateful, and as often repented of the many kindnesses she has done me in the country. *Les apparences sont trompeuses*—I am as much your servant as ever, and think of you with the friendship and acknowledgment I owe you. A train of disagreeable events have hindered my having one

leisure moment; and at this very time my poor head is distracted with such a variety of *gallimatias*, that I cannot tell you one bit of news. The fire I suppose you have had a long and true account of, though not perhaps that we were raised at three o'clock, and kept waking 'till five, by the most dreadful sight I ever saw in my life. It was near enough to fright all our servants half out of their senses: however, we escaped better than some of our neighbours. Mrs. Braithwayte, a Yorkshire beauty, who had been but two days married to a Mr. Coleman, ran out of bed *en chemise*, and her husband followed her in his, in which pleasant dress they ran as far as St. James's-street, where they met with a chair, and prudently crammed themselves both into it, observing the rule of dividing the good and bad fortune of this life, resolved to run all hazards together, and ordered the chairmen to carry them both away, perfectly representing, both in love and nakedness, and want of eyes to see that they were naked, our first happy parents. Sunday last I had the pleasure of hearing the whole history from the lady's own mouth.

The next most extraordinary adventure, is the famous quarrel between her Grace of Hamilton with Captain Hero; but I suppose you cannot be ignorant of so surprising an event.

Deaths nor marriages I know of none, but Sir Stephen Evans, that hanged himself, and my sister Evelyn, who will be married next week. The post-

bell rings; my next shall be longer, with some account of your fair family.*

TO MRS. HEWET.

I SUPPOSE my dear Mrs. Hewet has by this time resolved never to think more on so insensible and ungrateful a creature, that could be so long in returning thanks for such a letter, and has repented of past favours. I cannot blame your resentment, appearances are so much against me; and yet I am not so much to blame as you imagine. You expressed a desire of seeing a second part of the Atalantis. I had just then sent to London for it, and did not question having it last Saturday. I hoped that a book you had a mind to see might atone for the nothingness of my letter, and was resolved not to send one without the other; but, like an unfortunate projector as I am, my designs are always followed by disappointment. Saturday came, and no book; God forgive me, I had certainly wished the lady who was to send it me hanged, but for the hopes it was come by the Nottingham carrier, and then I should have it on Monday; but, after waiting Monday and Tuesday, I find it is not come at all. Now, madam, I do

* Lady Evelyn Pierrepont was married to John the first Earl Gower, 19th March, 1712; the date of this letter, therefore, must have been in the beginning of that month.

not question your forgiveness, and your hope, that when I do not write to Mrs. Hewet, there is some unavoidable cause for my silence. Your news and your book very much diverted me: it is an old, but very pleasant, Spanish novel. When we leave this place I am not able to tell you. I have no reason to wish it, but, since I cannot see you, that it may be in my power to write you more entertaining letters. I had some last post told me that Lady Essex Saville was going to be married to Lord Lonsdale. I won't swear to the truth of it, for people make no conscience of what they write into the country, and think any thing good enough for poor us. There is another story that I had from a hand I dare depend upon. The Duke of Grafton and Dr. Garth ran a foot-match in the mall of 200 yards, and the latter, to his immortal glory, beat. I pray God you mayn't have heard this already. I am promised a cargo of lampoons from the Bath, and if they come safe, you shall share them with me. My dear Mrs. Hewet, could I contribute any way to your diversion, it would be the height of my ambition.

TO MRS. HEWET.

Nov. 12.

You have not then received my letter? Well! I shall run mad. I can suffer any thing rather than

that you should continue to think me ungrateful. I think 'tis the last of pains to be thought criminal, where one most desires to please, as I am sure it is always my wish to dear Mrs. Hewet.

I am very glad you have the second part of the New Atalantis: if you have read it, will you be so good as to send it me? and in return, I promise to get you the key to it. I know I can. But do you know what has happened to the unfortunate authoress? People are offended at the liberty she uses in her memoirs, and she is taken into custody. Miserable is the fate of writers: if they are agreeable, they are offensive; and if dull, they starve. I lament the loss of the other parts which we should have had; and have five hundred arguments at my fingers' ends to prove the ridiculousness of those creatures that think it worth while to take notice of what is only designed for diversion. After this, who will dare to give the history of Angella? I was in hopes her faint essay would have provoked some better pen to give more elegant and secret memoirs; but now she will serve as a scarecrow to frighten people from attempting any thing but heavy panegyric; and we shall be teazed with nothing but heroic poems, with names at length, and false characters, so daubed with flattery, that they are the severest kind of lampoons, for they both scandalize the writer and the subject, like that vile paper the Tatler.

I believe, madam, you will think I have dwelt

too long on this business; but I am in a violent passion about it. My dear Mrs. Hewet, is it impossible you should come here? I would not ask it if I had a coach to wait upon you; but I am not born to have any thing I have a mind to. All the news I know is, that Mrs. Reeves is married to Colonel Sydney (if you know neither of them, I'll send you their pictures at full length); and that giddy rake Cresswell, to a fortune of 2000*l.* a-year. I send you the Bath lampoons—Corinna is Lady Manchester, and the other lady is Mrs. Cartwright, who, they say, has pawned her diamond necklace, to buy Valentine a snuff-box. These wars make men so violent scarce, that these good ladies take up with the shadows of them. This is the sum total of all the news I know, and you see I am willing to divert you all in my power. I fancy the ill spelling of the lampoons will make you laugh more than the verses; indeed I am ashamed for her who wrote them. As soon as possible, be pleased to send me the second part of the Atalantis, &c.

TO MRS. HEWET.

Ten thousand thanks to you for Madame de Noyer's letters; I wish Signor Roselli may be as diverting to you as *she* has been to me. The stories are very extraordinary; but I know not whether she has not added a few *agrémens* of invention to

them: however, there is some truth. I have been told, in particular, that the history of the fair unfortunate Madame de Barbesierre is so, by people who could not be suspected of romancing. Don't you think that the court of England would furnish stories as entertaining? Say nothing of my malice; but I cannot help wishing that Madame de Noyer would turn her thoughts a little that way. I fancy she would succeed better than the authoress of the New Atalantis. I am sure I like her method much better, which has, I think, hit that difficult path between the gay and the severe, and is neither too loose, nor affected by pride.

I take an interest in Mr. Selwyn's success. In a battle like that, I think it may be called so to come off alive. I should be so sensible of any affliction that could touch you or Mrs. Selwyn, that I may very well rejoice when you have no occasion for any. Adieu, madam. This post has brought me nothing but compliments, without one bit of news. I heard the last, that Lord Stair was wounded. You can tell me whether to believe it or no.

Excuse my dulness; and be so good as never to read a letter of mine but in one of those minutes when you are entirely alone, weary of every thing, and *inquiete* to think what you shall do next. All people who live in the country must have some of those minutes, and I know so well what they are, that I believe even my letters may be welcome, when they are to take them off your hands.

TO MRS. HEWET.

I HAVE a thousand thanks to give to my dear Mrs. Hewet for her news, and above all the letter; and I would not have delayed them, but your messenger was in haste, and I was resolved to write you a long scribble. My advices of Saturday say, that a peace will positively be concluded. This comes from the same hand that wrote so contrary on Thursday, and I depend very much on the intelligence. I am charmed with your *correspondante,* for I hope it is a woman; and if it is, I reckon her an honour to our sex. I am in no fear of the reflection you mention; and, being perfectly innocent, God knows am far from thinking I can be suspected. Your news, and no news, I know not what to make of. At present, my domestic affairs go on so ill, I want spirits to look abroad. I have got a cold that disables my eyes, and disorders me every other way. Mr. Mason has ordered me blooding, to which I have submitted, after long contestation. You see how stupid I am; I entertain you with discourses of physic, but I have the oddest jumble of disagreeable things in my head that ever plagued poor mortals: a great cold, a bad peace, people I love in disgrace, sore eyes, the horrid prospect of a civil war, and the thoughts of a filthy potion to take. I believe nobody ever had such a melange before. Our coachman, dear man, arrived safe last night, but when we

remove, God only knows. If possible, I will wait on you at Clipston, but this physic may prevent all my good intentions. My companions are your servants. I had forgot the Spectators: one is not worth mentioning; the other is so plain and so good sense, I wonder any body of five years old does not find out that he is in the right.*

TO MRS. HEWET.

I would have writ long ago to dear Mrs. Hewet, but I waited for the good news of saying when I might hope to see you, which I now despair of for this long time. We go next week into Wiltshire, which will be quite a new world to us. I was about eight years old when I left it, and have entirely forgot every thing in it. I am sorry we shall not see you, though I am still in hopes we shall return into Nottinghamshire the latter end of the year; but all that is supposals, and I have no ground to believe it, but that I wish it very much. You can expect no news from one who has nothing at present in her head but packing up, and the ideas that naturally come upon going to a place, I may almost say, I never saw, so perfectly have I forgotten it. Be so good when you see Mrs. Levenz to ask her if she received my letter; if she

* The originals of this letter, and that at page 251, were lately in the possession of Mr. Upcott.

did not, I am sure I must suffer very much in her opinion, and appear very ungrateful, after her inquiry when I was sick. Mrs. Hewet should never talk of being rivalled; there is no such thing as not liking her, or liking any body else better. It is a provoking thing to think, so many tedious years as we have passed at Thoresby, we should always be asunder so many dirty miles, and the first summer you come nearer, I am tossed to the other side of the world, where I do not know so much as one creature, and am afraid I shall not meet with such agreeable neighbours as in Nottinghamshire. But destiny must be followed, and I own, was I to choose mine, it should never be to stay perpetually in the same place. I should even prefer little storms to an eternal calm; and though I am displeased not to see you, I am not sorry to see a new part of the kingdom.

My dear Mrs. Hewet, preserve me your friendship wherever my fortune carries me, and believe that I am equally in all places yours. M. P.

Continue your direction to Arlington-street.

Till this minute I was in hopes of waiting on dear Mrs. Hewet before we left the country, which made me defer writing; but now positive orders oblige us to go to-morrow, and the horses must rest to-day, so that this paper must give you thanks for me, for all the many favours which could not have

been bestowed on one who could have had a more quick and lasting sense of them. When I am in London, I will certainly send you all that passes, though I fancy you have it from people better both at writing and intelligence.

Mrs. C. whose character you desire to know, is a lady who has made a great noise in the world; but I never thought she would come to make such a figure in it. The lord she has snapt made a lampoon on her last winter. For my part, I never heard her speak in my life. She is generally thought handsome. If Miss Selwyn (as I wish she may) supplies her place,* there will be one much handsomer. Amidst the hurry of taking such a journey to-morrow, I am sure you will forgive my letter's being no longer: you know people can never leave your company, or writing to you, without regret. Write to me where to direct to you, and direct to me in Arlington-street, near St. James's, London.

TO MRS. HEWET.

Most of the neighbours hereabouts have been to see me, but they are very few, and few of those few that are supportable—none agreeable. This part of the world is so different from Nottinghamshire, that I can hardly persuade myself it is in the same

* Probably at court.

kingdom. The men here are all Sylvias, no Myrtillos. If they could express themselves so well, they would say, like him,

> " Mille ninfe darei per una fera
> Che da Melampo mio cacciata fosse;
> Godasi queste gioje
> Chi n' ha di me più gusto ; io non le sento."

Though they cannot say it in Italian verse, they often speak to that purpose in English prose over a bottle, insensible of other pleasures than hunting and drinking. The consequence of which is, the poor female part of their family being seldom permitted a coach, or at best but a couple of starved jades to drag a dirty chariot, their lords and masters having no occasion for such a machine, as their mornings are spent among hounds, and the nights with as beastly companions, with what liquor they can get in this country, which is not very famous for good drink. If this management did not hinder me the company of my *she* neighbours, I should regret the absence of the Pastor Fidos, being of the opinion of Sylvia in Tasso :

> " Altri segua i diletti dell' amore,
> Se pur v' è nell' amor alcun diletto."

I would fain persuade you to practise your Italian. I fear I shall forget to speak it, for want of somebody to speak it to. Amongst the rest of the advantages I should have in your conversation (if I should be so happy as to be with you), I would endeavour to improve in that polite language. I find

you are very busy about politics; we are the same here, particularly in the pulpit, where the parsons would fain become as famous as Sacheverel, and are very sorry that they cannot have the honour of being *tried* too. For my part, I content myself in my humble sphere, am passive in their disputes, and endeavour to study my Italian in peace and quietness. But people mistake very much in placing peace in woods and shades, for I believe solitude puts people out of humour, and makes them disposed to quarrel, or there would not be so many disputes about religion and liberty, by creatures that never understood the first, nor have, or are likely to have, a taste of the latter.

"Crush'd by the stint of thirty pounds a-year."

TO MRS. HEWET.

I WOULD willingly return dear Mrs. Hewet something more, for diverting me so well, than dry thanks impertinently expressed. 'Tis reported that Lady Charlotte Finch is to marry old Conoway, and Lady Margaret Tufton, Lord Brooke.* Beside the dismal changes of state, this is all I know. I fear I write nonsense; but it happens miraculously to be in a room full of company, and if I omit this opportunity, I know not when I may have another

* These intended marriages never took place.

of sending. Mr. Sterne, the *titular* bishop, was last week married to a very pretty woman, Mrs. Bateman, whom he fell in love with for falling backward from her horse leaping a ditch, where she displayed all her charms, which he found irresistible. Mrs. White, Mrs. Sutton, and Mrs. More, are all with me; and I am so embarrassed with my civilities *tour à tour*, that I have hardly calmness of spirit to tell you, in a composed way, that I am your thankful humble servant, M. W. M.

TO MRS. HEWET.

York, Nov. 1713.

'Tis not owing either to insensibility or ingratitude that I have not yet returned my thanks to dear Mrs. Hewet for her obliging letter; but the weakness of my sight will not permit me to express the dictates of my heart, and I am forced to sit by the fireside and think you a thousand thanks, when I would be putting them upon paper. I rejoice that Lady Harriet has shewn some sensibility, as unworthy an object as she has chosen; yet I think 'tis better than (as I feared she had) dutifully making over all her senses along with her fortune, for the use of her grace; I thought her other faculties as imperfect as that of hearing. I am glad she is not such a stock as I took her to be. I beg your pardon that I must write a letter without news, but

I do not know one bit, if it were to stand one instead of my neck-verse. I am here waiting the meeting of the parliament, and am persuaded you will be in London before me; if not, I will endeavour to see you. You talk of the Duke of Leeds—I hear that he has placed his heroic love upon the bright charms of a pewterer's wife; and, after a long amour, and many perilous adventures, has stolen the fair lady, which, in spite of his wrinkles and grand-child, persuade people of his youth and gallantry. You see what stuff I am forced to write; but to such I am compelled, excepting I should entertain you with York loves and piques, which would be as dull to you as what passed at the last wake. 'Tis impossible to laugh at what they do, without having first laughed at what they are.

I am, madam, yours, M. W. M.

This is abrupt; but the post will wait for no man.

TO MRS. HEWET.

Adrianople, April 1, 1717.

I DARE say my dear Mrs. Hewet thinks me the most stupid thing alive, to neglect so agreeable a correspondence; but it has hitherto been utterly out of my power to continue it. I have been hurried up and down, without intermission, these last eight months. Wholly taken up either in going

post, or unavoidable court attendance. You know very well how little leisure it is possible to find on either of those employments. I like travelling extremely, and have had no reason to complain of having had too little of it, having now gone through all the Turkish dominions in Europe, not to reckon my journeys through Hungary, Bohemia, and the whole tour of Germany; but those are trifles to this last. I cannot, however (thank God,) complain of having suffered by fatigue, either in my own health or that of my family. My son never was better in his life. This country is certainly one of the finest in the world; hitherto all I see is so new to me, it is like a fresh scene of an opera every day. I will not tire you with descriptions of places or manners, which perhaps you have no curiosity for; but only desire you would be so good as to let me hear as oft as you can (which can be no other than very seldom), what passes on your side of the globe. Before you can receive this, you must consider all things as six months old, which now appear new to me. There will be a great field for you to write, if your charity extends so far, as it will be entirely disinterested and free from ostentation (it not being possible for me here to boast of your letters), and it will be very beneficial to your precious soul, which I pray Heaven to put into your head to consider and practise accordingly. M. W. M.

LETTERS

DURING MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY.

THE ORIGINAL PREFACE.

BY A LADY.

WRITTEN IN 1724.

I WAS going, like common editors, to advertise the reader of the beauties and excellencies of the work laid before him. To tell him, that the illustrious author had opportunities that other travellers, whatever their quality or curiosity may have been, cannot obtain; and a genius capable of making the best improvement of every opportunity. But if the reader, after perusing *one* letter only, has not discernment to distinguish that natural elegance, that delicacy of sentiment and observation, that easy gracefulness and lovely simplicity (which is the perfection of writing), in which these Letters exceed all that has appeared in this kind, or almost in any other, let him lay the book down, and leave it to those who have.

The noble author had the goodness to lend me her MS. to satisfy my curiosity in some enquiries I had made concerning her travels; and when I had it in my hands, how was it possible to part with it? I once had the vanity to hope I might acquaint the public, that it owed this invaluable treasure to

my importunities. But, alas! the most ingenious author has condemned it to obscurity during her life; and conviction, as well as deference, obliges me to yield to her reasons. However, if these Letters appear hereafter, when I am in my grave, let this attend them, in testimony to posterity, that, among her contemporaries, *one* woman, at least, was just to her merit.

There is not any thing so excellent, but some will carp at it; and the rather, because of its excellency. But to such hypercritics I shall not say

* * * * * * * * * *

I confess, I am malicious enough to desire, that the world should see to how much better purpose the Ladies travel than their Lords; and that, whilst it is surfeited with *male* Travels, all in the same tone, and stuffed with the same trifles, a lady has the skill to strike out a new path, and to embellish a worn-out subject with a variety of fresh and elegant entertainment. For, besides the vivacity and spirit which enliven every part, and that inimitable beauty which spreads through the whole; besides the purity of the style, for which it may justly be accounted the standard of the English tongue; the reader will find a more true and accurate account of the customs and manners of the several nations with whom this lady conversed, than he can in any other author. But, as her ladyship's penetration discovers the inmost follies of the heart, so the candour of her temper passed over them with

an air of pity, rather than reproach; treating with the politeness of a court and the gentleness of a lady, what the severity of her judgment could not but condemn.

In short, let her own sex, at least, do her justice; lay aside diabolical Envy, and its *brother* Malice,* with all their accursed company, sly whispering, cruel backbiting, spiteful detraction, and the rest of that hideous crew, which, I hope, are very falsely said to attend the *Tea-table*, being more apt to think they frequent those public places where virtuous women never come. Let the men malign one another, if they think fit, and strive to pull down merit, when they cannot equal it. Let us be better-natured, than to give way to any unkind or disrespectful thought of so bright an ornament of our sex merely because she has better sense; for I doubt not but our hearts will tell us, that this is the real and unpardonable offence, whatever may be pretended. Let us be better Christians, than to look upon her with an evil eye, only because the Giver of all good gifts has entrusted and adorned her with the most excellent talents. Rather let us freely own the superiority of this sublime genius, as I do in the sincerity of my soul; pleased that a *woman* triumphs, and proud to follow in her train. Let us offer her the palm

* This fair and elegant prefacer has resolved that Malice should be of the masculine gender: I believe it is both masculine and feminine, and I heartily wish it were neuter.

which is so justly her due; and if we pretend to any laurels, lay them willingly at her feet.

December 18, 1724. M. A.

Charm'd into love of what obscures my fame,
If I had wit, I 'd celebrate her name,
And all the beauties of her mind proclaim:
Till Malice, deafen'd with the mighty sound,
Its ill-concerted calumnies confound;
Let fall the mask, and with pale Envy meet,
To ask, and find, their pardon at her feet.

You see, Madam, how I lay every thing at your feet. As the tautology shews the poverty of my genius, it likewise shews the extent of your empire over my imagination.

May 31, 1725.

LETTERS

DURING MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY.*

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.†

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very hand-

* These letters bear dates precisely as they appear in the original copy given by Lady Mary to the Rev. Mr. Sowden, at the Hague, except in one instance, the reason for altering which is hereafter explained.

† Lady Frances Pierrepont, second daughter of Evelyn, first duke of Kingston, married John Ereskine, Earl of Mar, who was secretary of state for Scotland, in 1705, joined the Pretender in 1715, was attainted in 1716, and died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732. George I. confirmed to Lady Mar the jointure on Lord Mar's forfeited estate, to which she was entitled by her marriage settlement, with remainder to her daughter, Lady Frances Ereskine. She resided many years at Paris.

somely. I never saw a man more frighted than the captain.

For my part, I have been so lucky neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; though, I confess, I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Brill.

I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers' doors are placed seats of various-coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that, I assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognita,* in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants' ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself

I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teazed with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants, and little shopwomen, here, are more nicely clean than most of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town.

You see, hitherto, dear sister, I make no complaints; and, if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you may expect a *disinterested* offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain; and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you, I am your affectionate sister.

TO MRS. SKERRET.

Hague, Aug. 5, O. S. 1716.

I MAKE haste to tell you, dear madam, that, after all the dreadful fatigues you threatened me with,

* Afterward the second wife of Robert first Earl of Orford.—This letter, we suspect, was not addressed to Miss Skerret, the

I am hitherto very well pleased with my journey. We take care to make such short stages every day, that I rather fancy myself upon parties of pleasure than upon the road; and sure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals, full of boats, passing and repassing. Every twenty paces gives you the prospect of some villa, and every four hours that of a large town, so surprisingly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them. The place I am now at is certainly one of the finest villages in the world. Here are several squares finely built, and (what I think a particular beauty) the whole set with thick large trees. The *Vor-hout* is, at the same time, the Hyde-Park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches. There are shops for wafers, cool liquors, &c.

I have been to see several of the most celebrated gardens, but I will not teaze you with their descriptions. I dare say you think my letter already long enough. But I must not conclude without begging your pardon for not obeying your com-

second wife of Sir Robert Walpole, but to her mother. It seems that Lady Mary's intimacy with Miss Skerret (Molly Skerret) did not commence till the time of her residing at Twickenham. The style too, of the letter itself, leads one to suppose it was addressed to an older person.

mands in sending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word, I can yet find none that is not dearer than you may buy it at London. If you want any India goods, here are great variety of pennyworths; and I shall follow your orders with great pleasure and exactness, being,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

TO MRS. S. C.

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely sorry, my dear S. that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you.

If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling: one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed in the same manner with trees and gardens. The tower they call Julius Cæsar's has the same situation with Nottingham castle; and I cannot help

fancying I see from it the Trent-field, Adboulton, &c. places so well known to us. 'Tis true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly called the Belvidere; where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty, but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an English two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all.

I was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad-brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of *what d'ye call him,* in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff as the other talked to the puppets. However, the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed by some of his flock that he is a person of particular fame

amongst them. I believe, by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know, speaking disrespectfully of the Calvinists, is the same thing as speaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me; and be assured I can never forget you, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.*

Cologn, Aug. 16, O. S. 1716.

If my Lady Rich could have any notion of the fatigues that I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but that was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologn: our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my own bed with me, I had no mind to undress, where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretch-

* Lady Rich was the wife of Sir Robert Rich, Bart. of London. She was a daughter of Colonel Griffin, and had an appointment about the person of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.

ed lodging at daybreak, and about six this morning came safe here, where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing.

This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The Jesuits' church is the neatest, which was shewed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young Jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me. Having never before seen any thing of that nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints (all of massy silver), and the *enchassures* of the relicks; though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed in the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklaces; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished she herself converted into dressing-plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver a great St. Christopher, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern.

These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of

our nation, the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relicks here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far as to give you a list of them, being persuaded that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.—Adieu, I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.*

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1716.

After five days travelling post, I could not sit down to write on any other occasion, than to tell my dear Lady Bristol, that I have not forgotten her obliging command, of sending her some account of my travels.

I have already passed a large part of Germany, have seen all that is remarkable in Cologn, Frankfort, Wurtsburg, and this place. 'Tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are.

* Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton, Bart. of Playford, co. Suffolk, second wife of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol. She died in 1741.

In the first, there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The streets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops are loaded with merchandise, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. In the other, you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted and ribboned out in her headdress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes, a ragged under-petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.

They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger than our fashions. I think, after the Archbishop of Cambray having declared for them, I need not be ashamed to own, that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially the merit of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and the sighs it occasions, (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer,) one is forced to confess, that there is need of an uncommon understanding to resist the temptation of pleasing friends and

mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly, which betrays them to that want of money which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, being led by vain expence into debts, that they could clear no other way but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the many pay to habits was fixed by law only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth! These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relicks, with which I have been entertained in all the Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from these follies. I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, which they told me, very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman-catholic church which is permitted here, where the professors of that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich a manner as their neighbours. For, not to be quite destitute of all finery, they have dressed up an image of our Saviour over the altar in a fair full-bottomed wig very well powdered. I imagine I see your ladyship stare at this article, of which you

very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller; and my whole account is written with the same plain sincerity of heart, with which I assure you that I am, dear madam, yours, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O. S. 1716.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours but the day before I left London. I give you a thousand thanks for your good wishes, and have such an opinion of their efficacy, that I am persuaded I owe in part to them the good luck of having proceeded so far on my long journey without any ill accident. For I don't reckon it any, to have been stopped a few days in this town by a cold, since it has not only given me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it, but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly Madame ———, the wife of our King's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one of the finest here.

You know that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different states. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the

point of ceremony. But, instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternise, by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels among the perquisites of his employment.

You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important *picques*, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families. They choose rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaint of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though, if I were to stay among them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, that they will not be civil to those that visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to; and, what is very hard, will give it to nobody. For my part, I could not forbear advising them (for the public good) to give the title of Ex-

cellency to every body, which would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackacre did the motion of a reference. And, indeed, I began to think myself ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill figure, and that it is *publicly* whispered, as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to every body, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour if I did not intend to pursue my journey in a few days.

I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relicks, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an observation, which, I doubt not, might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they shew round their relicks and images are most of them false; though they tell you, that many of the *Crosses* and *Madonas*, set round with these stones, have been the gifts of the emperors and other great princes. I don't doubt, indeed, but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses, and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass. Among these relicks they

shewed me a prodigious claw set in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin; and I could not forbear asking the reverend priest that shewed it, Whether the griffin was a saint? This question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered, They only kept it as a curiosity. I was very much scandalised at a large silver image of the *Trinity*, where the *Father* is represented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and a triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the *Son*, fixed on the cross, and the *Holy Ghost*, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him.

Madam —— is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you, very abruptly, that I am ever your, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I AM now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna; and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of *my child*,* by all our fatigues.

We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels, that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c.

* Edward Wortley Montagu, her only son, was born 1713.

They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects; and, within the space of a few hours, you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial court when Vienna was besieged.

This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are built of fine white stone, and are excessively high. For, as the town is too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them six stories. You may easily imagine, that the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark; and, what is an inconveniency much more intolerable, in my opinion, there is no house that has so few as five or six families in

it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided but by a partition from that of a taylor or shoemaker; and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own, let out the rest of them to whoever will take them; and thus the great stairs (which are all of stone) are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. The whole is made gay by pictures, and vast jars of japan china, and in almost every room large lustres of rock crystal.

I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality; and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answered to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served

in silver, and well dressed; the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines is what appears the most surprising. The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests, along with the napkins; and I have counted several times to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds.

I was yesterday at Count Schönbrunn* the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own, I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Fauxburg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxburg might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best-built cities in Europe. Count Schönbrunn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture, all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, &c. and, throughout the whole house, a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine

* The palace of Schönbrunn is distant about two miles from Vienna. It was designed by John Bernard Fischers, the Palladio of Germany, in 1696, and was afterwards used as a hunting-seat by the emperor and his court.

and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good-humour of the count.

I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Twick'nam, Aug. 18, 1716.

MADAM,

I CAN say little to recommend the letters I am beginning to write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous, but you shall find it in all respects most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment either to you or to myself: whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour, and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than

you would imagine a man's face should never change after his picture was once drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of thinking aloud (as somebody calls it), or talking upon paper, may indeed prove me a fool, but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down, it is almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If Momus his project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further, and making those windows casements: that while a man shewed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, e'en take it out, and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King Herod could Herodias (though I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to shew my taste in life as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible, because it is good to use people to what they must be acquainted with; and there will certainly come some day of judgment to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see how the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being a little straiter laced, and that they were naturally as arrant

squabs as those that went more loose, nay, as those that never girded their loins at all.

But a particular reason to engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better. For I find, when others express their opinion of you, it falls very short of mine, and I am sure, at the same time, theirs is such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight as to love; and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a solitaire too! Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy, and, since I heard you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own! What is very strange, Virtue herself, when you have the dressing her, is too amiable for one's repose. What a

world of good might you have done in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you, to have but conversed with you? They would have been strangely caught, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair face, and you had bewitched them with reason and virtue; two beauties, that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of those punctilious restrictions and decorums that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush on either side. We converse upon such unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design in either of us. And methinks it would be as ungenerous a part to impose even in a single thought upon each other, in this state of separation, as for spirits of a different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do) in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin, then, madam, by asking you a question, which may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which I hope you never will feel, that of parting from what one most esteems?

For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by the house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, your behaviour in what I may call your last moments, and I indulge a gloomy kind of satisfaction in thinking you gave some of those last moments to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have in finding out the truth of people's sentiments, and that you were not unwilling the last man that would have parted with you should be the last that did. I really looked upon you then, as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero in the instant he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost, out of generosity. I was obliged to admire your resolution in as great a degree as I deplored it; and could only wish that Heaven would reward so much merit as was to be taken from us, with all the felicity it could enjoy elsewhere. May that person for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world. I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future. May you continue to think him worthy of whatever you have done;

may you ever look upon him with the eyes of a first lover, nay, if possible, with all the unreasonable happy fondness of an unexperienced one, surrounded with all the enchantments and ideas of romance and poetry. In a word, may you receive from him as many pleasures and gratifications as even I think you can give. I wish this from my heart, and while I examine what passes there in regard to you, I cannot but glory in my own heart that it is capable of so much generosity. I am, with all unalterable esteem and sincerity,

Madam,

Your most faithful obedient humble servant,

A. Pope.

TO MR. POPE.*

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1716.

Perhaps you'll laugh at me for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please,

* In the eighth volume of Pope's Works, are first published thirteen of his letters to Lady M. W. M. communicated to Dr. Warton by the present Primate of Ireland. These MSS. are in the possession of Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart. As many are without date, the arrangement of them must be directed by circumstances; and as most of them were written to Lady Mary during her first absence from England, we shall advert to them, as making a part of this correspondence.—The letter of Pope's, to which this is an answer, was first printed from the original MS. in the Works of Lady M. W. Montagu, 1803.

take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery; and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest as I am at present; and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it.

I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries. I have, indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of the Church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita; and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can easily believe what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and, at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for a great variety of machines, and changes of the

scenes, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large, that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations; but the ladies all sitting in the open air, exposes them to great inconveniences, for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broken off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death.

But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one playhouse, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitrion. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it; and besides, I took with me a lady, who had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is, to take a box, which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark; but I confess, the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended

with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant, was the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitrion, but, instead of flying to Alcmena with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitrion's taylor and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitrion's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece.

I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier.* I won't trouble you with farewel compliments, which I think generally as imperti-

* Jeremy Collier, an English divine, eminent for his piety and wit. In 1698 he wrote "A short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, together with the Sense of Antiquity on this subject," 8vo. This tract excited the resentment of the wits, and engaged him in a controversy with Congreve and Vanbrugh.

nent as courtesies at leaving the room, when the visit had been too long already.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S. 1716.

Though I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to court.

In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging: a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shews the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason, than 'tis possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *Bourle,* which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub.

Their hair is prodigiously powdered, to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair), made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards' circumference, and cover some acres of ground.

You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply, in some degree, with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the empress: I cannot, however, tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look, full of sweetness; her complexion the finest I ever saw; her nose and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms that touch the soul. When she smiles, 'tis with a beauty and sweetness that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person! —one must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of

Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous statue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently; for every body that waits on her pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave.

When the ladies were come in, she sat down to Quinze. I could not play at a game I had never seen before, and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment, when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand-master, who comes in to advertise the empress of the approach of the emperor. His imperial majesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner; but he never speaks to any of the other ladies; and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has something very formal in it.

The empress Amelia, dowager of the late emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two archduchesses her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their imperial majesties rose and went to

meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an armed chair, next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their court. The archduchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served, and all the dishes set on, by the empress's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary, but their chamber at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three first of them are called *Ladies of the Key*, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant, is the custom which obliges them, as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her majesty is served by no married women but the *grande maitresse*, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is at the same time groom of the stole, and mother of the maids. The dressers are not at all in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as downright chambermaids.

I had an audience next day of the empress mother, a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself too much on a violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts

of penance, without having ever done any thing to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours; but she herself never quits her mourning; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears, and side of the face, are covered with a plaited piece of the same stuff, and the face that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape forehead cloth; and in this solemn weed go to all the public places of diversion without scruple.

The next day I was to wait on the empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in the garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young archduchesses, all dressed in their hair full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands; and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of a CUPID, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, *'Tis easy to be valiant here.* The second a FORTUNE, holding a garland in her hand, the motto, *For her whom Fortune favours.* The third was a SWORD, with a laurel

wreath on the point, the motto, *Here is no shame to the vanquished.*—Near the empress was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c. for the small prizes. The empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring set round with diamonds, in a gold snuff-box. There was for the second, a little Cupid set with brilliants: and besides these, a set of fine china for the tea-table enchased in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators; but the ladies only had permission to shoot, and the archduchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-shooting in the Eneid, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun.

My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe, by this time, you are ready to fear I shall never conclude at all.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Vienna, Sept. 20, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely pleased, but not at all surprised, at the long delightful letter you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return; and I expect from you that you should love me, and think of me, when you don't see me.

I have compassion for the mortifications that you tell me befel our little friend, and I pity her much more, since I know that they are only owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she were here, she would have no other fault but that of being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to transplant herself hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders, nay, even grey hairs, are no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself a young fellow of five-and-twenty ogling my Lady Suffolk with passion, or pressing to hand the Countess of Oxford from an opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I don't perceive any body surprised at them but myself. A woman, till five-and-thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can possibly make

no noise in the world till about forty. I don't know what your ladyship may think of this matter; but 'tis a considerable comfort to me, to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women; and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear nowhere else. I cannot help lamenting on this occasion, the pitiful case of too many good English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratafia, whom if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would shine in the first rank of beauties. Besides, that perplexing word *reputation* has quite another meaning here than what you give it at London; and getting a lover is so far from losing, that 'tis properly getting reputation; ladies being much more respected in regard to the rank of their lovers, than that of their husbands.

But what you'll think very odd, the two sects that divide our whole nation of petticoats, are utterly unknown in this place. Here are neither coquettes nor prudes. No woman dares appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time. And I have not seen any such prudes as to pretend fidelity to their husbands, who are certainly the best natured set of people in the world, and look upon their wives' gallants as favourably as men do upon their deputies, that take the troublesome part of their business off their hands. They have not, however, the less to do on that account; for they are generally deputies in another place them-

selves; in one word, 'tis the established custom for every lady to have two husbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties. And these engagements are so well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman of quality to dinner, without at the same time inviting her two attendants of lover and husband, between whom she sits in state with great gravity. The sub-marriages generally last twenty years together, and the lady often commands the poor lover's estate, even to the utter ruin of his family.

These connections, indeed, are as seldom begun by any real passion as other matches; for a man makes but an ill figure that is not in some commerce of this nature; and a woman looks out for a lover as soon as she's married, as part of her equipage, without which she could not be genteel; and the first article of the treaty is establishing the pension, which remains to the lady in case the gallant should prove inconstant. This chargeable point of honour I look upon as the real foundation of so many wonderful instances of constancy. I really know some women of the first quality, whose pensions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet nobody esteems them the less; on the contrary, their discretion would be called in question, if they should be suspected to be mistresses for nothing. A great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most; and

having no intrigue at all is so far a disgrace, that, I'll assure you, a lady, who is very much my friend here, told me but yesterday, how much I was obliged to her for justifying my conduct in a conversation relating to me, where it was publicly asserted that I could not possibly have common sense, since I had been in town above a fortnight, and had made no steps towards commencing an amour. My friend pleaded for me, that my stay was uncertain, and she believed that was the cause of my seeming stupidity; and this was all she could find to say in my justification.

But one of the pleasantest adventures I ever met with in my life was last night, and it will give you a just idea in what a delicate manner the *belles passions* are managed in this country. I was at the assembly of the Countess of ——, and the young Count of —— leading me down stairs, asked me how long I was to stay at Vienna? I made answer, that my stay depended on the emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. Well, madam, (said he,) whether your time here is to be long or short, I think you ought to pass it agreeably, and to that end you must engage in a *little affair of the heart*.—My heart (answered I gravely enough) does not engage very easily, and I have no design of parting with it. I see, madam, (said he sighing,) by the ill nature of that answer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, how-

ever, I am still devoted to your service; and since I am not worthy of entertaining you myself, do me the honour of letting me know whom you like best among us, and I'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your satisfaction.—You may judge in what manner I should have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation, and I thanked him with a very grave courtesy for his zeal to serve me, and only assured him I had no occasion to make use of it.

Thus you see, my dear, that gallantry and good-breeding are as different, in different climates, as morality and religion. Who have the rightest notions of both, we shall never know till the day of judgment; for which great day of *éclaircissement*, I own there is very little impatience in your, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S. 1716.

I was never more agreeably surprised than by your obliging letter. 'Tis a peculiar mark of my esteem that I tell you so; and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should be very sorry to see it so diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing, makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correspondent; and I believe I have disobliged no less than a dozen

of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than be forced to write many stupid ones.

Yet, in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with this proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dulness of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprising temper, and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they shew all their passions; and 'tis not long since two coaches, meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them; and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out of taking them both out in chairs exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies.

This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much less touched with this point of honour, and they do not only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their own; and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the she's that can number amongst their ancestors counts of the empire; they have neither occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct, to get them husbands. 'Tis true, as to money, it is seldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Austria confine the woman's portion to two thousand florins (about two hundred pounds English), and whatever they have beside remains in their own possession and disposal. Thus, here are many ladies much richer than their husbands, who are, however, obliged to allow them pin-money agreeably to their quality; and I attribute to this considerable branch of prerogative, the liberty that they take upon other occasions.

I am sure you, that know my laziness and extreme indifference on this subject, will pity me, entangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burthen to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having, by their own customs,

the *pas* before them all. They indeed so revenge upon the poor envoys this great respect shewn to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference) I should be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which, however, employs the whole care of the people here. I need not, after this, tell you how agreeably time slides away with me; you know as well as I do the taste of, Yours, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY X——.

Vienna, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

You desire me, madam, to send you some accounts of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands; but you must, upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions pe-

culiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the operas being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the Count or Countess —— *such a one.* These days are called days of Gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's visit; and whoever pleases may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several parties of ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbidden.

I saw t'other day the gala for Count Altheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill-fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs; and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days, the

general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appears to be much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastiness must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their shewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which, they assured me, spoke during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me mark his mouth, which had been open ever since. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white callico, and their head-dress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving nuns, that wait on them as their chambermaids. They receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permission of their abbess, which is

very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old woman so good-natured; she is near fourscore, and yet shews very little sign of decay, being still lively and cheerful. She caressed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me some pretty things of her own work, and sweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not of the most rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through, and I don't doubt but a man, a little more slender than ordinary, might squeeze in his whole person. The young Count of Salmes came to the grate while I was there, and the abbess gave him her hand to kiss. But I was surprised to find here the only beautiful young woman I have seen at Vienna, and not only beautiful, but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear shewing my surprise at seeing a nun like her. She made me a thousand obliging compliments, and desired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleasure to me, (said she, sighing,) but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself in my cell. I observed tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that strain of tender pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me that she is not perfectly happy. I have since endeavoured to learn the real cause of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was surprised at it, and nobody guessed the reason.

I have been several times to see her; but it gives me too much melancholy to see so agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not surprised that nuns have so often inspired violent passions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another destiny, making an easy way for yet more tender sentiments. I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman-catholic religion, as since I see the misery it occasions; so many poor unhappy women! and then the gross superstition of the common people, who are, some or other of them, day and night offering bits of candle to the wooden figures that are set up almost in every street. The processions I see very often, are a pageantry as offensive, and apparently contradictory to common sense, as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the *womanly* spirit of contradiction that works in me; but there never before was such zeal against popery in the heart of,

Dear madam, &c. &c.

TO MR. POPE.*

Vienna, Oct. 10, O. S. 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your

* Pope's letter, to which this is in reply, is printed in Warton's edition, vol. viii. p. 388.

letter, it is not that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, shewing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you.

I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late Prince of Litchtenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hands. 'Tis true, the emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, among which are many fine miniatures; but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so

rich as I expected to see it. They shewed me here a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing, that was a craw-fish, with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.*

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprised to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that *they were ancient enough; for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years.* But the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented to children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with

* The Imperial cabinet at Vienna has been greatly improved since 1716, by the Emperors Joseph and Ferdinand. In the classes of mineralogy, and a collection of medals, it now yields to few others in Europe. See Eckel. Catal. Musæi Cæsarei Vindobon. Numm. Vet. fol. 1779, and Baron Bornn's Shells of the Imp. Mus. at Vienna, fol. 1780.

these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoken very wisely to the Emperor Leopold. I won't trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber; but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions.

I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of, Your, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Prague, Nov. 17, O. S. 1716.

I HOPE my dear sister wants no new proofs of my sincere affection for her: but I am sure, if you do, I could not give you a stronger than writing at this time, after three days, or, more properly speaking, three nights and days, hard post-travelling.

The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with

me, I could not sometimes find a place to set it up in; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian kings, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its former splendour, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those people of quality, who cannot easily bear the expence of Vienna, choose to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions (those of a court excepted), at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, especially the best wild-fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I know at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original. 'Tis not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "*This is a Woman,*" for the information of travellers, as ever sign-post painter had to write, "*This is a Bear.*"

I will not forget to write to you again from

Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity, than to indulge my own repose. I am, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Leipzig, Nov. 21, O. S. 1716.

I BELIEVE, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place.

You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours' post-travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed by moonshine the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced that, in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is so narrow, that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was so good a wife as not to wake Mr. Wortley, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived, by the bright light of the moon, our postilions nodding on horseback, while the horses were on a full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very

convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. Wortley, and he was much more surprised than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me that he passed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since that it is common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe; but, thank God, that was not our destiny; and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write.

After passing these dreadful rocks, Dresden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable situation, in a fine large plain on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built; the Elector's palace is very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir Robert Sutton, our King's envoy, came to see me here, and Madame de L——, whom I knew in London, when her husband was minister to the King of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese do those of London; they are very genteelly dressed after the English and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are the most determined *minaudières* in the

whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good-breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them, in favour of their civility and good-nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The Countess of Cozelle is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some leagues from hence; and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a pacquet.—— She was mistress to the King of Poland (Elector of Saxony), with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his Majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw the consequences of such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her most; but she consented to leave her husband, and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly in such a manner as, by their laws, permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but it is certain the King had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage, which, though it could signify

nothing during the life of the Queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented without telling it to all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when the excess of passion was cooled by long possession, his Majesty began to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored to him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger, than give it up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country, she has refused the offer of the continuation of a large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed; and has at last provoked the King to confine her person to a castle, where she endures all the terrors of a strait imprisonment, and remains still inflexible either to threats or promises. Her violent passions have brought her indeed into fits, which it is supposed will soon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over-scrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. Wortley's business had permitted him a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the Protestant religion; but every thing seemed to me with quite another air of politeness than

I have found in other places. Leipzig, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for its trade; and I take this opportunity of buying pages' liveries, gold stuffs for myself, &c. all things of that kind being at least double the price at Vienna; partly because of the excessive customs, and partly through want of genius and industry in the people, who make no one sort of thing there; so that the ladies are obliged to send even for their shoes out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the resort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is also a fortified town; but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more easy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I am sure you will willingly forgive the omission; for if I made you the most exact description of all the ravelins and bastions I see in my travels, I dare swear you would ask me, What is a ravelin? and, What is a bastion?

Adieu, my dear sister!

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Brunswick, Nov. 23, O. S. 1716.

I AM just come to Brunswick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle's dominions, a family (not to speak of its ancient honours) illustrious by

having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two empresses to Germany. I have not forgotten to drink your health here in mum, which I think very well deserves its reputation of being the best in the world. This letter is the third I have written to you during my journey; and I declare to you, that if you don't send me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances among our London acquaintance, I will not write you any description of Hanover (where I hope to be to-night), though I know you have more curiosity to hear of that place than any other.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Hanover, Nov. 25, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED your ladyship's letter but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much sooner; but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I can assure you, the pacquet at Prague was behind my chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden, so that the secrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curiosity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leave me hardly any time to dispose of. I

am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young prince* has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night, before the King came in. His governor retired on purpose (as he told me afterwards) that I might make some judgment of his genius, by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness that appeared in every thing he said; joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the princess.

This town is neither large nor handsome; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The King has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accommodated; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much, it is very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portuguese ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between travelling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen, so com-

* Afterwards Frederick Prince of Wales.

mon amongst us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, such as Nuremburg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The King's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His Majesty dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness make it one of the most agreeable places in the world.

Dear madam, your, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Hanover, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

I AM very glad, my dear Lady Rich, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you, it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. 'Tis true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own, I could with great joy indulge the

pleasing hopes of seeing you, and the very few others that share my esteem; but while Mr. Wortley is determined to proceed in his design, I am determined to follow him.

I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to say, I am going to write very dully, as most people do when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject, by telling you that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eye-brows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Those perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by too nearly approaching the fire, which they for that reason carefully avoid, though it is now such excessively cold weather, that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial.

The snow is already very deep, and the people begin to slide about in their traineaus. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the traineau, are all as fine as they can

be made; and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind, that cost five or six hundred pounds English.

The Duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court; you know he is nearly related to our King, and uncle to the reigning Empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful princess upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the imperial court for the loss of the Archduke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she began to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness, of the death of that young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression); and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter.

Adieu, dear Lady Rich; continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon

Your, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Blankenburg, Oct. 17, O. S. 1716.

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, the very day I left Hanover. You may easily imagine I was then in too great a hurry to answer it; but you see I take the first opportunity of doing myself that pleasure.

I came here the 15th, very late at night, after a terrible journey, in the worst roads and weather that ever poor traveller suffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning Empress, and carry a message from her Imperial Majesty to the Duchess of Blankenburg, her mother, who is a princess of great address and good-breeding, and may be still called a fine woman. It was so late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to disturb the Duke and Duchess with the news of my arrival; so I took up my quarters in a miserable inn: but as soon as I had sent my compliments to their highnesses, they immediately sent me their own coach and six horses, which had however enough to do to draw us up the very high hill on which the castle is situated. The Duchess is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diversions. The Duke taillys at basset every night; and the Duchess tells me she is so well pleased with my company, that it makes her play less than she used to do. I should find it very difficult to steal time to write, if she was not now

at church, where I cannot wait on her, not understanding the language enough to pay my devotions in it.

You will not forgive me, if I do not say something of Hanover; I cannot tell you that the town is either large or magnificent. The opera-house, which was built by the late Elector, is much finer that that of Vienna. I was very sorry that the ill weather did not permit me to see Hernhausen in all its beauty; but, in spite of the snow, I thought the gardens very fine. I was particularly surprised at the vast number of orange-trees, much larger than any I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder that night at the King's table, to see a present from a gentleman of this country, of two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and, what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe ananas, which, to my taste, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they came here, but by enchantment. Upon enquiry, I learnt that they have brought their stoves to such perfection, they lengthen their summer as long as they please, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very nearly the same; I am surprised we do not practise in England so useful an invention.

This reflection leads me to consider our obstinacy in shaking with cold five months in the year, rather than make use of stoves, which are certainly one of the greatest conveniences of life. Besides, they are so far from spoiling the form of a room, that they add very much to the magnificence of it, when they are painted and gilt, as they are at Vienna, or at Dresden, where they are often in the shapes of china jars, statues, or fine cabinets, so naturally represented, that they are not to be distinguished. If ever I return, in defiance to the fashion, you shall certainly see one in the chamber of, Dear sister, Your, &c.

I will write often, since you desire it: but I must beg you to be a little more particular in yours; you fancy me at forty miles' distance, and forget that, after so long an absence, I cannot understand hints.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Vienna, Jan. 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE just received here at Vienna, your ladyship's compliments on my return to England, sent me from Hanover.

You see, madam, all things that are asserted with confidence are not absolutely true; and that you have no sort of reason to complain of me for making my designed return a mystery to you, when you say, all the world are informed of it.

You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never so well informed of my affairs as I am myself; that I am very positive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all sorts of diversions are carried to the greatest height, except that of masquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat* at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But that noise is so agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years: I would fain have taught them some new ones, but I found it would be some months' labour to make them comprehend them.

Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerably low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was surprised how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together.

* About nine shillings.

No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men dressed like them were such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What completed the diversion, was the excessive cold, which was so great, I thought I should have died there.

It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs; but, however, the air so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common as in England. I am persuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholesome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all sorts of provisions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and it is not very expensive to keep a splendid table. It is really a pleasure to pass through the markets, and see the abundance of what we should think rarities, of fowls and venison, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but shell-fish, and are so fond of oysters, that they have them sent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, stink or not stink.

Thus I obey your commands, madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be satisfied with it. You chide me for my laziness, in not telling you a thousand agreeable and surprising things, that you say you are sure I have seen and heard. Upon my word, madam, it is my regard to truth, and not laziness, that I do

not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers use to divert their readers with. I might easily pick up wonders in every town I pass through, or tell you a long series of popish miracles; but I cannot fancy that there is any thing new in letting you know that priests will lie, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are so inquisitive about, how can it be entertaining to you (that don't know the people) that the Prince of —— has forsaken the Countess of ——? or that the Prince such a one has an intrigue with the Countess such a one? Would you have me write novels like the Countess of D'——? and is it not better to tell you a plain truth,

That I am, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever; designing to-morrow to begin my journey through Hungary, in spite of the excessive cold, and deep snows, which are enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principles of *passive obedience* carry me through every thing.

I have had my audience of leave of the Empress. His Imperial Majesty was pleased to be present when I waited on the reigning Empress; and after

a very obliging conversation, both their Imperial Majesties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring over again so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the Duchess of Blankenburg. I staid but a few days at that court, though her highness pressed me very much to stay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her.

I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: All the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The Emperor and Empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but they are all bedaubed with diamonds, and stand at her Majesty's elbow in all public places. The Duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and the Duchess of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the King of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the absolute princes have, that it is below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and, not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them.

I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat; and am really glad of the excuse, to avoid seeing people that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. It is true, the Austrians are not commonly the most polite people in the world, nor the most agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable, agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life.

Here are some Spaniards of both sexes, that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation; and, could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I would wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me, since I have determined to undertake this journey. And, indeed, I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good as to say all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency

of going by water; assuring me, that the houses in Hungary are such as are no defence against the weather; and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Essek, without finding any house at all, through desert plains covered with snow, where the cold is so violent, many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna, as I should be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level), but 'tis always a mortification to me to observe that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.—Adieu, dear sister: this is the last account you will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say with great truth, in the words of Moneses, *I have long learnt to hold myself as nothing;* but

when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P.S. I have written a letter to my Lady——, that I believe she won't like ; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone ; but I was downright peevish at all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders which I keep to myself out of mere malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the *Anthropophagi*, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her.

FROM MR. POPE.

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; might all your road be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desireable to you. I am glad, madam, your native country uses you so well as to justify your regret for it: it is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes; I can never think that place my country, where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own. Indeed, it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was

most agreeable in it should be taken from thence beforehand. I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy (if you took that way), and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly instructive when you talked of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coast, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you, if I liked Italy enough to reside in it. But I believe I should be as uneasy in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was so myself by those of yours. And it is not impossible but I might run into Turkey in search of liberty ; for who would not rather live a free man among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of free men ?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions towards Italy (on the supposition you go that course), and your exact time, I verily think I shall be once more happy in a sight of you next spring. I 'll conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.

By what I have seen of Mons. Rousseau's works, I should envy you his conversation. But I am sure I envy him yours.

Mr. Addison has not had one Epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own.

Mr. Congreve is entirely yours, and has writ twice to you; he is not in town, but well. I am

in great health, and sit up all night; a just reward for a fever I just come out of, that kept me in bed seven days.

How may I send a large bundle to you?

I beg you will put dates to your letters; they are not long enough. A. POPE.

TO MR. POPE.

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in the hurry of preparing for my journey; but I think I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. 'Tis true, we shall have a considerable *escorte*, so that possibly I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle.

How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence; if comically, you shall hear of them.——Pray be so good as to tell Mr. Congreve I have received his letter. Make him my adieus; if I live, I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady Rich.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Peterwaradin, Jan. 30, O. S. 1717.

At length, dear sister, I am safely arrived, with all my family, in good health, at Peterwaradin; having suffered so little from the rigour of the season (against which we were well provided by furs), and found such tolerable accommodation everywhere, by the care of sending before, that I can hardly forbear laughing when I recollect all the frightful ideas that were given me of this journey. These, I see, were wholly owing to the tenderness of my Vienna friends, and their desire of keeping me with them for this winter.

Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to you to give a short journal of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little passed even by the Hungarians themselves, who generally choose to take the conveniency of going down the Danube. We have had the blessing of being favoured with finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the snow was so deep, we were obliged to have our own coaches fixed upon traineaus, which move so swift and so easily, 'tis by far the most agreeable manner of travelling post. We came to Raab (the second day from Vienna) on the seventeenth instant, where Mr. Wortley sending word of our arrival to the governor, the best house in the town was provided for us,

the garrison put under arms, a guard ordered at our door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor and all other officers immediately waited on Mr. Wortley, to know if there was any thing to be done for his service. The Bishop of Temeswar came to visit us with great civility, earnestly pressing us to dine with him next day; which we refusing, as being resolved to pursue our journey, he sent us several baskets of winter fruit, and a great variety of Hungarian wines, with a young hind just killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the ancient family of Nadasti, so considerable for many ages in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, cheerful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle.

Raab is a strong town, well garrisoned and fortified, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkish and German empires. It has its name from the river Rab, on which it is situated, just on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champaign country. It was first taken by the Turks, under the command of Pashá Sinan, in the reign of Sultan Amurath III. in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-four. The governor, being supposed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded by the Emperor's command. The Counts of Swartzenburg and Palfi retook it by surprise, 1598; since which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it

by stratagem in 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all I saw remarkable in the town.

Leaving Comora on the other side the river, we went the eighteenth to Nosmuhl, a small village, where, however, we made shift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and Buda, through the finest plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the most part desert and uncultivated, laid waste by the long wars between the Turk and the Emperor, and the more cruel civil war occasioned by the barbarous persecution of the Protestant religion by the Emperor Leopold. That prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but, putting his conscience into the hands of a Jesuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian subjects, than ever the Turk has been to the Christians; breaking, without scruple, his coronation oath, and his faith, solemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed, nothing can be more melancholy than, in travelling through Hungary, to reflect on the former flourishing state of that kingdom, and to see such a noble spot of earth almost uninhabited. Such are also the present circumstances of Buda (where we arrived very early the twenty-second), once the royal seat of the Hungarian kings, whose palace was reckoned one of the most beautiful

buildings of the age, now wholly destroyed, no part of the town having been repaired since the last siege, but the fortifications and the castle, which is the present residence of the Governor-general Ragule, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to see us, and carried us in his coach to his house, where I was received by his lady with all possible civility, and magnificently entertained.

This city is situated upon a little hill on the south side of the Danube. The castle is much higher than the town, and from it the prospect is very noble. Without the walls lie a vast number of little houses, or rather huts, that they call the Rascian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor assured me, it would furnish twelve thousand fighting men. These towns look very odd; their houses stand in rows, many thousands of them so close together, that they appear at a little distance like old-fashioned thatched tents. They consist, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under ground; these are their summer and winter apartments. Buda was first taken by Soliman the Magnificent in 1526, and lost the following year to Ferdinand I. King of Bohemia. Soliman regained it by the treachery of the garrison, and voluntarily gave it into the hands of King John of Hungary; after whose death, his son being an infant, Ferdinand laid siege to it, and the Queen mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid. He

indeed raised the siege, but left a Turkish garrison in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which she was forced to submit to in 1541. It resisted afterwards the sieges laid to it by the Marquis of Brandenburg in the year 1542; Count Swartzenburg in 1598; General Rosworm in 1602; and the Duke of Lorrain, commander of the Emperor's forces, in 1684; to whom it yielded in 1686, after an obstinate defence, Apti Bassa, the governor, being killed, fighting in the breach with a Roman bravery. The loss of this town was so important, and so much resented by the Turks, that it occasioned the deposing of their Emperor Mahomet IV. the year following.

We did not proceed on our journey till the twenty-third, when we passed through Adam and Todowar, both considerable towns when in the hands of the Turks, but now quite ruined. The remains, however, of some Turkish towns shew something of what they have been. This part of the country is very much overgrown with wood, and little frequented. 'Tis incredible what vast numbers of wild-fowl we saw, which often live here to a good old age,—and, *undisturb'd by guns, in quiet sleep.*——We came the five-and-twentieth to Mohatch, and were shewed the field near it, where Lewis, the young King of Hungary, lost his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch, trying to fly from Balybeus, general of Solyman the Magnifi-

cent. This battle opened the first passage for the Turks into the heart of Hungary.——I don't name to you the little villages, of which I can say nothing remarkable; but I'll assure you, I have always found a warm stove, and great plenty, particularly of wild boar, venison, and all kinds of *gibier*. The few people that inhabit Hungary live easily enough; they have no money, but the woods and plains afford them provision in great abundance: they were ordered to give us all things necessary, even what horses we pleased to demand, *gratis;* but Mr. Wortley would not oppress the poor country people by making use of this order, and always paid them to the full worth of what he had. They were so surprised at this unexpected generosity, which they are very little used to, that they always pressed upon us, at parting, a dozen of fat pheasants, or something of that sort, for a present. Their dress is very primitive, being only a plain sheep's skin, and a cap and boots of the same stuff. You may easily imagine this lasts them many winters; and thus they have very little occasion for money.

The twenty-sixth, we passed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage and carriages. We met on the other side General Veterani, who invited us, with great civility, to pass the night at a little castle of his, a few miles off, assuring us we should have a very hard day's journey to reach Essek. This we found but too true, the woods

being very dangerous, and scarcely passable, from the vast quantity of wolves that hoard in them. We came, however, safe, though late, to Essek, where we stayed a day, to dispatch a courier with letters to the Pashá of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of seeing the town, which is not very large, but fair built, and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is situated on the Drave, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was esteemed one of the most extraordinary in the world, being eight thousand paces long, and all built of oak. It was burnt, and the city laid in ashes by Count Lesly, 1685, but was again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who, however, abandoned it in 1687. General Dunnewalt then took possession of it for the Emperor, in whose hands it has remained ever since, and is esteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary.

The twenty-eighth, we went to Bocorwar, a very large Rascian town, all built after the manner I have described to you. We were met there by Colonel ———, who would not suffer us to go anywhere but to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Rascian houses cast into one, and made as neat and convenient as those places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are

much handsomer than those of Austria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country; they are generally very fair and well-shaped, and their dress, I think, is extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of scarlet velvet, lined and faced with sables, made exact to her shape, and the skirt falling to her feet. The sleeves are strait to their arms, and the stays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable or some other fine fur. — They gave us a handsome dinner, and I thought the conversation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany us part of our way.

The twenty-ninth, we arrived here, where we were met by the commanding officer, at the head of all the officers of the garrison. We are lodged in the best apartment of the governor's house, and entertained in a very splendid manner by the Emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjusted, concerning our reception on the Turkish frontiers. Mr. Wortley's courier, which he sent from Essek, returned this morning, with the pashá's answer in a purse of scarlet satin, which the interpreter here has translated. It is to promise him to be honourably received. I desired him to appoint where he would be met by the Turkish convoy.— He has dispatched the courier back, naming Bet-

sko, a village in the midway between Peterwaradin and Belgrade. We shall stay here till we receive his answer.

Thus, dear sister, I have given you a very particular, and (I am afraid you 'll think) a tedious account, of this part of my travels. It was not an affectation of shewing my reading, that has made me tell you some little scraps of the history of the towns I have passed through ; I have always avoided any thing of that kind, when I spoke of places that I believe you knew the story of as well as myself. But Hungary being a part of the world which, I believe, is quite new to you, I thought you might read with some pleasure an account of it, which I have been very solicitous to get from the best hands. However, if you don't like it, 'tis in your power to forbear reading it. I am, dear sister, &c.

I am promised to have this letter carefully sent to Vienna.

FROM MR. POPE.

MADAM,

I NO more think I can have too many of your letters, than that I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost,

as at something that interrupts the history of my title; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that short one from Dort, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter. But I have so great an opinion of your goodness, that had I received none, I should not have accused you of neglect or insensibility. I am not so wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the minute they don't write; I 'd as soon quarrel at the sun the minute he did not shine, which he is hindered from by accidental causes, and is in reality all that time performing the same course, and doing the same good offices as ever.

You have contrived to say in your last, the two most pleasing things to me in nature; the first is, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. This is generous to the last degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be assured in return, my heart shall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it; so that you shall never be able to favour your absent friend, before he has thought himself obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.

The other is, the justice you do me in taking what I writ to you in the serious manner it was

meant: it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious: it would be the most vexatious of all tyranny, if you should pretend to take for raillery, what is the mere disguise of a discontented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itself; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the same heart, as it is improved and awakened by an esteem for you: but, since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not at least been entirely unfaithful to those thoughts, to which I am sure they can never be equal. May God increase your faith in all truths that are as great as this; and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the most like reason of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, with vast empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner at your service; where I dare affirm, madam, your idea lies as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom.

If I don't take care, I shall write myself all out to you; and if this correspondence continues on both sides at the free rate I would have it, we shall have very little curiosity to encourage our meeting at the day of judgment. I foresee that the further you go from me, the more freely I shall write; and if (as I earnestly wish) you would do the same, I can't guess where it will end: let us be like modest people, who, when they are close together, keep all decorums; but if they step a little aside, or get to the other end of a room, can untie garters or take off shifts without scruple.

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on your account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation, might interpose between you and Turkey; I wish you restored to us at the expence of a whole people: I barely hope you will forgive me for saying this, but I fear God will scarce forgive me for desiring it.

Make me less wicked then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are going to Hanover: can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back so far to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the King, it is I; for it is my particular misfortune to

be almost the only innocent man whom he has made to suffer, both by his government at home, and his negotiations abroad.

A. Pope

TO MR. POPE.

Belgrade, Feb. 12, O. S. 1717.

I did verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days; but the pashá here was in such haste to see us, that he dispatched the courier back (which Mr. Wortley had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us) without suffering him to pull off his boots.

My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey; and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The Emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses; they rather look like vagabond gypsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops.

I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church; but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion

to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows, letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian bramins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek church.

This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with the skulls and carcases of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look, without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the *irrationality* of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. It is true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbes, that the *state of nature* is a *state of war;* but thence I

conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; I won't however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an aga of the janisaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the pashá had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise, notwithstanding the parole given.

We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified on the east side by the Danube, and on the south by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, and since by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest janisaries, commanded by a pashá seraskiér (*i. e.* general), though this last

expression is not very just; for, to say truth, the seraskiér is commanded by the janisaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion, than the appearance of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea of the *admirable* intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their pashá about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling), to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people; but when we came hither, we found that the governor had been ill-informed, and the real truth of the story to be this. The late pashá fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildness, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming quick enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their pashá before the cadi and mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying

out, Why he protected the infidels? Another, Why he squeezed them of their money? The pashá easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their scimitars (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present pashá has not dared to punish the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery.—We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the pashá detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may possibly be a month a-coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of janisaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host, Achmet Bey, a title something like that of count in Germany. His father was a great pashá, and he has been educated in the most polite eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an ex-

traordinary scribe, which they call *effendi.* This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and, as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine.* At first he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, nobody knows it. He has wit, and

* The Persian tales appeared first in Europe as a translation, by Monsieur Petit de la Croix; and what are called "The Arabian Nights," in a similar manner, by Monsieur Galland. The Tales of the Genii, said in the title-page to have been translated by Sir Charles Morell, were, in fact, entirely composed by James Ridley, esq.

is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand.

But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place; though the weather is colder than I believe it ever was any-where but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside.—God knows when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter: but I have written it for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

TO HER R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.*

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE now, madam, finished a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors: and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your royal highness by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us; the Emperor's ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr.

* Afterwards Queen Caroline, wife of George II.

Wortley was so zealous for the service of his Majesty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that passage.

We crossed the deserts of Servia, almost quite overgrown with wood, through a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are industrious; but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the janissaries, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day to see their insolencies in the poor villages through which we passed.

After seven days' travelling through thick woods, we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated in a fine plain on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured, that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarcely perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for my compassion. The wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house weeping and tearing their hair and beards in

a most pitiful manner, without getting any thing but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your royal highness how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket, with all my heart; but it would only have been giving so much to the aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorse.

After four days' journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, situated in a large beautiful plain on the river Isca, and surrounded with distant mountains. It is hardly possible to see a more agreeable landscape. The city itself is very large, and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues.—Four days' journey from hence we arrived at Philippopolis, after having passed the ridges between the mountains of Hæmus and Rhodope, which are always covered with snow. This town is situated on a rising ground near the river Hebrus, and is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks: here are still some ancient Christian churches. They have a bishop; and several of the richest Greeks live here; but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniences) being all their security against feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to Adrianople is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills; and the perpetual spring they enjoy makes every thing gay

and flourishing. But this climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its frosts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a king who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their father than their master.

This theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible I have already tired out your royal highness's patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as short as you please, by throwing it into the fire, when weary of reading it.

I am, madam,

With the greatest respect, &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I AM now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship with some content of mind, hoping, at least, that you will find the charms of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary.

I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I

stopped here one day on purpose to see them; and, designing to go *incognito*, I hired a Turkish coach. These voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permits the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In one of these covered waggons, I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings; and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this

room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, it was impossible to stay there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles, and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated over and over to me; "Guzél, pék guzél," which is nothing but *Charming, very charming.*— The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, in plain English, stark

naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture amongst them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace which Milton describes our general mother with. There were many amongst them as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of a Guido or Titian,—and most of their skins shiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the Graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, *That if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed.* I perceived that the ladies of the most delicate skins and finest shapes had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough to wish secretly that Mr. Jervas* could have been there invisible. I fancy it would have very much improved his art, to see so many fine women naked, in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and

* Charles Jervas was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was the friend of Pope, and much celebrated for his portraits of females. The beauties of his day were proud to be painted by his hand, after Pope had published his celebrated epistle to him, in which he is complimented as "selling a thousand years of bloom."

many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. In short, it is the women's coffee-house, where all the news of the town is told, scandal invented, &c.—They generally take this diversion once a-week, and stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold by immediately coming out of the hot bath into the cold room, which was very surprising to me. The lady that seemed the most considerable among them, entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being, however, all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and shew them my stays; which satisfied them very well; for, I saw, they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband.—I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr. Wortley resolving to pursue his journey next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap of stones.

Adieu, madam: I am sure I have now entertained you with an account of such a sight as you never saw in your life, and what no book of travels

could inform you of, as it is no less than death for a man to be found in one of these places.*

TO THE ABBOT ——.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

You see that I am very exact in keeping the promise you engaged me to make. I know not, however, whether your curiosity will be satisfied with the accounts I shall give you, though I can assure you, the desire I have to oblige you to the

* Dr. Russel, an author of great credit, in his History of Aleppo, questions the truth of the account here given by Lady Mary Wortley, affirming that the native ladies of that city, with whom, as their physician, he had permission to converse through a lattice, denied to him the prevalence, and almost the existence of the custom she describes, and even seemed as much scandalized at hearing of it, as if they had been born and bred in England. The writer of this note confesses to having entertained doubts upon this point, arising from the statement of Dr. Russel; but these doubts were removed by the testimony of a lady, who travelled some years ago in Turkey, and was several months an inmate of the English ambassador's house at Pera, whose veracity no one who knew her, could doubt, and whose word would have been taken, before the oaths of a whole haram. That lady, having been prevented, by circumstances, from visiting the baths at Constantinople, had an opportunity of doing so at Athens, and there she found Lady Mary's account strictly correct in the main points, although the sight did not inspire her with the same degree of admiration. To use a trite metaphor, she found Lady Mary's outline faithful, but her colouring too vivid. It may therefore be fairly presumed that the Aleppo ladies, perceiving the Doctor's opinion of the custom, thought fit to disclaim it, or that it really did not prevail in that particular city, and their knowledge went no further.

utmost of my power, has made me very diligent in my enquiries and observations. It is certain we have but very imperfect accounts of the manners and religion of these people; this part of the world being seldom visited but by merchants, who mind little but their own affairs, or travellers, who make too short a stay to be able to report any thing exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converse familiarly with merchants; who can only pick up some confused informations, which are generally false; and can give no better account of the ways here, than a French refugee, lodging in a garret in Greek-street, could write of the court of England.

The journey we have made from Belgrade hither, cannot possibly be passed by any out of a public character. The desert woods of Servia are the common refuge of thieves, who rob fifty in a company, so that we had need of all our guards to secure us; and the villages are so poor, that only force could extort from them necessary provisions. Indeed the janisaries had no mercy on their poverty, killing all the poultry and sheep they could find, without asking to whom they belonged; while the wretched owners durst not put in their claim, for fear of being beaten. Lambs just fallen, geese and turkies big with egg, all massacred without distinction! I fancied I heard the complaints of Melibeus for the hope of his flock. When the pashás travel, it is yet worse. These oppressors are not content with eating all that is to be eaten belong-

ing to the peasants; after they have crammed themselves and their numerous retinue, they have the impudence to exact what they call *teeth-money*, a contribution for the use of their teeth, worn with doing them the honour of devouring their meat. This is literally and exactly true, however extravagant it may seem; and such is the natural corruption of a military government, their religion not allowing of this barbarity any more than ours does.

I had the advantage of lodging three weeks at Belgrade, with a principal effendi, that is to say, a scholar. This set of men are equally capable of preferments in the law or the church, these two sciences being cast into one, and a lawyer and a priest being the same word in the Turkish language. They are the only men really considerable in the empire; all the profitable employments and church revenues are in their hands. The Grand-Signior, though general heir to his people, never presumes to touch their lands or money, which go, in an uninterrupted succession, to their children. It is true, they lose this privilege by accepting a place at court, or the title of pashá; but there are few examples of such fools among them. You may easily judge of the power of these men, who have engrossed all the learning, and almost all the wealth, of the empire. They are the real authors, though the soldiers are the actors, of revolutions. They deposed the late Sultan Mustapha; and their power is so well known, that it is the Emperor's interest to flatter them.

This is a long digression. I was going to tell you that an intimate daily conversation with the effendi Achmet-Bey gave me an opportunity of knowing their religion and morals in a more particular manner than perhaps any Christian ever did. I explained to him the difference between the religion of England and Rome; and he was pleased to hear there were Christians that did not worship images, or adore the Virgin Mary. The ridicule of transubstantiation appeared very strong to him. ——Upon comparing our creeds together, I am convinced that if our friend Dr. —— had free liberty of preaching here, it would be very easy to persuade the generality to Christianity, whose notions are very little different from his. Mr. Whiston would make a very good apostle here. I don't doubt but his zeal will be much fired, if you communicate this account to him; but tell him, he must first have the gift of tongues, before he can possibly be of any use.

Mahometism is divided into as many sects as Christianity; and the first institution as much neglected and obscured by interpretations. I cannot here forbear reflecting on the natural inclination of mankind to make mysteries and novelties. ——The Zeidi, Kudi, Jabari, &c. put me in mind of the Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists, and are equally zealous against one another. But the most prevailing opinion, if you search into the secret of the effendis, is plain deism. This is indeed kept from the people, who are amused with a thousand

different notions, according to the different interest of their preachers.—There are very few amongst them (Achmet-Bey denied there were any) so absurd, as to set up for wits by declaring they believe no God at all. And Sir Paul Rycaut is mistaken (as he commonly is) in calling the sect *muterin** (i. e. *the secret with us*) atheists, they being deists, whose impiety consists in making a jest of their prophet. Achmet-Bey did not own to me that he was of this opinion; but made no scruple of deviating from some part of Mahomet's law, by drinking wine with the same freedom we did. When I asked him how he came to allow himself that liberty? he made answer, that all the creatures of God are good, and designed for the use of man; however, that the prohibition of wine was a very wise maxim, and meant for the common people, being the source of all disorders among them; but that the prophet never designed to confine those that knew how to use it with moderation: nevertheless, he said that scandal ought to be avoided, and that he never drank it in public. This is the general way of thinking among them, and very few forbear drinking wine that are able to afford it. He assured me, that if I understood Arabic, I should be very well pleased with reading the Alcoran, which is so far from the nonsense we charge it with, that

* See D'Ohsson, Tableau Général de l'Empire Othoman, 5 vols. 8vo. 1791, in which the religious code of the Mohammedans, and of each sect, is very satisfactorily detailed.

it is the purest morality, delivered in the very best language. I have since heard impartial Christians speak of it in the same manner; and I don't doubt but that all our translations are from copies got from the Greek priests, who would not fail to falsify it with the extremity of malice. No body of men ever were more ignorant, or more corrupt: yet they differ so little from the Romish church, that, I confess, nothing gives me a greater abhorrence of the cruelty of your clergy, than the barbarous persecution of them, whenever they have been their masters, for no other reason than their not acknowledging the pope. The dissenting in that one article has got them the titles of heretics and schismatics; and, what is worse, the same treatment. I found at Philippopolis a sect of Christians that call themselves Paulines. They shew an old church, where, they say, St. Paul preached; and he is their favourite saint, after the same manner that St. Peter is at Rome; neither do they forget to give him the same preference over the rest of the apostles.

But of all the religions I have seen, that of the Arnaöuts seems to me the most particular. They are natives of Arnaöutlich, the ancient Macedonia, and still retain the courage and hardiness, though they have lost the name, of Macedonians, being the best militia in the Turkish empire, and the only check upon the janisaries. They are foot soldiers; we had a guard of them, relieved in every considerable town we passed: they are all clothed and

armed at their own expence, dressed in clean white coarse cloth, carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with upon their shoulders as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader singing a sort of rude tune, not unpleasant, and the rest making up the chorus. These people, living between Christians and Mahometans, and not being skilled in controversy, declare that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is best; but, to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both. They go to the mosques on Fridays, and to the church on Sundays, saying for their excuse, that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true prophet; but which that is, they are not able to determine in this world. I believe there is no other race of mankind, who have so modest an opinion of their own capacity.

These are the remarks I have made on the diversity of religions I have seen. I don't ask your pardon for the liberty I have taken in speaking of the Roman. I know you equally condemn the quackery of all churches, as much as you revere the sacred truths, in which we both agree.

You will expect I should say something to you of the antiquities of this country; but there are few remains of ancient Greece. We passed near the piece of an arch, which is commonly called Trajan's Gate, from a supposition that he made it to shut up the passage over the mountains be-

tween Sophia and Philippopolis. But I rather believe it the remains of some triumphal arch (though I could not see any inscription); for, if that passage had been shut up, there are many others that would serve for the march of an army; and, notwithstanding the story of Baldwin Earl of Flanders being overthrown in these straits, after he won Constantinople, I don't fancy the Germans would find themselves stopped by them at this day. It is true, the road is now made (with great industry) as commodious as possible, for the march of the Turkish army; there is not one ditch or puddle between this place and Belgrade that has not a large strong bridge of planks built over it; but the precipices are not so terrible as I had heard them represented. At these mountains we lay at the little village Kiskoi, wholly inhabited by Christians, as all the peasants of Bulgaria are. Their houses are nothing but little huts, raised of dirt baked in the sun; and they leave them, and fly into the mountains, some months before the march of the Turkish army, who would else entirely ruin them, by driving away their whole flocks. This precaution secures them in a sort of plenty; for, such vast tracts of land lying in common, they have the liberty of sowing what they please, and are generally very industrious husbandmen. I drank here several sorts of delicious wine. The women dress themselves in a great variety of coloured glass beads, and are not ugly, but of a tawny complexion.

I have now told you all that is worth telling you, and perhaps more, relating to my journey. When I am at Constantinople, I'll try to pick up some curiosities, and then you shall hear again from

Yours, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

As I never can forget the smallest of your ladyship's commands, my first business here has been to enquire after the stuffs you ordered me to look for, without being able to find what you would like. The difference of the dress here and at London is so great, the same sort of things are not proper for *caftáns* and *manteaus*. However, I will not give over my search, but renew it again at Constantinople, though I have reason to believe there is nothing finer than what is to be found here, as this place is at present the residence of the court. The Grand-Signior's eldest daughter was married some few days before I came hither; and, upon that occasion, the Turkish ladies display all their magnificence. The bride was conducted to her husband's house in very great splendor. She is widow of the late Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin, though that ought rather to be called a contract than a marriage, since she never has lived with him; however, the greatest part of his wealth is hers. He had the

permission of visiting her in the seraglio; and, being one of the handsomest men in the empire, had very much engaged her affections.—When she saw this second husband, who is at least fifty, she could not forbear bursting into tears. He is indeed a man of merit, and the declared favourite of the Sultan (which they call *mosáyp*), but that is not enough to make him pleasing in the eyes of a girl of thirteen.

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army: the Grand-Signior, with all his absolute power, is as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a janisary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection than among us: a minister of state is not spoken to, but upon the knee; should a reflection on his conduct he dropped in a coffee-house (for they have spies everywhere), the house would be rased to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to the torture. No *huzzaing mobs, senseless pamphlets, and tavern disputes about politics;*

> A consequential ill that freedom draws;
> A bad effect,—but from a noble cause.

None of our harmless calling names! but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours' time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off hands, head, and feet, and throw them before the palace gate, with all the respect in the world; while the Sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apart-

ment, and dare neither defend nor revenge his favourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no *law* but his *will.*

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive-obedient men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest and strongest light, where it is hard to judge whether the prince, people, or ministers, are most miserable. I could make many reflections on this subject; but I know, madam, your own good sense has already furnished you with better than I am capable of.

I went yesterday along with the French embassadress to see the Grand-Signior* in his passage to the mosque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of janisaries, with vast white feathers on their heads, as also by the *spahis* and *bostangees* (these are foot and horse guards), and the royal gardeners, which are a very considerable body of men, dressed in different habits of fine lively colours, so that, at a distance, they appeared like a parterre of tulips. After them the aga of the janisaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with silver tissue, his horse led by two slaves richly dressed. Next him the *kyzlár-aga* (your ladyship knows this

* Achmet III. who reigned from 1703 to 1730, recovered the Morea from the Venetians, but lost Belgrade, Peterwaradin, and Temesvar, to the Imperialists. He preferred his palace at Adrianople to the Ottoman Porte, which lost him the favour of the janisaries.

is the chief guardian of the seraglio ladies) in a deep yellow cloth (which suited very well to his black face) lined with sables. Last came his sublimity himself, arrayed in green lined with the fur of a black Moscovite fox, which is supposed worth a thousand pounds sterling, and mounted on a fine horse, with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horses richly caparisoned were led after him; and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold, and the other his silver coffee-pot, on a staff; another carried a silver stool on his head for him to sit on.

It would be too tedious to tell your ladyship the various dresses and turbants by which their rank is distinguished; but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of some thousands; so that, perhaps, there cannot be seen a more beautiful procession. The Sultan appeared to us a handsome man of about forty, with something, however, severe in his countenance, and his eyes very full and black. He happened to stop under the window where we stood, and (I suppose being told who we were) looked upon us very attentively, so that we had full leisure to consider him. The French embassadress agreed with me as to his good mien: I see that lady very often; she is young, and her conversation would be a great relief to me, if I could persuade her to live without those forms and ceremonies that make life so formal and tiresome. But she is so delighted with her guards, her four-and-

twenty footmen, gentlemen ushers, &c. that she would rather die than make me a visit without them; not to reckon a coachful of attending damsels yclep'd maids of honour. What vexes me is, that as long as she will visit me with a troublesome equipage, I am obliged to do the same: however, our mutual interest makes us much together.

I went with her the other day all round the town, in an open gilt chariot, with our joint train of attendants, preceded by our guards, who might have summoned the people to see what they had never seen, nor ever perhaps would see again—two young Christian embassadresses at the same time. Your ladyship may easily imagine we drew a vast crowd of spectators, but all silent as death. If any of them had taken the liberties of our mobs upon any strange sight, our janisaries had made no scruple of falling on them with their scimitars, without danger for so doing, being above law.

These people however (I mean the janisaries) have some good qualities; they are very zealous and faithful where they serve, and look upon it as their business to fight for you on all occasions. Of this I had a very pleasant instance in a village on this side Philippopolis, where we were met by our domestic guards. I happened to bespeak pigeons for supper, upon which one of my janisaries went immediately to the cadi (the chief civil officer of the town), and ordered him to send in some dozens. The poor man answered, that he had already sent

about, but could get none. My janisary, in the height of his zeal for my service, immediately locked him up prisoner in his room, telling him he deserved death for his impudence, in offering to excuse his not obeying my command; but, out of respect to me, he would not punish him but by my order. Accordingly, he came very gravely to me, to ask what should be done to him; adding, by way of compliment, that if I pleased he would bring me his head. — This may give you some idea of the unlimited power of these fellows, who are all sworn brothers, and bound to revenge the injuries done to one another, whether at Cairo, Aleppo, or any part of the world. This inviolable league makes them so powerful, that the greatest man at court never speaks to them but in a flattering tone; and in Asia, any man that is rich is forced to enrol himself a janisary, to secure his estate.

But I have already said enough; and I dare swear, dear madam, that, by this time, 'tis a very comfortable reflection to you, that there is no possibility of your receiving such a tedious letter but once in six months; 'tis that consideration has given me the assurance of entertaining you so long, and will, I hope, plead the excuse of, dear madam,

Yours, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I WISH to God, dear sister, that you were as regular in letting me know what passes on your side of the globe, as I am careful in endeavouring to amuse you by the account of all I see here that I think worth your notice. You content yourself with telling me over and over, that the town is very dull: it may possibly be dull to you, when every day does not present you with something new; but for me that am in arrears at least two months' news, all that seems very stale with you would be very fresh and sweet here. Pray let me into more particulars, and I will try to awaken your gratitude, by giving you a full and true relation of the novelties of this place, none of which would surprise you more than a sight of my person, as I am now in my Turkish habit, though I believe you would be of my opinion, that 'tis admirably becoming.—I intend to send you my picture; in the mean time accept of it here.

The first part of my dress is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my shoes, and conceal the legs more modestly than your petticoats. They are of a thin rose-coloured damask, brocaded with silver flowers. My shoes are of white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my smock, of a fine white silk gauze, edged with embroidery.

This smock has wide sleeves, hanging half way down the arm, and is closed at the neck with a diamond button; but the shape and colour of the bosom are very well to be distinguished through it. The *antery* is a waistcoat, made close to the shape, of white and gold damask, with very long sleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and should have diamond or pearl buttons. My *caftan*, of the same stuff with my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my shape, and reaching to my feet, with very long strait falling sleeves. Over this is my girdle, of about four fingers broad, which all that can afford it have entirely of diamonds or other precious stones; those who will not be at that expence, have it of exquisite embroidery on satin; but it must be fastened before with a clasp of diamonds. The *curdee* is a loose robe they throw off or put on according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold), either lined with ermine or sables; the sleeves reach very little below the shoulders. The head-dress is composed of a cap, called *talpock*, which is in winter of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and in summer of a light shining silver stuff. This is fixed on one side of the head, hanging a little way down with a gold tassel, and bound on, either with a circle of diamonds (as I have seen several) or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other side of the head, the hair is laid flat; and here the ladies are at liberty to shew their fancies; some

putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and, in short, what they please; but the most general fashion is a large *bouquet* of jewels, made like natural flowers; that is, the buds, of pearl; the roses, of different coloured rubies; the jessamines, of diamonds; the jonquils, of topazes, &c. so well set and enamelled, 'tis hard to imagine any thing of that kind so beautiful. The hair hangs at its full length behind, divided into tresses braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity.

I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair. In one lady's, I have counted a hundred and ten of the tresses, all natural; but it must be owned, that every kind of beauty is more common here than with us. 'Tis surprising to see a young woman that is not very handsome. They have naturally the most beautiful complexion in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can assure you with great truth, that the court of England (though I believe it the fairest in Christendom) does not contain so many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally shape their eye-brows; and both Greeks and Turks have the custom of putting round their eyes a black tincture, that, at a distance, or by candle-light, adds very much to the blackness of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be overjoyed to know this secret; but 'tis too visible by day. They dye their nails a rose-

colour; but, I own, I cannot enough accustom myself to this fashion to find any beauty in it.

As to their morality or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that 'tis just as it is with you; and the Turkish ladies don't commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring, either the exemplary discretion or extreme stupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them. 'Tis very easy to see, they have in reality more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank soever, is permitted to go into the streets without two *murlins;* one that covers her face all but her eyes, and another that hides the whole dress of her head, and hangs half way down her back. Their shapes are also wholly concealed, by a thing they call a *ferigee,* which no woman of any sort appears without; this has strait sleeves, that reach to their finger-ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood. In winter 'tis of cloth, and in summer of plain stuff or silk. You may guess then how effectually this disguises them, so that there is no distinguishing the great lady from her slave. 'Tis impossible for the most jealous husband to know his wife when he meets her; and no man dare touch or follow a woman in the street.

This perpetual masquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations without dan-

ger of discovery. The most usual method of intrigue is, to send an appointment to the lover to meet the lady at a Jew's shop, which are as notoriously convenient as our Indian-houses; and yet even those who don't make use of them, do not scruple to go to buy pennyworths, and tumble over rich goods, which are chiefly to be found amongst that sort of people. The great ladies seldom let their gallants know who they are; and 'tis so difficult to find it out, that they can very seldom guess at her name, whom they have corresponded with for above half a year together. You may easily imagine the number of faithful wives very small in a country where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiscretion, since we see so many have the courage to expose themselves to that in this world, and all the threatened punishment of the next, which is never preached to the Turkish damsels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the resentment of their husbands; those ladies that are rich having all their money in their own hands.

Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the only free people in the empire: the very divan pays respect to them; and the Grand-Signior himself, when a pashá is executed, never violates the privileges of the *harém* (or women's apartment), which remains unsearched and entire to the widow. They are queens of their slaves, whom the husband has no permission so much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chooses.

'Tis true, their law permits them four wives; but there is no instance of a man of quality that makes use of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would suffer it. When a husband happens to be inconstant (as those things will happen), he keeps his mistress in a house apart, and visits her as privately as he can, just as it is with you. Amongst all the great men here, I only know the *tefterdar* (*i. e.* treasurer) that keeps a number of she slaves for his own use (that is, on his own side of the house; for a slave once given to serve a lady is entirely at her disposal), and he is spoken of as a libertine, or what we should call a rake, and his wife won't see him, though she continues to live in his house.

Thus you see, dear sister, the manners of mankind do not differ so widely as our voyage-writers would make us believe. Perhaps it would be more entertaining to add a few surprising customs of my own invention; but nothing seems to me so agreeable as truth, and I believe nothing so acceptable to you. I conclude therefore with repeating the great truth of my being, Dear sister, &c.

FROM MR. POPE.

MADAM,

IF to live in the memory of others have any thing desirable in it, 'tis what you possess with regard to me, in the highest sense of the words. There is

not a day in which your figure does not appear before me; your conversations return to my thoughts, and every scene, place, or occasion, where I have enjoyed them, are as livelily painted, as an imagination equally warm and tender can be capable to represent them. Yet how little accrues to you from all this, when not only my wishes, but the very expressions of them, can hardly ever arrive to be known to you! I cannot tell whether you have seen half the letters I have writ; but if you had, I have not said in them half of what I designed to say; and you can have seen but a faint, slight, timorous eschantillon of what my spirit suggests, and my hand follows slowly and imperfectly, indeed unjustly, because discreetly and reservedly. When you told me there was no way left for our correspondence but by merchant ships, I watched ever since for any that set out, and this is the first I could learn of. I owe the knowledge of it to Mr. Congreve (whose letters, with my Lady Rich's, accompany this). However, I was impatient enough to venture two from Mr. Methuen's office: they have miscarried; you have lost nothing but such words and wishes as I repeat every day in your memory, and for your welfare. I have had thoughts of causing what I write for the future to be transcribed, and to send copies by more ways than one, that one at least might have a chance to reach you. The letters themselves would be artless and natural enough to prove there could be no vanity in this

practice, and to shew it proceeded from the belief of their being welcome to you, not as they came from me, but from England. My eye-sight is grown so bad, that I have left off all correspondence except with yourself; in which methinks I am like those people who abandon and abstract themselves from all that are about them (with whom they might have business and intercourse), to employ their addresses only to invisible and distant beings, whose good offices and favours cannot reach them in a long time, if at all. If I hear from you, I look upon it as little less than a miracle, or extraordinary visitation from another world; 'tis a sort of dream of an agreeable thing, which subsists no more to me; but, however, it is such a dream as exceeds most of the dull realities of my life. Indeed, what with ill-health and ill-fortune, I am grown so stupidly philosophical as to have no thought about me that deserves the name of warm or lively, but that which sometimes awakens me into an imagination that I may yet see you again. Compassionate a poet, who has lost all manner of romantic ideas; except a few that hover about the Bosphorus and Hellespont, not so much for the fine sound of their names, as to raise up images of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the sea to kiss the hand of fair Hero. This were a destiny less to be lamented, than what we are told of the poor Jew, one of your interpreters, who was beheaded at Belgrade as a spy. I confess such a death would have been a

great disappointment to me; and I believe Jacob Tonson will hardly venture to visit you after this news.

You tell me, the pleasure of being nearer the sun has a great effect upon your health and spirits. You have turned my affections so far eastward that I could almost be one of his worshippers; for I think the sun has more reason to be proud of raising your spirits, than of raising all the plants and ripening all the minerals in the earth. It is my opinion, a reasonable man might gladly travel three or four thousand leagues to see your nature and your wit in their full perfection. What may not we expect from a creature that went out the most perfect of this part of the world, and is every day improving by the sun in the other! If you do not now write and speak the finest things imaginable, you must be content to be involved in the same imputation with the rest of the East, and be concluded to have abandoned yourself to extreme effeminacy, laziness, and lewdness of life.

I make not the least question but you could give me great eclaircissements upon many passages in Homer, since you have been enlightened by the same sun that inspired the father of poetry. You are now glowing under the climate that animated him; you may see his images rising more boldly about you in the very scenes of his story and action; you may lay the immortal work on some broken column of a hero's sepulchre, and read the

fall of Troy in the shade of a Trojan ruin. But if, to visit the tomb of so many heroes, you have not the heart to pass over that sea where once a lover perished, you may at least, at ease in your own window, contemplate the fields of Asia in such a dim and remote prospect as you have of Homer in my translation.

I send you, therefore, with this, the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley. Among the rest, you have all I am worth, that is, my works: there are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage, that I cannot tell whether to wish you should understand or not.

For the news in London, I 'll sum it up in short: we have masquerades at the theatre in the Haymarket, of Mr. Heideker's institution; they are very frequent, yet the adventures are not so numerous but that of my Lady Mohun still makes the chief figure. Her marriage to young Mordant, and all its circumstances, I suppose you 'll have from Lady Rich or Miss Griffin. The political state is under great divisions, the parties of Walpole and Stanhope as violent as Whig and Tory. The K. and P. continue two names; there is nothing like a coalition, but at the masquerade: however the Princess is a dissenter from it, and has a very small party in so unmodish a separation.

The last I received from your hands was from

Peterwaradin ; it gave me the joy of thinking you in good health and humour : one or two expressions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me. I writ a very melancholy one just before, which was sent to Mr. Stanyan, to be forwarded through Hungary. It would have informed you how meanly I thought of the pleasures of Italy, without the qualification of your company, and that mere statues and pictures are not more cold to me than I to them. I have had but four of your letters ; I have sent several, and wish I knew how many you have received. For God's sake, madam, send to me as often as you can, in the dependance that there is no man breathing more constantly or more anxiously mindful of you. Tell me that you are well, tell me that your little son is well, tell me that your very dog (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that pleases you; for, whatever that is, it will please me better than any thing else can do.

I am always yours,

A. Pope.

TO MR. POPE.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I dare say you expect at least something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that hap-

pened to me, was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since:

> "Caput a cervice revulsum,
> Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus
> Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua,
> Ah! miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat,
> Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ."

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

> As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates?

I despair of ever hearing so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is all full of cypress trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where

truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and, for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances,

but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in

fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often), with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely

more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pashá, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure, that, on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of

the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling *The Song of Solomon,* which was also addressed to a royal bride.

TURKISH VERSES *addressed to the* SULTANA, *eldest daughter of Sultan* ACHMET III.

STANZA I.

VER. 1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.

2. I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.*

STANZA II.

1. The wish'd possession is delay'd from day to day;
The cruel Sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

2. I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
One dart from your eyes has pierc'd thro' my heart.

2. Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

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* Sir W. Jones, in the preface to his Persian Grammar, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the "Βουωπις" of Homer.

VER. 3. Ah! Sultana! stag-ey'd—an angel amongst angels!
I desire,—and, my desire remains unsatisfied.—
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

STANZA IV.

1. My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, Sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.

2. Adieu!——I go down to the grave.
If you call me——I return.
My heart is—hot as sulphur;—sigh, and it will flame.

3. Crown of my life! fair light of my eyes!
My Sultana! my princess!
I rub my face against the earth;—I am drown'd in scalding tears—I rave!
Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion (allowing for the inevitable faults of a prose translation into a language so very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of *stag-ey'd* (though the sound is not very agreeable in English) pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes. Monsieur Boileau has very justly observed, that we are never to judge of the elevation of an expression in an ancient author by the sound it carries with us; since it may be extremely fine with them, when, at the same time, it appears

low or uncouth to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same indulgence for all Oriental poetry.

The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a sort of chorus, and are agreeable to the ancient manner of writing. The music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burthen is altered; and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as 'tis natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject in which one is deeply concerned: 'tis certainly far more touching than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion with a turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year; all the country now being full of nightingales, whose amours with roses is an Arabian fable, as well known here as any part of Ovid amongst us, and is much the same as if an English poem should begin by saying — "*Now Philomela sings.*" Or what if I turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look?

STANZA I.

"Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
Indulging all the night her pleasing pain:

I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
There saw a face more beauteous than the spring.

Your large stag-eyes, where thousand glories play,
As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

STANZA II.

" In vain I 'm promis'd such a heav'nly prize ;
Ah! cruel Sultan! who delay'st my joys!

While piercing charms transfix my am'rous heart,
I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart.

Those eyes! like, &c.

STANZA III.

" Your wretched lover in these lines complains;
From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.

When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive?
Must I wait longer?— Can I wait and live?

Ah! bright Sultana! maid divinely fair!
Can you, unpitying, see the pains I bear?

STANZA IV.

" The heavens relenting, hear my piercing cries,
I loathe the light, and sleep forsakes my eyes;
Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies:

Sinking to earth, I sigh the last adieu;
Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.

My queen! my angel! my fond heart's desire!
I rave — my bosom burns with heav'nly fire!
Pity that passion which thy charms inspire."

I have taken the liberty, in the second verse, of following what I suppose the true sense of the author, though not literally expressed. By his saying, *He went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms ravished his soul,* I understand a poetical fiction, of having first seen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the spring. But I could not forbear retaining the comparison of her eyes with those of a stag, though,

perhaps, the novelty of it may give it a burlesque sound in our language. I cannot determine upon the whole how well I have succeeded in the translation, neither do I think our English proper to express such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us. We want also those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language.

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning; and, to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from them by, Yours, &c.

TO MRS. S. C.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S.

In my opinion, dear S. I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land-journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great number of Greeks, French, English, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and, I 'll assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Chris-

tian to live easily under this government but by the protection of an embassador — and the richer they are, the greater is their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the *plague* have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you that we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places) two persons died of it. Luckily for me, I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe, that our second cook had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health; and I am now let into the secret that he has had the *plague*. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a matter to root it out here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A propos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal, and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set

of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lye upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain

running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French embassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I CAN now tell dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte that I am safely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of

the many fatigues I have suffered. You would rather be informed of the strange things that are to be seen here; and a letter out of Turkey that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a disappointment as my visitors will receive at London if I return thither without any rarities to shew them.

What shall I tell you of?——You never saw camels in your life; and, perhaps, the description of them will appear new to you: I can assure you the first sight of them was so to me; and though I have seen hundreds of pictures of those animals, I never saw any that was resembling enough to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold observation, and possibly a false one, because no one has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the stag kind; their legs, bodies, and necks, are exactly shaped like them, and their colour very near the same. 'Tis true, they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horse; and so swift, that, after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far outran the swiftest horses, and brought the first news of the loss of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed; the drivers take care to tie them one to another with strong ropes, fifty in a string, led by an ass, on which the driver rides. I have seen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horse; but, 'tis a particular art to load them, because of the bunch on their backs. They seem to me very ugly creatures;

their heads being ill-formed and disproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burthens; and the beasts destined to the plough are buffaloes, an animal you are also unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumsy than an ox; they have short, thick, black horns close to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They say this horn looks very beautiful when 'tis well polished. They are all black, with very short hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people dye their tails, and the hair of their forehead, red, by way of ornament.

Horses are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of spirit, but generally little, and not strong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and also swift and sure-footed. I have a little white favourite that I would not part with on any terms; he prances under me with so much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare to mount him; yet, I'll assure you, I never rid a horse so much at my command in my life. My side-saddle is the first that was ever seen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder as the ship of Columbus in the first discovery of America. Here are some little birds held in a sort of religious reverence, and, for that reason, multiply prodigiously: turtles, on the account of

their innocence; and storks, because they are supposed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To say truth, they are the happiest subjects under the Turkish government, and are so sensible of their privileges, that they walk the streets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houses. Happy are those whose houses are so distinguished, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly persuaded that they will not be that year attacked either by fire or pestilence. I have the happiness of one of their sacred nests under my chamber-window.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember the description of the houses here will be as new to you as any of the birds or beasts. I suppose you have read, in most of our accounts of Turkey, that their houses are the most miserable pieces of building in the world. I can speak very learnedly on that subject, having been in so many of them; and I assure you 'tis no such thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the Grand-Signior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. 'Tis true they are not at all solicitous to beautify the outsides of their houses, and they are generally built of wood, which I own is the cause of many inconveniences; but this is not to be charged on the ill taste of the people, but on the oppression of the government. Every house at the death of its master is at the Grand-Signior's disposal; and, therefore, no man

cares to make a great expence, which he is not sure his family will be the better for.* All their design is to build a house commodious, and that will last their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after.

Every house, great and small, is divided into two distinct parts, which only join together by a narrow passage. The first house has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers, which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the first being of painted glass: they seldom build above two stories, each of which has galleries. The stairs are broad, and not often above thirty steps. This is the house belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the *haram*, that is, the ladies' apartment (for the name of *seraglio* is peculiar to the Grand-Signior); it has also a gallery running round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the same number of chambers as the other, but more gay and splendid, both in painting and furniture. The second row of windows is very low, with grates like those of convents; the rooms are all spread with Persian carpets, and raised at one end of them (my chambers are raised at both ends) about two feet. This is the sofa, which is laid with a richer sort of carpet, and all round it a sort of couch, raised half a foot,

* If it be not put into "vacúf;" that is, annexed to some mosque or fountain.

covered with rich silk according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of scarlet cloth, with a gold fringe; round about this are placed, standing against the wall, two rows of cushions, the first very large, and the next little ones; and here the Turks display their greatest magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon white satin;—nothing can look more gay and splendid. These seats are also so convenient and easy, that I believe I shall never endure chairs as long as I live. The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the ceiling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted with flowers. They open in many places with folding-doors, and serve for cabinets, I think, more conveniently than ours. Between the windows are little arches to set pots of perfume, or baskets of flowers. But what pleases me best, is the fashion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up several spouts of water, giving at the same time an agreeable coolness, and a pleasant dashing sound, falling from one basin to another. Some of these are very magnificent. Each house has a bagnio, which consists generally in two or three little rooms, leaded on the top, paved with marble, with basins, cocks of water, and all conveniences for either hot or cold baths.

You will perhaps be surprised at an account so different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage-writers, who are very fond

of speaking of what they don't know. It must be under a very particular character, or on some extraordinary occasion, that a Christian is admitted into the house of a man of quality; and their *harams* are always forbidden ground. Thus they can only speak of the outside, which makes no great appearance; and the women's apartments are always built backward, removed from sight, and have no other prospect than the gardens, which are inclosed with very high walls. There are none of our parterres in them; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable shade, and, to my fancy, a pleasing view. In the midst of the garden is the *chiosk*, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures, and where the ladies spend most of their hours, employed by their music or embroidery. In the public gardens there are public *chiosks*, where people go that are not so well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, sherbet, &c. Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building: their mosques are all of freestone, and the public *hanns*, or inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large square, built round with shops under stone arches, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. They have always a mosque joining

to them, and the body of the *hann* is a most noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred persons, the court extremely spacious, and cloisters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own I think it a more reasonable piece of charity than the founding of convents.

I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you don't like my choice of subjects, tell me what you would have me write upon; there is nobody more desirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte, Yours, &c. &c.

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